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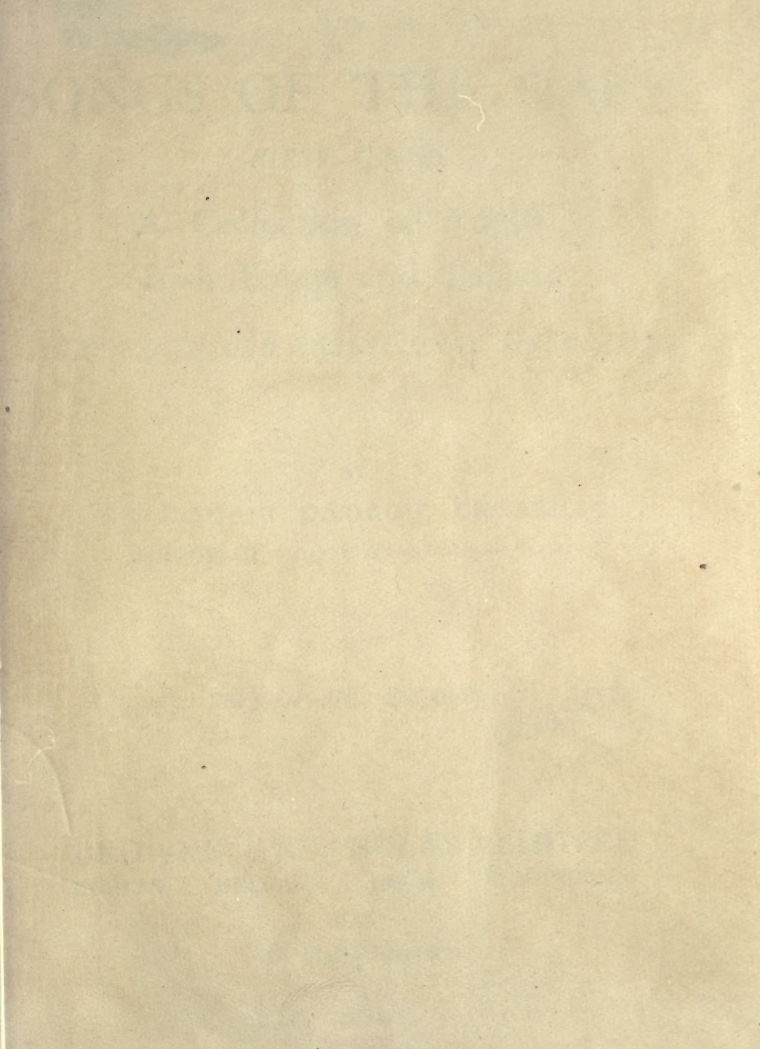
Songs of The Sael

SERIES 1.

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"

SONGS OF THE GAEL

FIRST SERIES

A Collection of Anglo-
Irish Songs and Ballads

WEDDED TO OLD TRADITIONAL IRISH AIRS

BY

AN T-ÁDAIR PÁDRUIS BREATHNÁC

EDITOR OF "CEÓL ÁR SINSEAR," &c.

REVISED AND ENLARGED

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agus

"ár sceól féin."

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FOREWORD

IN collecting and editing the Irish songs and airs contained in the little volume entitled "Fuinne na Smól," which was published by Messrs. Browne and Nolan in 1913, I became acquainted with many beautiful airs and versions of airs which are known and sung in the Irish-speaking districts of Cork, Waterford, and Kerry. It occurred to me that I would be rendering a valuable service to the cause of Irish music if I could bring the knowledge of these bits of traditional music home to those who do not understand Irish sufficiently well to sing an Irish song. With that object in view I have tried to select suitable Anglo-Irish songs to match the traditional airs which have been taken down from living Irish singers. Another thought guided me in this compilation. In looking through other published collections of Irish music with songs, I was forcibly struck by the fact that we have a large number of most beautiful songs which have never been wedded to Irish airs. I have matched several songs of this class with airs. In addition, I have collected into this volume a number of beautiful songs with their airs which are scattered in various collections. Promoters of Concerts and Feiseana, teachers and pupils and singers alike, will thus have at hand a cheap and accessible collection of songs that breathe the true spirit of Irish nationality and Irish home-life and Irish sentiment.

I have to say in reference to the airs here found that I have jealously excluded from their number all modern compositions. I have admitted nothing to these pages but genuine old traditional Irish airs. I calculate that there are in this volume about forty-five old traditional airs, taken down from

living singers, which are here linked to Anglo-Irish songs and ballads for the first time. Other traditional airs which I have used are taken from Petrie and Joyce. A few were given to me by Mr. McCall.

As to the songs—I have aimed at selecting those which have in them the true national ring. We want in the Ireland of to-day an antidote to the spirit of Anglicisation which is abroad. I know no more effective barrier against the encroachment of that spirit, next to the Irish Language and Irish Song, than the general singing at concerts and gatherings of good Anglo-Irish ballads and songs. The music hall and concert room may be made a very powerful agency in de-nationalising and even in debasing our people. From a national and moral point of view what effect can empty, vulgar, mawkishly sentimental songs have? And such songs are only too often heard at our so-called *Irish* Concerts. Or the song whose lewd allusions are thinly veiled? Or the songs that ignore and deliberately eschew the glories and noble deeds and sacrifices of our past heroes—what effect can such songs as these have on Irish youth? It has been truly said that in a nation's ballads we find the history of its struggles and progress and triumph. A nation's habits, too, and its traditions and recollections are enshrined in its ballads. The wandering bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation; and hence they were hunted down by the oppressors.

A well-known collector of Irish ballads claims for Ireland as high a rank in ballad literature as that of any other nation. In this collection which I now give to the public, Irish men and women will find songs which are all racy of the soil.

There are nearly two hundred songs in the twelve penny numbers of this collection. I would remark that of these I have here set to old Irish airs nearly a hundred songs which are not found wedded to music in any collection that I know. Of the remainder about thirty-five were written for certain airs by their authors, but in these cases mention only of the

air was made. The airs themselves were not given. The words and airs have never appeared together until now. There are a dozen additional songs which I found already wedded to airs, but these airs I have not adopted ; I have changed them for others. One reason that weighed with me for doing so was that I found in some cases that the songs were sung by the *people* to the airs which I have here selected. Kickham's beautiful song, "She lived beside the Anner," is one such.

Another remark I would like to make is this. I have excluded all hackneyed songs and songs which can otherwise be easily got, such as Moore's. Of his I have put in about half a dozen which are looked upon as the most popular. My entire selection has been guided by the principle which may be expressed in the words of Gavan Duffy in his "Ballad Poetry": "The ordinary effect of native poetry is to cherish love of home and homely associations, which, elevated and spiritualized, becomes love of country."

The love of home and country; the struggles, the sacrifices, and the glories of the past; the purity of Irish love, as expressed in the sentimental songs of our ballad writers—these things will, I feel, be found worthily reflected in the pages of this collection.

In making up this collection I have selected gems from our best song and ballad writers of the last and present century. Here is a list of names: Allingham; Banim; Barry, M. J.; Boyle, John; Browne, Frances; Callanan; "Carroll Malone"; Casey ("Leo"); Collins, Wm.; Davis, F.; Davis, Th.; Doheny; Dowling, Jer. J.; Duffy; "Eva"; "Fermoy"; Furlong, T.; Griffin; Hogan, M.; Joyce, Robt. D.; Keegan; Kickham; Lane, Denny; Locke, John; Lover; MacCarthy, D. F.; McGee, T. D.; McKeown; Magennis; Moore; Murphy, M. J.; O'Donovan Rossa; Ogle; Petrie; "Prout, Father"; Rooney, William; Scanlan, Ml.; Sullivan, T. D.; "Tiny"; Waller; Walsh; E.; Walsh, John. The collection will show that there is no dying out of the poetic spirit and the art

of song and ballad writing in Ireland. The following names of living writers will bear out further this remark: Sigerson, Dr.—*clare et venerabile nomen*; McCall, P. J., and Fahy, Frank—our two raciest song-writers; O'Higgins, Brian, and Kehoe, P.—our youngest song-writers. All these are represented in this collection. They show that Ireland can still produce men who sing worthily of their land, whether in strains joyful, sad, or humorous.

I acknowledge with gratitude my indebtedness to the following for permission to use songs or music: Mrs. W. Allingham, Dr. Sigerson, P. J. McCall, Frank Fahy, Arthur Griffith, Dr. G. Joyce, Alfred P. Graves, P. Kehoe, Brian O'Higgins, Messrs. Whelan & Son, and, in a very special way, I am indebted to Miss Annie O'Reilly, of Macroom, for valuable help in supplying me with some exquisite airs. Jeremiah O'Connor, of Cork, gave me several fine versions of old airs.

There are in this volume perhaps about a dozen songs which were written by anonymous authors. They are productions of considerable literary merit, whilst some of them rank highly from a literary point of view. For this reason I was anxious to identify the writers. Up to the time of going to press I had not been able to do so, but since then I have succeeded in identifying a few of them as follows:—

John Boyle is the author of the two songs signed "Mylo" and "Pontiac." He was born in King's Co. in 1822, went to America in 1842, and died in New York, in January, 1885.

The writer who signed herself "Tiny" (p. 116), was Mrs. Mary C. F. Munster, wife of Alfred M. Munster, Danish Consul for Ireland. She was daughter of Richard Monck of Banagher, Kings Co. She was born in 1835 and died in 1892 at Holywood, near Belfast. I am indebted to D. J. Donoghue's *Lives of Irish Poets* for the information here given.

In reference to the Ballad on p. 184 to which I have given the title "A Fenian Ballad," I have it on very good authority—those who knew the author personally—that the writer of it

was O'Donovan Rossa, the famous Fenian chief. I was hoping to get the missing lines of the last verse, but I have failed to do so,

The song on p. 192 is sung to the air of the previous song. The song on p. 46 is sung to the air found on p. 44. I have to say that there is *no transition* from one key to another in any song of the collection. This remark is necessary inasmuch as I have heard that some teachers have taken grace notes in the music for marks of transition.

I venture to hope that the songs here collected will be widely known and sung. As Dr. Sigerson remarks, in an encouraging letter with which he favoured me, the singing and whistling and lilting of those beautiful old airs will be like voices from $\tau\acute{\iota}\eta\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-}\acute{\omicron}\zeta$.

This collection of songs was first published in 12 penny numbers. These penny numbers are no longer issued as such, owing to increased cost of paper, labour, and accounting. Henceforth the "Songs of the Gael," of which there are four series, can only be had in book form. The Editor claims the song known as "The Exile of Erin" as the work of an Irish poet, Reynolds. It will be found in the Second Series of this collection. A pamphlet has been issued proving Reynolds' title to the song, and disproving that of Thomas Campbell. Its title is "The Exile of Erin," published by Fallon Bros.

$\rho\acute{\alpha}\tau\omicron\rho\upsilon\iota\varsigma\ \text{breathnac}.$

PHIBSBORO', DUBLIN.

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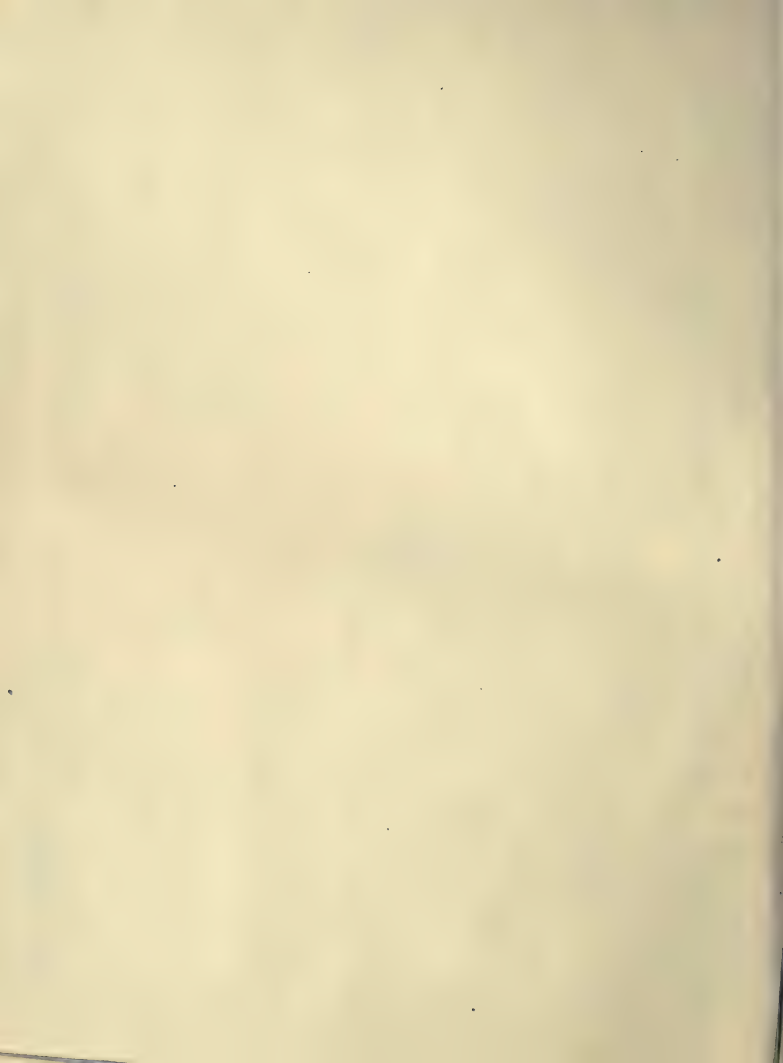
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SONGS OF THE GAEL

OUR OWN LITTLE ISLE.

KEY E. *Vivace.*

Air: "The Capabot Jig."

mf.

{ | d : - : - | r : d : r | m.l : - : l | l : s : f }
 { Oh ! I - rish - men never for - get—'Tis a }

{ | m : r : m | d : m : r | d : - . l : l | l : - : s | }
 { fo - reign - er's farm— your own lit - tle isle ; }

{ | d : (d) : (d) | r : d : r | m : l : l | l : - . s : f }
 { Oh ! I - rish - men when will you get Some }

{ | m : r : m | d : m : r | r : - . d : d | d : - : - ||
 { life in your hearts for your poor lit - tle isle ? }

f

{ | d' : - : - | d' : - : d'.t | l : s : f | m : r : d }
 { Yes ! Yes !—we've a dear lit - tle spot of it ! }

{ | d' : - : - | d' : - : t | l : s : m | s : - : - }
 { Oh ! Yes !— a sweet lit - tle isle ! }

{ | d' : - : - | d' : - : t | l : s : f | m : r : d }
 { Yes ! yes !— if I - rish - men thought of it, }

rit.

D.C.

{ | m : - . r : m | d : - : m.r | d : - . l : l | l : - : - ||
 { 'Twould be a dear little, sweet lit - tle isle ! }

2. Then, come on and rise, ev'ry man of you—

Now is the time for a stir to be made ;

Ho ! Pat ! who made such a lamb of you !

Life to your soul, boy, and strength to your blade

Yes ! yes !—a dear little spot of it !
 Oh ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

3. Rise ! heartily ! shoulder to shoulder—
 We'll show 'em strength with good humour go leóip!
 Rise ! rise ! show each foreign beholder
 We've *not* lost our love to thee, Erin asthore !
 For oh ! yes !—'tis a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes ! the Irish *have* thought of it ;
 Erin for ever—*our own* little isle !

4. Never forget what your forefathers fought for, O !
 When to " O'Neill " or " O'Donnell Abgo " !
 Sasanachs ev'rywhere sunk in the slaughter, O !
 Vengeance for insult, dear Erin, to you !
 For oh ! yes !—a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle ;
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

5. Yes, we have strength to make Irishmen free again ;
 Only UNITE—and we'll conquer our foe ;
 And never on earth shall a foreigner see again
 Erin a province—though lately so low.
 For oh ! yes !—we've a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—the Irish *have* thought of it ;
 Erin *for ever*—OUR OWN little isle !

JOHN EDWARD PIGOT (" Fermoy.")

This stirring song is from the pen of the eldest son of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer (Ireland). He was born at Kilworth, Co. Cork, in 1822, and died in Dublin in 1871. He was one of the Young Ireland group and wrote a few poems which are amongst the most stirring that appeared in *The Nation* (1842-48). He was a great collector of Irish airs, some of which have been published by Dr. P. W. Joyce. The last four lines of each verse are repeated and should be chorused by the audience.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

KEY G. *Moderately.*

Air: "Cυπλε μο ἑποϊθε."

{:(s₁) | s₁ :-l₁ :ta₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d :t₁ :d | m :r :m }
Songs of our land, ye are | with us for ev - er: The }

{s :f :r | d :t₁ :s₁ | f₁ :m₁ :m₁ | m₁ :- :f₁ }
power and the splen-dour of | thrones pass a - way; But }

{s₁ :-l₁ :ta₁ | s₁ :-s₁ :s₁ | d :-t₁ :d | m :r :m }
(yours is the might of some | far flow - ing riv - er, Thro' }

{s :f :r | d :t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :d }
(sum - mer's bright ro - ses, or | au - tumn's de - cay. Ye }

{r :m :f | r :s :s | s :-f :m | m :r :d }
(treasure each voice of the | swift-pass-ing a - ges, And }

{t₁ :d :r | f :r :t₁ | d :-t₁ :s₁ | f₁ :m₁ :f₁ }
(truth, which time wri - teth on | leaves or on sand, Ye }

{s₁ :-l₁ :ta₁ | s₁ :-s₁ :s₁ | d :-t₁ :d | m :r :m }
(bring us the bright thoughts of | po - ets and sa - ges, And }

{s :f :r | d :t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- ||
(keep them a-mongst us, old | songs of our land! ||

2. The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers;

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave;

But far in the future the power of their numbers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,

Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned;

It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only

Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

3. For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
 Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;
 They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
 Of the love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.
 The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,
 And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand ;
 But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,
 Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land !

4. Songs of our land ! ye have followed the stranger
 With power over ocean and desert afar,
 Ye have gone with our wand'ers thro' distance and danger,
 And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star ;
 With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,
 And visions that passed like a wave from the strand ;
 With hope for their country and joy from her banished,
 Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land !

5. The spring-time may come with the song of her glory,
 To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice ;
 But the pine of the mountain, tho' blasted and hoary,
 And rock in the desert can send forth a voice.
 It is thus in their triumphs for deep desolations,
 While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
 Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nation,
 Shall glory and live in the songs of our land.

FRANCES BROWNE.

The above air is a West-Cork version of a sweet and well-known air. I link it with the fine song of the "Blind Poetess of Donegal," and hope it will be often heard in schools and concerts. It is a fitting introduction to the fine collection that follows.

GRACIE OG MACHREE.

KEY E.

Air: "Corr 1001 na rreab."

{ :l₁ | l₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :r | m :- :l | l :- :t }
 { I | placed the sil - ver | in her palm, By }

{ l :- :s | m :- :r | m :l₁ :- | - :- :t₁ }
 { In - ny's smi - ling | tide, And }

{ d :- :t₁ | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :r }
 { vowed, ere sum - mer | time came on, To }

{ r :d :- :t₁, t₁ | d̂ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :r }
 { claim her as a bride. But | when the sum - mer }

{ m :- :l | l :- :t | l :- :s | m :- :r }
 { time came on I | dwelt be - yond the }

{ m :l₁ :- | - :- :t₁ | d :- :t₁ | d :- :r }
 { sea; Yet | still my heart is }

{ m :- :f | m :- :r | r :d :- :t₁, t₁ | d̂ :- :s }
 { ev - er true To | Gra - cie Óg Ma - chree. O }

{ l :- :s | l :- :t | d¹ :- :t | t :d¹ :t }
 { bon - nie are the | woods of Targ, And }

{ l :- :t | d¹ :- :t | l :m :- | - :- :s }
 { green thy hills, Rath - more, And }

{ l :- :s | l :- :t | d¹ :- :t | t :- :t }
 { soft the sun - light ev - er falls On }

{ t :- :l | l :- :s | l :- :- | - :- :s }
 { Dar - re's slop - ing | shore; And }

{ l :- :s | l :- :t | d' :- :t | t :- :l }
 { there the eyes I love in tears Shine }

{ s :- :l | m :- :r | m : l :- | - :- :t₁ }
 { ev - er mourn - ful ly, While }

{ d :- :t₁ | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :r }
 { I am far, and far a - way From }

{ r :- :d | t₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :- | - :- * ||
 { Gra - cie Óg Ma- chree. }

2. When battle steeds were neighing loud,

With bright blades in the air,
 Next to my inmost heart I wore
 A bright tress of her hair.
 When stirrup cups were lifted up
 To lips, with soldier glee,
 One toast I always fondly pledged,
 'Twas Gracie Óg Machree.
 O ! I may never, never clasp
 Again, her lily hand,
 And I may find a soldier's grave
 Upon a foreign strand ;
 But when the heart pulse beats the last,
 And death takes hold of me,
 One word shall part my dying lips,
 Thy name, Asthore Machree.

JOHN K. CASEY.

This air is a very sweet one. It is given here as sung by the traditional singers at Ring, Co. Waterford. It was taken down by Annie O'Reilly, Macroom. I think it will be admitted that air and song, now linked for the first time, make a thing of beauty that will be a joy for ever.

* The musical phrase on page 6, lines 4 and 7, | r : d : t₁ . t₁ | d , should be printed as the same phrase in last line of song.

MY GENTLE COLLEEN RUADH.

KEY D.

Air: "Δ Ὀμαν τὰρ ὀέσθ."

{	<u>:s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>m .r</u>	:	<u>m .s</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s</u>		<u>d'</u>	}
{	My		fai	-	ry		girl,		my		dar	-	ling		girl,	}

{	<u>:t .d'</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>d</u>	:	-		}
{	If		I		were		near		thee		now,				}

{	<u>:s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>m .r</u>	:	<u>m .s</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s</u>		<u>d'</u>	}
{	The		sun	-	light		of		your		eyes		would		chase	}

{	<u>:t .d'</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>r</u>	:	-		}
{	The		sor	-	row		from		my		brow;				}

{	<u>:l .t</u>		<u>d'</u>	:	<u>m</u>		<u>s</u>	:	<u>l .t .d'</u>		<u>r'</u>	:	<u>t</u>		<u>d'</u>	}
{	Your		lips		would		whis	-	per		o'er		and		o'er	}

{	<u>:t .d'</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>d</u>	:	-		}
{	The		words		so		fond		and		true,				}

{	<u>:s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>m .r</u>	:	<u>m .s</u>		<u>l</u>	:	-	<u>s</u>		<u>d'</u>	}
{	They		whis	-	pered		long		and		long		a	-	go,	}	

{	<u>:t .d'</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s .m</u>		<u>r</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>r</u>	:	-		
{	My		gen	-	tle		Col	-	leen		Ruadh.				

2. No more by Inny's bank I sit,
 Or rove the meadows brown
 But count the weary hours away
 Pent in this dismal town;
 I cannot breathe the pasture air,
 My father's homestead view,
 Or see another face like thine,
 My gentle Colleen Ruadh.

3. Thy laugh was like the echo sent
 From Oonagh's crystal hall ;
 Thy eyes the moonlight's flashing glance
 Upon a waterfall ;
 Thy hair the amber clouds at eve,
 When lovers haste to woo ;
 Thy teeth Killarney's snowy pearls,
 My gentle Colleen Ruadh.

4. But drearily and wearily
 The snow is drifting by,
 And drearily and wearily
 It bears my lonely sigh ;
 Far from this lonely Connaught town,
 To Inny's wave of blue,
 To the homestead in the fairy glen,
 And gentle Colleen Ruadh.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

This is a fine air and a high-class love song. As a combination I think I am right in saying that air and song have never appeared in print till now.

A SONG FOR THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

KEY G. *Modérato.*

Air: "The Peacock."

{ m . r d : t₁ | l₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d : d | r : d . r }
 The tri - bune's tongue and po - et's pen May

{ m : m | m . r : d . r | m : s₁ | s₁ : m . r }
 sow the seed in pros - trate men; But

{ d : t₁ . l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . m | r : d . r }
 'tis the sol - dier's sword a - lone Can

{ m : l | s . m : r . m | d : l₁ | l₁ : m . f }
 reap the crop so brave - ly sown! No

{ s : - . l | s : m . s | l . s : m . f | s : l . s }
 more I'll sing nor i - dly pine, But

{ f : m | r : d . r | m : s₁ | s₁ : m . r }
 train my soul to lead a line— A

{ d : t₁ . l₁ | l₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d : - . m | r : d . r }
 sol - dier's life's the life for me— A

{ m : l | s . m : r . m | d : l₁ | l₁ ||
 sol - dier's death, so Ire - land's free!

2. No foe would fear your thunder words
 If 'twere not for our lightning swords—
 If tyrants yield when millions pray,
 'Tis lest they link in war array;
 Not peace itself is safe, but when
 The sword is sheathed by fighting men.
 A soldier's life's the life for me—
 A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

3. The rifle brown and sabre bright
Can freely speak and nobly write—
What prophets preached the truth so well
As Hofer, Brian, Bruce, and Tell ?
God guard the creed these heroes taught,—
That blood-bought Freedom's cheaply bought.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

4. Then, welcome be the bivouac,
The hardy stand and fierce attack,
Where pikes will tame their carbineers,
And rifles thin their bay'netees,
And every field the island through
Will show " what Irishmen can do ! "
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

5. Yet, 'tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the foeman reel ;
But wisdom working day by day,
Till comes the time for passion's sway—
The patient dint, and powder shock,
Can blast an empire like a rock.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

6. The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men ;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.
No more I'll sing, no more I'll pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free !

THOMAS DAVIS.

This is one of Davis's fine songs. In the title I changed " Militia " to " Volunteers." I hope the Volunteers of 1914 will make it a rallying song. It is a fine, bold, manly air

THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.

1649.

KEY F.

Air: "The Maid of Wicklow."

{	: <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>m</u> ., <u>f</u>	: <u>m</u> . <u>r</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>l</u> . <u>l</u>	: <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	}
{	1. They		knelt	a -	round the		Cross	di - vine—	The	}
{			<u>m</u>	: <u>m</u> ., <u>f</u>	: <u>m</u> . <u>r</u>		<u>r</u>	: -	: <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	}
{			ma	-	tron	and the	maid;		They	}
{			<u>m</u>	: <u>m</u> ., <u>f</u>	: <u>m</u> . <u>r</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>l</u> . <u>l</u>	: <u>l</u> . <u>t</u>	}
{			bowed	be -	fore Re -		demp -	tion's sign,	And	}
{			<u>d</u> ^l	: <u>t</u> ., <u>l</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>t</u>		<u>l</u>	: -	: <u>l</u> . <u>t</u>	}
{			fer	-	vent -	ly they	prayed;		Three	}
{			<u>d</u> ^l	: <u>t</u> ., <u>l</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>t</u>		<u>l</u> . <u>s</u>	: <u>m</u>	: <u>l</u> ., <u>t</u>	}
{			hun	-	dred	fair and	help-less ones,		Whose	}
{			<u>d</u> ^l	: <u>t</u> ., <u>l</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>t</u>		<u>l</u>	: -	: <u>l</u> ., <u>t</u>	}
{			crime	was	this a -		lone—		Their	}
{			<u>d</u> ^l	: <u>t</u> ., <u>l</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>t</u>		<u>l</u> . <u>s</u>	: <u>m</u>	: <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	}
{			vali	-	ant	hus-bands,	sires and sons		Had	}
{			<u>m</u>	: <u>r</u> . <u>d</u>	: <u>t</u> ., <u>d</u>		<u>l</u>	: -		}
{			bat	-	tled	for their	own.			}

2. Had battled bravely, but in vain—
 The Saxon won the fight;
 The Irish corse strewed the plain
 Where Valour slept with Right.
 And now that man of demon guilt
 To fated Wexford flew—
 The red blood reeking on his hilt,
 Of hearts to Erin true.

3. He found them there—the young, the old,
 The maiden, and the wife :
 Their guardians brave in death were cold
 Who dared for *them* the strife.
 They prayed for mercy—God on high !
 Before *Thy* cross they prayed,
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade !
4. Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in woman's blood ;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do ;
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
 And Heaven avenge it, too !

M. J. BARRY.

This is a beautiful and pathetic air and an equally pathetic ballad. Even in this matter-of-fact, materialistic age there will be found few dry eyes in any audience where this ballad shall be well sung.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

KEY C. *Lively.*

Air: "Ραϊτίνεατ α βεαν βεαγ."

{ d¹ .d¹ | d¹ : t .t | l : s .s | d¹ : t .t | r¹ : m¹ .m¹,m¹ }

{ Mel - low the moonlight to shine is be - gin - ning, }

{ d¹ : t .t | l : s .s | l : l .l | l : l .l }

{ Close by the win-dow young Eil - een is spinn - ing; }

{ d¹ : t .t | l : s .s | d¹ : t .t | d¹ : r¹ .r¹,r¹ }

{ Bent o'er the fire her blind grand-mother, sit - ting, Is }

{ m¹ : r¹ .r¹ | d¹ : s .s | l : l .l | l : l }

{ croon - ing and moan - ing, and draw - si - ly knit - ting:— }

CHORUS.

{ m : l .l | l : t .l | s : s .m | s : s }

{ Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, noise - less - ly whirl - ring, }

{ m .l : l | l .l : l | t : t .s | l : l }

{ (Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stir - ring; }

{ m : l .l | l : t .l | s : s .m | s : s }

{ (Spright-ly, and bright - ly and air - i - ly ring - ing }

{ m : l .l | l : l .l | t .d¹ : t .s | l : l }

{ Thrills the sweet voice of the young maid-en sing - ing. }

2. "Είλεεν, α έαπα, I hear some one tapping."

" 'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."

"Elly, I surely hear somebody sighing."

" 'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

CHORUS.

3. "What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
 "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing, all wrong, that old song of 'The Coulin'?"

CHORUS.

4. There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
 And he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

CHORUS.

5. The maid shakes her head, on her lips lay her fingers,
 Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet lingers:
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

CHORUS.

6. Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.

CHORUS.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving;
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

This air is extensively known through Kerry. With Waller's delightful ballad it is sure to be a great favourite. It makes a very striking contrast to the anglicised music-hall rubbish so commonly cheered at many of our present-day Irish concerts.

Some notes in first three lines of music are required for verses other than the first. They are found without words in first verse.

JACKETS GREEN.

KEY F. *Plaintively.*

{ d . r | m : s | f . m : r . t | d . t : s . f | s : s . l }
 { When I was a mai - den | fair and young, On the }

{ ta . s : d . t | s : s | s : - | : d . r }
 { plea - sant banks of | Lee, No }

{ m : s | f . m : r . t | d . t : s . f | s : s . l }
 { bird that in the | green wood sung Was }

{ ta . s : d . t | s : s | s : - | : s . l }
 { half so blithe and | free. My }

{ ta : - s | ta . d : r . m | f . m : d . t | d : d }
 { heart ne'er beat with | fly - ing feet, No }

{ r : s | fe . s : l . fe | s : - | : s . f }
 { love sang me her | queen, Till }

{ m : - d | f . m : r . t | d . t : s . f | m : s . l }
 { down the glen rode | Sars - field's men, And they }

{ ta . s : d . t | s : - | s : | ||
 { wore the jackets | green. }

2. Young Donal sat on his gallant grey
 Like a king on a royal seat,
 And my heart leaped out on his regal way,
 To worship at his feet.
 Oh ! love, had you come in those colours dressed,
 And wooed with a soldier's mien,
 I'd have laid my head on your throbbing breast
 For the sake of your jacket green.

3. No hoarded wealth did my love own,
 Save the good sword that he bore,
 But I loved him for himself alone,
 And the colour bright he wore ;
 For had he come in England's red,
 To make me England's queen,
 I'd rove the high green hills instead,
 For the sake of the Irish green.

4. When William stormed with shot and shell,
 At the walls of Garryowen,
 In the breach of death my Donal fell,
 And he sleeps near the Treaty Stone ;
 That breach the foeman never crossed,
 While he swung his broadsword keen
 But I do not weep my darling lost,
 For he fell in his jacket green.

5. When Sarsfield sailed away I wept
 As I heard the wild o'ón,
 I felt, then, dead as the men who slept
 'Neath the fields of Garryowen—
 While Ireland held my Donal blessed,
 And no wild sea rolled between,
 Till I would fold him to my breast,
 All robed in his Irish green.

6. My soul has sobbed like waves of woe,
 That sad o'er tombstones break,
 For I buried my heart in his grave below,
 For his and for Ireland's sake.
 And I cry, " Make way for the soldier's bride,
 In your halls of death, sad queen,"
 For I long to rest by my true love's side,
 And wrapped in the folds of green.

7. I saw the Shannon's purple tide
 Roll by the Irish town,
 As I stood in the breach by Donal's side,
 When England's flag went down.
 And now it glowers as it seeks the skies,
 Like a blood-red curse between,
 I weep, but 'tis not women's sighs
 That will raise the Irish Green.

8. Oh ! Ireland, sad is thy lonely soul,
 And loud beats the winter sea,
 But sadder and higher the wild waves roll
 From the hearts that break for thee.
 Yet grief shall come to our heartless foes,
 And their thrones in the dust be seen,
 So Irish maids love none but those
 Who wear the jackets green.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

This delightful ballad, with its equally delightful plaintive, sweet air, is already a prime favourite in Gaelic League circles in London. I'm not sure that it always gets its proper setting. I have heard it sung to a very inferior music-hall air. The above air is the true one. I am indebted to Annie O'Reilly for it.

JOHNNIE DUNLEA.

KEY D.

Air: "máchtair mo céile."

:s.,s	d ^l :t	:s		f :r	:m		d :d	:d		m : -	}	
There's a	tree in	the		green-wood	I		love best	of		all—	}	
:m.f	s	:f	:m		f :r	:d		t ^l :s _l	:l _l		f : -	}
It	stands by	the		side of	Eas-	more's	haunt-ed	fall;			}	
:r.r	d	:r	:d		d :t _l	:d		r :m	:m		t ^m : -	}
For be-	side it	while		sun - set	shone	bright	far	a -	way,		}	
	<i>rit.</i>											
:r ^l	d ^l :t	:s		f :r	:t _l		d :d	:d		d : -		
I	met for	the		last time	my	John-nie	Dun -	lea.				

2. He stood by my side, and the love-smile he wore
Still brightens my heart, tho' 'twill beam nevermore;
'Twas to have but farewell, then speed to the fray
'Twas a farewell for ever—my Johnnie Dunlea.
3. For the red Saxon soldiers lay hid in the dell
And burst on our meeting with loud savage yell;
But their leader's red life-blood I saw that sad day,
And it stained the good sword of my Johnnie Dunlea.
4. My curse on the traitors, my curse on the ball
That stretched my true love by Easmore's haunted fall;
The blood of his brave heart ebbed quickly away
And he died in my arms there—my Johnnie Dunlea.

R. D. JOYCE, M.D.

This pretty traditional air was taken down from the singing of Mary Gallissy, a girl who lives a mile or two west of Macroom on the Ballyourney road. I link it with Robert Joyce's sweet song. Pronounce Dunlea," as if it were spelled "Dunlay."

MA CHOLLEEN DHAS DHOUN.

KEY C. *Quick, but not too much so.*

Air: "Cailín Dear puad."

{ m.f | s : s : s | f :- : s.f | m :- : f | r : d : d }
 { I've | looked on fair maid - ens a | many with calm, list-less }

{ d :- :- | - : : d | m : d : d | m : f : s.l }
 { eye ; Nor | ev - en a thought of their }

{ ta : s : f | s : d^{rall.} : t | d' :- :- | - : : d }
 { charms hath cost me a | sigh ; Heart }

A tempo { m :- : d.d | m :- f : s.l | ta : -s : f | s : d^{rall.} : r' }
 { whole and un-car - ing my life free of sorrows had }

A tempo { m' :- : r'.d' | d' :- : t.s | f :- : s.f | m :- : f.f }
 { run, Till I gazed on your lips, row-an rud - dy, Ma }

{ r : d : d | d :- ||
 { Chol - leen Dhas Dhoun. ||

2. The year blooms in springtime ; the summer brings blooms brighter still ;

And autumn's wild tints lend fresh glories to valley and hill ;
 But winter chills all, save my heart, where love's ne'er setting sun
 Keeps your charms abloom thro' all seasons, Ma Cholleen Dhas Dhoun.

3. Thy voice, like the stream in the forest, is music and joy,
 Nor distance nor time can the bliss of that moment destroy,
 When I poured out my tale ; your eyes' gentle light told I'd won,
 My own little beaker of honey, Ma Cholleen Dhas Dhoun.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

This air, and the Irish song to which it is wedded (see "Fuinne na Smól," No. 6), is a prime favourite at Ballingearry Irish College. The air is here wedded to one of Rooney's sweetest songs. William Rooney, whose death at an early age, like that of Davis, was a grievous loss to his country, was one of Ireland's most promising sons. He was a man of genius, deep learning, and ardent patriotism.

HOW PLEASANT, SWEET BIRDIES.

KEY C.

Air: "Lovely Willy."

{ :m.s | d^l :t :l | s :m :m.s | f :m :r }
 { How pleas - ant, sweet bird - ies, To wake in the }

{ | d :- :d^l.r^l | m^l :d^l :f^l.m^l | r^l :s :m.s }
 { dawn, And sing to your true loves The }

{ | d^l :d^l :r^l.t | d^l :- :d^l.r^l | m^l :d^l :f^l.m^l }
 { same bough up- on; Ah! not thus can I }

{ | r^l :s :m.s | d^l :d^l :r^l.t | d^l :- :m.s }
 { whis - per To my dar - ling one, 'Tis }

{ | d^l :t :l | s :m :m.s | f :m :r }
 { far from each o - ther We wake in the }

{ | d :- ||
 { dawn. }

2 She's whiter than lily,
 More fair to gaze on;
 She's more sweet than the violin,
 More bright than the sun!
 But better than all, is
 Her mind high and free—
 And, O Lord! in the heaven!
 Take anguish from me!

Translated from the Irish by DR. SIGERSON.

This lovely air is one of the sweet bits of music which I picked up in the Macroom district. I here wed it for the first time to Dr. Sigerson's fine translation of a charming Irish song.

ADIEU TO ERIN.

KEY C.

Air : "An Beirín Luápa."

{ :s .d^l,r^l | m^l : r^l.m^l | f^l.m^l : r^l.m^l | d^l : - .t | s : - .l }
 { A - diea, my own green E - rin, Re- }

{ ta : - .l | d^l.,r^l | m^l.d^l | d^l.t : s .f | s : .s }
 { ceive my last, my fond a - dieu; I }

{ m^l : r^l.m^l | f^l.m^l : r^l.m^l | d^l : t | s .f : m .d }
 { go, but with me bear - ing A }

{ ta : d^l | d^l.t : s .f | m : d | d || .m }
 { heart that still is true to you. || The }

{ f : - .m | f .,s : l .f | s : - | s : - .l }
 { charms that na - ture gave thee With }

{ ta : - .l | d^l.,r^l | m^l.d^l | d^l.t : s .f | s : s .d^l,r^l }
 { la - vish hand shall cease to smile, And the }

{ m^l : r^l.m^l | f^l.m^l : r^l.m^l | d^l : t | s .f : m .d }
 { soul of beau - ty leave thee Ere }

{ ta : d^l | d^l.t : s .f | m : d | d || }
 { I for - get my own green Isle. || }

2. Ye fields where heroes bounded
 To meet the foes of liberty,
 Ye hills that oft resounded
 The joyful shout of victory—
 Obscured is all your glory,
 Forgotten all your fame;
 And the minstrel's mournful story
 Alone shall tell the hero's name,

3. But yet the day may brighten,
 When those tears shall cease to flow,
 And the sun of freedom lighten
 Those spirits now so drooping low.
 Then should the glad breeze blowing
 Convey the echo o'er the sea,
 My heart with rapture glowing
 Shall bless the hand that set thee free.

CALLANAN.

This beautiful air was well known to the writers of Irish songs who lived in the eighteenth century. A magnificent Irish song to this air is to be found in "Fuinn na Smól," No. 4, from the pen of Eoghan Ruadh. This particular version of the air was given to the Editor by T. D. Sullivan. The air and Callanan's words make a beautiful combination. They were apparently linked together, even in Callanan's time, as T. D. S. sang them over sixty years ago.

DRIHAUREEN O MACHREE.

KEY E_b. *Fairly slow.*

Air: "Jimmy mo míle róp."

{	l	t		d	:	r	:	m		m	:	d	:	t	l		s	:	l	:	m	}
{	I			grieve	when	I				think	on			the			dear	hap	-	py	}	

{	r	:	-	:	d		d	:	-	:	s		d	:	m	:	m	}
{	days				of		youth,				When		all		the		bright	}

{	s	:	-	l	:	t		d	:	-	:	r	d	t		l	:	-	:	s	m	r	}
{	dreams				of	this		faith			-		less		world				seemed	}			

{	m	:	-	:	s	l	t		d	:	m	:	m		s	:	l	:	t	}
{	truth;				When	I		strayed	through	the		green	wood		as				}	

{	d	:	-	:	r	d	t		l	:	-	:	s	m	r		m	:	-	:	l	t	}
{	gay				as	a		mid			-		sum	mer		bee,				In	}		

{	d	:	-	:	r	:	m		m	:	d	:	t	l		s	l	:	-	:	m	}
{	bro				-	ther	-	ly		love		with		my		Dhrihau	-		-	reen	}	

{	r	:	-	:	d		d	:	-	
{	O				Ma	-	chree.			

2. Together we lay in the sweet-scented fields to rest,
Together we watched the gay lark as he sang o'er his nest,
Together we plucked the red fruit of the fragrant haw-tree,
And I loved as a sweetheart my *Dhrihaureen O Machree*.
3. His form was straight as the hazel that grows in the glen,
His manners were courteous, and social, and gay amongst men;
His bosom was white as the lily on summer's green lea—
His God's brightest image was *Dhrihaureen O Machree*!

4. Oh ! sweet were his words as the honey that falls in the night,
And his young smiling face like the May-bloom was fresh and as bright ;
His eyes were like dew on the flower of the sweet apple-tree ;
My heart's spring and summer was *Dhrihaureen O Machree !*
5. He went to the wars when proud England united with France ;
His regiment was first in the red battle charge to advance ;
But when night drew its veil o'er the gory and life-wasting fray,
Pale, bleeding and cold lay my *Dhrihaureen O Machree !*
6. Oh ! if I were there I'd watch over my darling's last breath !
I'd wipe his cold brow, and I'd soften his pillow of death ;
I'd pour the hot tears of my heart's melting anguish o'er thee !
Oh ! blossom of beauty ! my *Dhrihaureen O Machree !*
7. Perhaps in his death-pangs he wished that his loved one were near,
To clasp his cold hand with a fond-breathing prayer, and a tear !
As he gasped all neglected, with none but his Maker to see,
And pity, my poor dying *Dhrihaureen O Machree !*
8. Now I'm left to weep like the sorrowful of night,
This earth and its pleasures no more shall afford me delight ;
The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
Since I lost my heart's darling, my *Dhrihaureen O Machree !*
9. My soul has exhausted its treasure of tears for my love !
He comes to my dreams from his home in the regions above ;
I long for the hour when my grief-worn spirit is free,
To meet in those regions my *Dhrihaureen O Machree !*

MICHAEL HOGAN.

(" The Bard of Thomond.")

Dhrihaureen = A little brother.

This lovely air, first published by Dr. Joyce, is commonly found amongst the traditional singers of Munster. Singers will please note that the syllable " hau " of the word " Dhri-hau-reen " is the accented syllable. Consequently the first syllable " Dhri " must be sung on the grace note, " soh," just as I have printed it. It must be sung quickly as a grace note.

THE GALLANT MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT.

KEY C. *Spiritedly.*

Air: "Leather away the Wattle O."

{ s l t | d^l . s : m . s | d^l . d^l : d^l r^l m^l f^l | r^l . d^l : t . d^l }

{ The spir-it of our fa-thers bright In-spires our hearts to }

{ r^l m^l f^l : m^l . f^l | s^l . m^l : f^l . r^l | d^l . d^l : s . m }

{ firm un-ite, And strike a-gain for God and right, As }

{ f s l t : s . f | m . d : d . d^l r^l | m^l . m^l : m^l . d^l }

{ did the men of Nine-ty-Eight. When Wex-ford and New }

{ f^l . f^l : f^l . r^l | m^l . m^l : m^l . s^l s^l | f^l . m^l : r^l . m^l f^l }

{ Ross could tell, And Tub-ber-neer-ing and Car - new, Where }

{ s^l . m^l : f^l . r^l | d^l . d^l : s . m | f s l t : s . f }

{ man-y a Sax-on foe - man fell, And man-y an Ir - ish }

{ m : - d | d ||

{ sol - dier, too ! ||

CHORUS.

{ d^l r^l | m^l . m^l : m^l . d^l | f^l . f^l : f^l . r^l | m^l . m^l : m^l . s^l }

{ Hur - rah, brave boys, we vow to stand To- geth-er for our }

{ f^l . m^l : r^l . m^l f^l | s^l . m^l : f^l . r^l | d^l . d^l : s . m }

{ fa - ther - land, As did the bold de - vo - ted band, The }

{ f s l t : s . f | m : - d | d : - . ||

{ gal - lant men of Nine - ty- Eight. ||

2. Their altars and their homes they rose
 To guard from ruthless tyrant foes,
 Who reeled beneath the vengeful blows
 For freedom dealt in Ninety-Eight.
 The patriots' blood that reddened deep
 The soil where fell they in their gore,
 Their mem'ry green and fresh shall keep
 Within our bosoms' inmost core.

CHORUS.

3. Then, let us here give three times three,
 For those who fought for liberty,
 As slaves could never bend the knee
 The free-born men of Ninety-Eight !
 Not they that bondsmen's yoke could bear,
 While one stout pike could deal a blow,
 Then by their memory let us swear
 To meet once more the hated foe !

CHORUS.

B. MAGENNIS.

This rousing song I here link for the first time to the fine spirited air so well known to Irish singers. I have never heard the air sung to an Anglo-Irish song. This is a marching song for the Volunteers. It will not be long until song and air become favourites.

DEAR LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

KEY D.

{ : d¹ | s :- .m : m | m : r : m | s : m : m | m :- }
 { Dear | land of the sham-rock and | sweet-smell-ing briar, }

{ : d¹ | s :- .m : m | m : r : m | d :- .l₁ : l₁ | l₁ :- }
 { Dear | scenes of my child-hood, which | nev - er could tire! }

{ : d¹.d¹ | s :- .m : m | m : r : m | s : m : m | m :- }
 { When a | boy I picked beech nuts in | wild Glen - a - boe— }

{ : d¹.d¹ | s : m : m | m : r : m | d : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ :- }
 { Oh! my | heart's in old Ire - land wher | ev - er I go. }

{ : t | d¹ : d¹ : d¹ | r¹ : d¹ : r¹ | m¹ : d¹ : l | s : m }
 { Yet | though far a - way from that | dear be - lov'd sod, }

{ : d | d¹ :- .t : d¹ | r¹ : d¹ : r¹ | m¹ : d¹ : l | l :- }
 { I | of - fer up prayers to my | coun-try's God, }

{ : d¹.r¹ | m¹ :- .r¹ : d¹ | r¹ : d¹ : t | d¹ : t : l | s : m }
 { To | chase from her bord - ers the | base for - eign foe; }

{ : d.d | r :- .d : r | m : m : r | d : l₁ :- .l₁ | l₁ :- }
 { For my | heart's in old Ire - land wher | ev - er I go! }

2. And often I drank out of Barranane's well,
 In whose mirror of waters there lurks a bright spell;
 Th' afflicted go there to find ease from their woe—
 My heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

And often I swam in the Blackwater tide,
 And roamed the sweet woodlands around Castle Hyde,
 Where thro' the wild woodlands the Blackwaters flow—
 Oh ! my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

3. In childhood I played in its pastures of green,
 Where sweet crimson daisies can always be seen !
 And wild-flowers whose moss-banks and shelters I know—
 Oh ! my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
 Ah ! now to my sad heart what exquisite joy,
 To stand once again on the bridge of Fermoy,
 To look on the Blackwater rolling below—
 Oh ! my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go !

4. But all my sad wanderings soon will be o'er,
 And the land of my love I will never leave more ;
 Though dark is her sorrow, and bitter her woe—
 My heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
 And though far away from that dear belov'd sod,
 I offer my prayers to my country's God,
 To chase from her borders the base foreign foe—
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

ANON.

The words of this song were given to me by my friend, Jack O'Reilly,
 of Macroom. Words and air make a fine, rattling air.

MOLLY MA STHORE.

KEY D.

Air: "Σηρό μο έπορθε."

{ :d	s :-	:l	m :-	:s	l.r! :-	:-	d! :-
{ As	down	by	Bann	a's	banks I		strayed,
{ :l	s.m :-	:-	r :-	:m	d :-	:-	- :-
{ One	ev-en-		ing	in	May,		
{ :s	d! :-	:d!	m! :-	:r!	d! :-	:d!	l :-
{ The	lit -	tle	birds,	in	blith	est	notes,
{ :s	l.r! :-	:-	d! :-	:l	s :-	:-	- :-
{ Made	vo-cal		ev -	'ry	spray;		
<i>f</i>							
{ :s	d! :-	:d!	m! :-	:r!	d! :-	:d!	l :-
{ They	sung	their	lit	-	tle	notes	of love,
{ :s	l.r! :-	:-	d! :-	:l	s :-	:-	- :-
{ They	sung them		o'er	and	o'er.		
{ :d	s :-	:l	m :-	:s	l.r! :-	:-	d! :-
{ Ah!	Grá	Ma-	chree	ma	Cholleen		Oge,
{ :l	s.m :-	:-	r :-	:m	d :-	:-	- :-
{ *'Shee	Molly		veg	Ma-	sthore.		

2. The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields—
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,
 Lay scattered o'er the fields;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore,
 Ah! Grá Machree, etc.

3. I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doomed me thus the slave of love
 And cruel Molly's hate;
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?
 Ah! Grá Machree, etc.

4. You said you loved me, Molly dear !
 Ah ! why did I believe ?
 Yet who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive ?
 That love was all I asked on earth—
 Nay, heaven could give no more,
 Ah ! Grá Machree, etc.

5. Oh ! had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or lowed for me the numerous herds
 That yon green pasture fill—
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store,
 Ah ! Grá Machree, etc.

6. Two turtle doves, above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough ;
 I envied them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo.
 Such fondness once for me was shown,
 But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.
 Ah ! Grá Machree, etc.

7. Then fare thee well, my Molly dear !
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan ;
 Whilst life remains in my poor heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone :
 Though thou art false, may heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour,
 Ah ! Grá Machree, etc.

GEORGE OGLE.

In reference to this version of the well known air, I would like to say that I got it from the Rev. T. Darcy, who was for many years stationed in Sunday's Well, Cork. He took down the version fifty years ago from the singing of an old woman in Co. Carlow, who was then nearly a hundred years old. She had learned the version from her grandmother. We can thus trace back the version nearly two hundred years. It is much superior to the version usually sung.

OLD CORK BESIDE THE LEE.

KEY F. *Slowly and tenderly.*

Air: "The Irish Hantboy."

{ :d .l₁ | s₁.,l₁:d .r | m :d .r,m | f :m .r | m .,d :l₁. }
{ State-ly | cit-ies rise in splendour over the | land where - in I dwell, }

{ .l₁,l₁ | s₁.,l₁:d .r | m :s .m,m | r .,m :r .d | d }
{ And they | wa-ken feelings ten-der in the | hearts that love them well— }

{ :d .l₁ | s₁.,l₁:d .r | m :d .r,m | f :m .r | m .,d :l₁. }
{ Some for | Frisco's Golden Gateway, ^{Some} for Bos - ton or New York, }

{ .l₁,l₁ | s₁.,l₁:d .r | m :s .m,m | r .,m :r .d | d }
{ But I | vow I'd leave them straightway For a | glimpse of dear old Cork ! }

m/.
{ :s .s | d¹.,t :l .s | l .t :d¹.l₁,l | s .,f :m .r | d .l₁ :l₁. }
{ Yes, their | glories I'd a - ban-don, Oncea | gain the soil to stand on }

{ .s₁,s₁ | d¹.,t :l .s | l .t :d¹.l₁,l | s .m :r .d | d }
{ From which | rise the walls of Shan-don Dearly | known in youth to me, }

{ :d .l₁ | s₁.,l₁:d .r | m :d .r,m | f .,f :m .r | m .,d :l₁. }
{ Once a | gain to see the ci - ty where the | boys are brave and wit - ty, }

{ .l₁,l₁ | s₁.,l₁:d .r | m :s .m,m | r .m :r .d | d }
{ And the | girls are sweet and pret - ty In old | Cork beside the Lee ! }

2. Stately cities rise in splendour
 O'er the world from pole to pole—
 But I never will surrender
 That old city of my soul ;
 She is neither Rome nor Venice,
 Neither Boston nor New York,
 But where'er my voice or pen is
 Still I sing the praise of Cork !
 Yes, wherever I may wander
 I can feel my heart grow fonder
 Of that old town over yonder
 Far across the spreading sea,
 Of that famous Irish city,
 Where the boys are brave and witty
 And the girls are sweet and pretty
 In old Cork beside the Lee !

3. Shou'd our land again in splendour,
 From her lowly state arise,
 Flinging forth—may God defend her !—
 Her green banner to the skies.
 Exiles homeward would be thronging,
 Back from Boston and New York,
 Just to satisfy their longing
 For a sight of dear old Cork !
 Ah, there would be no delaying,
 Those who had for years been praying
 On the Mardyke to go straying
 As in days of youth and glee,
 In that charming Irish city
 Where the boys are brave and witty
 And the girls are sweet and pretty,
 Dear old Cork beside the Lee !

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

This sweet and tender air is taken from Petrie. The words have never been published in any song book and have never been linked to any air till now, as far as I know.

THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

KEY C. *Moderately quick.*

Air: "An C6irpe."

{	:m	m :m :l	l :s :l	d' :- :r' m' :-	}
1. "A	song?"	cries each	bright - eyed	fel - - low,	
2. We'll	sing of	the	great de -	part - - ed,	

{	:m' m'	r' :- :-	r' :m' :r'	t :- :r' s :-	}
Now	what		shall we	sing a - bout?	
And the	val - -		leys	where they lie—	

{	:s.s	m :l :l	l :s :l	d' :- :r' m' :-	}
Shall we	sing of	the	bound - ing	bil - - lows,	
The	brave and	the	fear - less	heart - - ed,	

{	:r'	d' :t :l	t :l :s	l :- :- -	}
Of	bat -	tles or	of	rout?	
Who	taught	men	how to	die:	

{	:l	m' :- :m'	r' :m' :r'	d' :- :d' t :-	}
Of	for -	eign	fields where	Free - dom	wields
And	ev -	'ry	man, of	ev - 'ry	clan,

{	:t	l :- :-	l :t :l	l :- :s m :-	}
Her	sword		in the	dead - ly	fray?
We'll	guard		his	mem - o - ry,	

{	:r.r	m :l :l	l :s :l	d' :- :r' m' :-	}
No, we'll	sing	of	thee, dear	Ire - - land,	
Who	died on	the	green hills	fight - ing	

{	:r'	d' :t :l	t :l :s	l :- :- - :	}
Three	thou -	sand miles	a - way.		
For	Ire -	land's lib -	er - ty.		

3. We'll sing of the sunny meadows,
 And we'll sing of the flowing streams;
 Of the glens that sleep in shadows
 That haunt us in our dreams;
 Of the dancing rills, and the high green hills,
 And the fields we ne'er may see.
 Then here's to the fields of Ireland,
 With a hearty three times three.

4. Let your voices ring out cheering,
 And drain your goblets dry,
 To the men who died for Erin,
 And to those who yet will die.
 'Neath prison bars, or 'neath the stars,
 In camp or garden gay,
 We'll sing of thee, grá geal machree,
 Three thousand miles away.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

This is an Irish-American song. It is a bright, stirring one. I link it with the "Cáipe" air and feel sure that it will become a favourite. The air was got in Co. Cork amongst the traditional singers.

THE LINNET.

KEY E. *Quick.*

Air from Petrie.

p
 { : s .f | m : m | m .,r : d .m | s : s | ta .l }
 { I've found a com - rade free and gay, }

{ : s .t | d^l : m | m .,r : d .m | f .f : - | s }
 { A lin - net of the wild-wood tree; }

{ : s .f | m : m | m .,r : d .m | s : - .l | ta .l }
 { We hold sweet con - verse day by day, }

{ : s .ta | l .,s : m .d | r : - .d | d : d | d }
 { My heart, my ram - bling soul, and he. }

cres.
 { : s .l | ta : s | d^l : s .,l | ta .,l : s .,m .r | m }
 { He sits up - on the blos - somed spray }

rall.
 { : s .l | ta : l .,s .,m | d^l : m | f : - .s .l | s }
 { With- in the hol - low haunt - ed dell, }

{ : s .f | m : m | m .,r : d .m | s : - .l | ta .,l }
 { And ev - 'ry song - note seems to say }

{ : s .ta | l .,s : m .d | r : - .d | d : d | d }
 { That wild bird knows and loves me well. }

CHORUS.

cres.
 { : s .l | ta : s | d^l : s .,l | ta .,l : s .,m .r | m }
 { Sweet lin - net, still sing mer - ri - ly, }

rall.
 { : s .l | ta : l .,s .,m | d^l : m | f : - .s .l | s }
 { Be- side the glit - t'ring stream - let's shore, }

{ : s ., f | m : m | m ., r : d . m | s : - . l | ta ., l }
 { For | love - bright dreams thou | bring'st to me }

{ : s . ta | l ., s : m . d | r : - . d | d : d | d }
 { Of | Ros - a - leen for | ev - er - more. }

2. As I lie in my waking dreams,
 And dreamy thoughts successive rise,
 Down from the blooming bough he seems
 To look on me with human eyes ;
 And then he sings,—ah, such a song
 Will ne'er be heard while seasons roll,
 Save Rosaleen's voice, that all day long
 In memory charms my heart and soul.

CHORUS.

Sweet linnet, still sing merrily
 Beside the haunted streamlet's shore,
 For many a dream thou bring'st to me
 Of Rosaleen for evermore.

3. If souls e'er visit earth again,
 With one my little friend's possessed ;
 Each dulcet wild Elysian strain
 Springs so divinely from his breast.
 Those fairy songs—that earnest look—
 Some minstrel's sprite it sure must be,—
 Anacreon's soul or hers who took
 The love-leap by the Grecian Sea.*

CHORUS.

Sweet linnet, still sing merrily
 Beside the murmuring streamlet's shore,
 For happy dreams thou bring'st to me
 Of Rosaleen for evermore.

R. D. JOYCE, M.D.

* Sappho, the Greek poetess.

This beautiful air is taken from Petrie. Tenderness is the characteristic quality of the melody, owing to the recurrence of the note "ta." Old Irish singers used to repeat the last portion of the air. This song gives me an opportunity of doing this. I repeat the second part of the melody as a chorus. The song will be found to be a very suitable selection for the air. The Rev. E. Gaynor some years ago made a different selection in the following song of T. D. Sullivan.

MY HEART OF HEARTS.

1. Come on, come on, my heart of hearts,
Come fondly nigh to me;
Our hearth is bright this winter night,
Howe'er the skies may be.
Dark clouds have cloaked our darling moon,
There's not a star to see;
My moon, my star, my sun you are,
And more than all to me.
2. Life's storms may bring us icy words,
And looks as cold as snow—
They'll melt before our cottage door,
We'll thaw them where we go.
They cannot touch our hearts of fire,
Or dim those eyes of blue,
Or e'er unfold the clasp I hold
My heart of hearts of you.
3. Or let the winter last for aye,
Let its rain be hail;
Let clouds the worst around us burst,
And wild words load the gale.
I still shall have a summer bright,
A flower of fairest hue,
And light and heat, and fruitage sweet,
My heart of hearts, in you.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

ROSE OF KNOCKMANY.

KEY *F_b*. *Cheerfully*.

Air from Petrie.

{	:s	f		m	:r	:m		d	:r	:m		f	:m	:f		s:s	-	d ^l	}	
	Oh!			sure	'tis			some	fai	-	ry		has				set	me	con- trary,	No
{	f	:f	:r		m	:m	:d	f	:f	:r		r	:-	s:f						}
	more	blithe	and	air	-	y	I	sing	as	I	go;			No						
{	m	:r	:m		d	:r	:m	f	:m	:f		s:s	-	d ^l						}
	long-er	in	clov-er,	a				free	-	heart-ed	rover	I								
{	t	:-	t:s		f	:f	:r	m	:-	d:d		d	:-	m:r						}
	lilt		a	light	dit	-	ty	or				shake	a	loose	toe.			In		
{	d	:m	:s		d ^l	:t	:d ^l	r ^l	:d ^l	:t		d ^l	:d ^l	:l						}
	Lein-ster	and	Ul-ster,	thro'				Con-	nacht	and	Munster,	'Twas								
{	s	:s	:f		m	:r	:m	f	:f	:r		r	:-	s:f						}
	I	made	the	fun	stir	wher-	ev	-	er	I	strayed;	And	a							
{	m	:r	:m		d	:r	:m	f	:m	:f		s:s	-	d ^l						}
	jov	-	ial	-	ler	fel	-	low,	while	so	-	ber	or	mellow,	Ne'er					
{	t	:t	:s		f	:f	:r	m	:-	d:d		d	:-							}
	tossed	off	a	jor	-	um	or	wooded	a	fair	maid.									

2. Till once in the Maytime, the tuneful and gay time—

I fear 'twas the faytime from eve to the dawn—

I played for a maiden, with hair simply braiden,

With eyes of soft lustre and grace like a fawn.

Those eyes while she listened, thro' dewy drops glistened,

Or sparkled like gems in the light of the moon;

Some witchcraft was in it! for since that bless'd minute,

I'm like poor young Johnnie who played but one tune.

3. For whether I'm strolling where billows are rolling,

Or sweet bells are tolling o'er Shannon or Lee;

My wild harp when sweeping, where fountains are leaping,

At lone Gougane Barra, or storied Lough Neagh—

To priest or to peasant, no matter who's present,

In sad hours or pleasant, by mountain or stream,

To the careless or cannie, to colleen or granny,—

Young Rose of Knockmany is ever my theme.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST HYMN.

KEY D. *Moderately.*

Air: "Réir énoc mná dúibé."

{	<u>:m.s</u>		<u>d^l : t : l.s</u>		<u>m : d : s.m</u>		<u>r : d : d</u>		<u>d :-</u>	}
{	All		hail! Ho - ly		Ma - ry, our		hope and our		joy!	}

{	<u>:r</u>		<u>^m s:s : t</u>		<u>l : s :- .m</u>		<u>r : m : s.l</u>		<u>s :-</u>	}
{	Smile		down, bless - ed		Queen! on the		poor Ir - ish		boy	}

{	<u>:s.m</u>		<u>d : d : m.,d</u>		<u>r : d : m.s</u>		<u>l : t : r^l</u>		<u>d^l :- .m^l</u>	}
{	Who		wan - ders a -		way from his		dear be - loved		home;	}

{	<u>:r^l.d^l</u>		<u>t : l.s : m.r</u>		<u>m : d : s.m</u>		<u>r : d : d</u>		<u>d :-</u>	}
{	O		Ma - ry! be		with me wher -		ev - er I		roam.	}

REFRAIN.

{	<u>:s.m</u>		<u>d : d : m.,d</u>		<u>r : d : m.s</u>		<u>l : t : r^l</u>		<u>d^l :- .m^l</u>	}
{	Be		with me, O		Ma - ry! For -		sake me not,		Ma - ry!	}

{	<u>:r^l.d^l</u>		<u>t : l.s : m.r</u>		<u>m : d : s.m</u>		<u>r : d : d</u>		<u>d :-</u>	}
{	But		guide me and		guard me wher -		ev - er I		go.	}

2. From the home of my fathers in anguish I go,
 To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe,
 Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave,
 An alien, a savage—all names but a knave.
 But blessed be Mary!
 My sweet, holy Mary!
 The boḃac he never dare call me a knave.

3. From my mother's mud sheeling an outcast I fly,
 With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye ;
 Oh ! I burn as I think that if Someone would say,
 " Revenge on your tyrants ! " but, Mary I pray
 From my soul's depths, O Mary !
 And hear me, sweet Mary !
 For union and peace to old Ireland I pray.

4. The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
 And more than I ask or I wish for is there,
 But I must not taste the good things that I see—
 There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me.
 O mild Virgin Mary !
 O sweet Mother Mary !
 Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee ?

5. But sure in the end our dear freedom we'll gain,
 And wipe from the green flag each SARPANÇ stain,
 And oh ! holy Mary, your blessing we crave !
 Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the brave ;
 And then, Mother Mary !
 Our own blessed Mary !
 Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave !

JOHN KEEGAN.

This beautiful song of Keegan's has till now been unfortunately wedded to what is simply a music-hall modern air. I link it now to an air worthy of it, which is a traditional one, taken down from the singing of Mrs. Danny Warren, of Toames, near Macroom. She is, in my opinion, the sweetest traditional singer I met. As there are six lines in the verses of the song I repeat for the last two lines the second portion of the air. This repetition was a usual thing with old Irish singers.

DHRIMAN DHOUN DHEELISH.

KEY C. *With feeling.*

Air: "Dhrimphonnn donnn d'leer."

{ :m.,f | s.d!:- :d!.t | d!.r!:- :r!.,t | d! :-.t :s.l }
O! Dhrim-an dhoun dheelish! the land - lord has }

{ | s :- :s.,l | t.,l :s :- .l | t :d! :r!.,t }
come, Like a foul blast of death has he }

{ | d!.,t :s .f :m.,f | r :- :d!.,t | s :l :r.,t }
swept o'er our home; He has with - ered our }

{ | d :r :- .m | f :- .s :l | r :- :d!.,r! }
roof - tree — be- neath the cold sky, Poor, }

{ | m! :r!.,d! :m!.r! | d!.,t :s .f :m .f | r :d :- .d }
house - less, and home - less, to - night must we }

{ | d :- ||
lie. ||

2. My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
O! *Dhriman dhoun dheelish!* 'tis hard to forgive
When a robber denies us the right we should live.
3. With my health and my strength, with hard labour and toil,
I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the hard soil;
I moiled the long day through, from morn till even,
And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.
4. The summer shone round us above and below,
The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow;
O! 'tis hard to forget it, and think I must bear
That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

5. Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
And never was wanted the mether of milk ;
For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

6. How often you left the green side of the hill,
To stretch in the shade, and to drink of the rill !
And often I freed you before the grey dawn,
From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

7. But they racked and they ground me with tax and with rent,
Till my heart it was sore, and my life-blood was spent :
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world,
With the mocking of fiends from my home was I hurled.

8. I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not there ;
O ! wild were the thoughts thro' my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

9. I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell,
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well ;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life, and a brand on his brow.

JOHN WALSH.

The title of this moving ballad is generally applied allegorically to Ireland. Here it is used in its literal sense as the favourite name in Ireland for a cow. The ballad enshrines one of the saddest social facts of our history and deserves a place in any collection of folk-songs which have any pretensions to be racy of the soil.

The writer of this ballad was a Cappoquin man.

MY NIAL BAWN.

KEY A. *Tenderly.*

Old Traditional Air.

{	: m ₁ .s ₁	l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁	: s ₁ .l ₁	d	: d	r	}
	He	has	no	gold	but the	gold	that	shines	}

{	: d.r	m	: r.d	l ₁	: s ₁ .m ₁	s ₁	: s ₁		}
	In those	bright, those	clus -	ter-ing	tress -	es ;			}

{	: m ₁ .s ₁	l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁	: s ₁ .l ₁	d	: d	r	}
	There's	nei -	ther	rank	nor	power for	him		}

{	: d.r	m	: r.d	l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁	: l ₁		}
	Whom this	fond	heart	wild -	ly	bless -	es.		}

{	: m	s	: m	m	: r.d	r	: r	r	}
	But,	oh !	there's truth,	and	power, and	love			}

{	: d.r	m	: r.d	l ₁	: s ₁ .m ₁	s ₁	: -		}
	For my	Ni -	al's	king -	ly	dower ;			}

{	: m ₁ .s ₁	l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁	: s ₁ .l ₁	d	: d	r	}
	And	ne'er	was	King	so	i -	dol -	ised	}

{	: d.r	m	: r.d	l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁	: -		
	In the	day	of his	high -	est	power.			

2. To have no hope in the wide, wide world
 But all that's round him clinging;
 There's neither life nor joy for me
 Unless from his fondness springing.
 I never think of pain or woe,
 For life can bring no trial,
 Which angels e'en could guard me thro'
 More tenderly than Nial.

3. His soul is soft as a morn of May
 But strong as the deep, deep ocean—
 With passions wild as the storm and flame,
 For deeds of high devotion.
 Oh ! fierce and brave is my own dear love,
 The wrong and the foe defying ;
 But his voice is low and sweet to me
 As winds in the springtime sighing.
4. Bright blessings fall on my Nial Bawn !
 I know his love outpouring ;
 And there's no joy on earth for me
 Like the joy of thus adoring.
 Oh ! my heart has love—such deep, deep love !
 To fall in refreshing showers,
 That all around will look bright and green
 Thro' our life's long golden hours !

“EVA” of the Nation.

(MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

This is a woman's song. The air above printed is a very well-known one in the South of Ireland. I have heard three versions of it, but they differ little from one another. It is in the “gapped” scale, having neither the note “*fah*” nor “*l*.” This is, according to authorities on Irish music, the oldest form of the gapped scale. I have heard this air called “Slievenamon.” The only reason why it should be so called is because the Rev. E. Gaynor selected for it years ago a song of Kieckhafer's which I give below.

THE MAID OF SLIEVENAMON.

1. Alone, all alone, by the wave-wash'd strand,
 And alone in the crowded hall;
 The hall it is gay, and the waves are grand,
 But my heart is not here at all:
 It flies far away, by night and by day,
 To the times and the joys that are gone;
 And I never can forget the Maid I met
 In the valley near Slievenamon.

2. It was not the grace of her queenly air,
 Nor her cheek of the rose's glow,
 Nor her soft black eyes, nor her flowing hair,
 Nor was it her lily-white brow.
 'Twas the soul of truth, and of melting ruth,
 And the smile like a summer dawn,
 That stole my heart away, one soft summer day,
 In the valley near Slievenamon.

3. In the festive hall, by the star-watch'd shore,
 My restless spirit cries:
 "My love, oh my love, shall I ne'er see you more;
 And, my land, will you ne'er uprise?"
 By night and by day, I ever, ever pray,
 While lonely my life flows on,
 To see our flag unrolled, and my love to enfold,
 In the valley near Slievenamon.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

WILLY REILLY.

KEY G.

{ : d .,r | m .,m : d .,l | r : d .,l | s, .,l : d .,d | d }
 { "Oh ! | rise up Wil - ly Reil - ly, and | come along with me ; }

{ : .,r | m .,r : m .,s | l : s .,l | d .,d : r .,d | l, }
 { I | mean for to go with you, and | leave this counter - ie, }

{ : .,r | m .,r : m .,s | l : s .,l | d .,d : r .,d | l, }
 { To | leave my father's dwell - ing, his | houses and free land ; }

{ : d .,r | m .,m : d .,l | r : d .,l | s, .,l : d .,d | d ||
 { And a - way goes Wil-ly Reil - ly and | his dear *Col-leen Bawn*. ||

2. They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
 Through shady groves and valleys all dangers to refrain ;
 But her father followed after with a well-arm'd band,
 And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Colleen Bawn*.
3. It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
 Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
 'Till at the bar of justice before the Judge he'd stand,
 For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Colleen Bawn*.
4. " Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,
 I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground,
 But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
 Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Colleen Bawn*."
5. The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
 " Oh ! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
 For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
 I'm afeer'd you'll suffer sorely for your dear *Colleen Bawn*.

6. "This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Colleen Bawn*."
7. Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen ;
He's tall, and straight, and comely as any could be found,
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.
8. The Judge he said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth" ;
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight, and dear *Colleen Bawn*."
9. "Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned,
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."
10. The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she :
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me ;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."
11. Out bespoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by,
"Oh, gentlemen, consider on this extremity ;
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."
12. "Good, my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds—
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

13. " Good, my lord, I gave them as a token of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
" I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

14. " There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in foreign
lands."

15. Then out spoke noble Fox : " You may let the prisoner go,
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may know ;
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name,
May her honour bright gain high estate and her offspring rise to
fame."

This is a very sweet, quaint old air. I got it from the Rev. T. Darcy, but I often heard it in my youth. It is in the " two-strain " form, and in the oldest form of the " gapped " scale, having neither " *fah* " nor " *t* " note. The song is a North of Ireland one. I heard it sung by a little girl in Co. Fermanagh last year (1913), but not to its proper air.

OH! LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

KEY C. *Moderately and affectionately.*

{ d :- r	m :- :- m m :- r : m	s :- : t l :- s : m	}
{ Oh!	Lim - e - rick	is beau - ti - ful	As }
{ d :- : r	d :- : t,	d :- :- : : s	}
{ ev' - - ry-	bod - y	knows,	And }
{ l :- : l	l : s : m	d' :- : r' d' : t : l	}
{ by	that cit - - y	of my heart	How }
{ s :- : m	m : r : d	r :- :- : : s	}
{ proud	old Shan - non	flows!	It }
{ l :- : l	l : s : m	d' :- : r' d' : t : l	}
{ sweeps	down by the	brave old town	As }
{ s :- : m	m :- r : d	r :- :- : : d . r	}
{ pure	in depth and	tone	As when }
{ m :- : m	m : r : m	s :- : t l : s : m	}
{ Sars -	field swept the	Sax - ons from	The }
{ d :- : r	d :- : t,	d :- :-	
{ walls	of Gar - ry-	owen.	

2. 'Tis not for Limerick that I sigh—
 Though I love her in my soul,—
 Though times will change and friends will die,
 And man will not control;
 No, not for friends long passed away,
 Or days for ever flown,
 But that the maiden I adore
 Is sad in Garryowen.

3. Oh ! she I love is beautiful,
 And world-wide is her fame ;
 She dwells down by the rushing tide,
 And Éire is her name ;
 And dearer than my very life
 Her glances are to me,
 The light that guides my weary soul
 Across life's stormy sea.

4. I loved her in my boyhood,
 And now in manhood's noon,
 The vision of my life is still
 To dry thy tears, aron ;
 I'd sing unto the tomb, or dance
 Beneath the gallows tree,
 To see her on the hills once more
 Proud, passionate, and free.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

There is another song of this name which is much inferior to this beautiful song of Scanlan's. The writer of this song is an Irish-American, and is one of our best song-writers. The air is a very pretty version of " Irish Molly O."

MUSIC IN THE STREET.

KEY C. *A little slow and pathetic.*

Air: "Raca breáḡ mo éinn."

{	:	.f		f .m	:	d	.,r		m	:	s	.m, s	}
		It		rose up -		on	the		sor -		did street,	A	}
{		f	.	m	:	d	.,d		d	:	d	}	
		ca -		dence		sweet	and		lone;		Through	}	
{		m	.	f	:	s	.d ^l		d ^l	.,r ^l	: m ^l	.,s	}
		all		the		vul -	gar		din		it	pierced, That	}
{		l	.	l	:	ta	.l ta l		s	:	d	}	
		low		me -		lo -	dious		tone.		It	}	
{		m	.	f	:	s	.d ^l		d ^l	.,r ^l	: m ^l	.,d ^l	}
		thrilled on		my		a -	wak -		en'd		ear	A	}
{		l	.	d ^l	:	ta	.l ta l		s	.,f	: m	.s	}
		mid		the		noi -	sy		mart,		Its	}	
{		f	.	m	:	d	.d		m	.,d ^l	: s	.m, s	}
		mu -		sic		o -	ver		ev -		'ry	sound Vi -	}
{		f	.	m	:	d	.,d		d	:			}
		bra -		ted		in	my		heart.				}

2. I've heard full oft a grander strain
Through lofty arches roll,
That bore on the triumphant tide
The rapt and captive soul.
In this the breath of my own hills
Blew o'er me soft and warm,
And shook my spirit as the leaves
Are shaken by the storm.
3. As sounds the distant ocean wave
Within a hollow shell,
I heard within this far-off strain
The gentle waters swell

- Around my distant island shore,
 And glancing through the rocks,
 While o'er their full and gliding wave
 The sea-birds wheeled in flocks.
4. There, through the long delicious eyes
 Of that old haunted land
 The Naiads, in their floating hair,
 Yet dance upon the strand ;
 Till near and nearer came the sound,
 And swelled upon the air,
 And still strange echoes trembled through
 The magic music there.
5. It rose above the ceaseless din,
 It filled the dusty street,
 As some cool breeze of freshness blows
 Across the desert's heat.
 It shook their squalid attic homes—
 Pale exiles of our race—
 And drew to dingy window panes
 Full many a faded face.
6. And eyes whose deep and lustrous light
 Flashed strangely, lonely there,
 And many a young and wistful brow
 Beneath its soft brown hair ;
 And other eyes of fiercer fire,
 And faces rough and dark—
 Brave souls ! that bore thro' all their lives
 The tempests on their bark.
7. In through the narrow room it poured,
 That music sweeping on,
 And perfumed all the heavy air
 With flowers of summers gone,
 With waters sparkling to the lips,
 With many a summer breeze,
 That woke into one rippling song
 The shaken summer trees.
8. In it, along the sloping hills,
 The blue flax blossoms bent ;
 In it, above the shining streams,
 The " Fairy Fingers " leant ;
 In it, upon the soft green Rath,
 There bloomed the Fairy Thorn ;
 In their tired feet they felt the dew
 Of many a harvest morn.

9. In it, the ripe and golden corn
 Bent down its heavy head ;
 In it, the grass waved long and sweet
 Above their kindred dead ;
 In it, the voices of the loved,
 They might no more behold,
 Came back and spoke the tender words
 And sang the songs of old.

10. Sometimes there trembled through the strain
 A song like falling tears,
 And then it rose and burst again
 Like sudden clashing spears ;
 And still the faces in the street,
 And at the window panes,
 Would cloud or lighten, gloom or flash,
 With all its changing strains.

11. But, ah ! too soon it swept away,
 That pageantry of sound,
 Again the parted tide of life
 Closed darkly all around.
 As in the wake of some white bark,
 In sunshine speeding on,
 Close in the dark and sullen waves,
 The darker where it shone.

12. The faces faded from my view,
 Like faces in a dream ;
 To its dull channel back again
 Crept the subsiding stream.
 And I, too, starting like the rest,
 Cast all the spell aside,
 And let the fading music go—
 A blossom down the tide.

ANONYMOUS.

The above air is one of the sweet old traditional bits of music which I picked up in the Macroom district, Co. Cork. It starts off in a very unusual way. The song was suggested by hearing "Patrick's Day" and "Garryowen" played on the 4th of July by the band of the 60th Regiment in the streets of New York. I don't know the author, but he was a poet of no mean order.

REMEMBER THEE.

KEY C.

{ : s ., l | d^l :- .r^l : m^l .r^l | d^l :- .t : l .s | s : l : d^l }

{ Re- | mem - ber thee! | yes, while there's | life in this }

{ | d^l :- : s ., l | d^l :- .r^l : m^l .r^l | d^l : t : l }

{ heart It shall nev - er for - | get thee, all }

{ | s : m : r ., d | d :- : d ., r | m : s : l ., ta }

{ lorn as thou art, More | dear in thy }

{ | l .s : m : d ., r | m : s : l ., ta | l :- : s ., l }

{ sor - row, thy | g'loom and thy | show'rs, Than the }

{ | d^l :- .r^l : m^l .r^l | d^l : t : l | s : m : r ., d }

{ rest of the | world in their | sun - ni - est }

{ | d :- ||

{ hours. ||

2. Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

3. No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flews from thy breast.

THOMAS MOORE.

IRISH MOLLY. O!

KEY E \flat . *Moderately and Quickly.*

{ :m | r :- :d | r :- :m | l :- :s | m : :m }
 { Oh! | fair - er than the lil - y tall, and }

{ r :- :d | l, :- :l, | l, :- :- | - :- :l }
 { sweet - er than the^e rose, As }

{ l :- :t | d^l :- :t | l :- :s | s :- :l }
 { mod - est as the vi - o - let in }

{ m :- :r | d :- :r | m :- :- | - :- :l }
 { dew - y dell that blows; With }

{ l :- :t | d^l :- :t | l :- :s | s :- :l }
 { heart as warm as sum - mer noon, and }

{ m :- :r | d :- :r | m :- :- | - :- :m }
 { pure as win - ter snow— The }

{ r :- :d | r :- :m | l :- :s | m :- :m }
 { pride of E - rin's isle is she, dear }

{ r :- :d | l, :- :l, | l, :- :- | - :- }
 { I - rish Mol - ly O! }

2. No linnet of the hazel grove than she more sweetly sang,
 No sorrow could be resting where her guileless laughter rang,
 No hall of light could half so bright as that poor cabin glow
 Where shone the face of love and grace of Irish Molly ♀

3. But fever's breath struck down in death her father strong and brave
And who should now his little ones from want and sorrow save ?
" Oh ! never fear, my mother dear, across the seas I'll go,
And win for ye a new home there," said Irish Molly O.
4. And far away 'mid strangers cold she toiled for many a year,
And no one heard the heart-wrung sigh or saw the silent tear,
But letters fond the seas beyond would kind and constant go,
With gold won dear, and words of cheer, from Irish Molly O.
5. And one by one she sent for all the loved ones o'er the foam,
And one by one she welcomed them to her fond heart and home,
And last and best her arms caressed the aged head of snow—
" Oh, mother, we'll be happy now ! " said Irish Molly O.
6. Alas, long years of toil and tears had chilled her young heart's glow,
And grief and care had blanched her hair and stilled her pulses flow,
And when the spring bade wild birds sing and buds in beauty blow—
They made your grave where willows wave, poor Irish Molly O.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

This is one of several, which I intend to give, of Frank Fahy's charming songs. Some of his songs are copyright in London Publishers with whom I cannot afford to deal, and who have set some, at least, of Mr. Fahy's songs to airs which are anything but Irish.

NATIVE SWORDS.

KEY C.

Air: "The Boyne Water."

{ :r | l : l ., t | d' : l | s : m | d : r . m }
 { We've | bent too long to | brag - gart wrong, While }

{ | f : m . r | l . s : f . m | r : - . d | l : s }
 { | force our prayers de- | rid - - ed; We've }

{ | l : l ., t | d' : ta . l | s . f : m . r | d : r . m }
 { | fought too long, our - selves a - mong, By }

{ | f : m . r | l . s : f . m | r : - | r || s }
 { | knaves and clans di - | vi - - ded. || U - }

{ | l : l . d' | r' : - . m' | r' : - . d' | l : s }
 { | ni - ted now, no | more we'll bow, Foul }

{ | l : l . r' | r' . d' : r' . m' | r' : - . d' | l : t }
 { | fac - tion we dis- | card it; And }

{ | d' ^f : d' | d' : l | s . f : s . m | d : r . m }
 { | now thank God! our | na - tive sod Has }

{ | f : m . r | l . s : f . m | r : - | r || }
 { | Na - tive Swords to | guard it. || }

2. Like rivers which, o'er valleys rich,
 Bring ruin in their water,
 On native land, a native hand
 Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
 From Dermod's crime to Tudor's time
 Our clans were our perdition ;
 Religion's name, since then, became
 Our pretext for division.

3. But, worse than all, with Lim'ricks fall
 Our valour seem'd to perish ;
 Or o'er the main, in France and Spain,
 For bootless vengeance flourish.
 The peasant, here, grew pale for fear
 He'd suffer for our glory,
 While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
 And Europe hymned our story.

4. But now, no clan, no factious plan,
 The East and West can sunder—
 Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear,
 Can only wake our wonder.
 Religion's cross, when union's lost,
 And "royal gifts" retard it ;
 But now, thank God ! our native sod
 Has Native Swords to guard it.

THOMAS DAVIS.

This fine air has too long been left to the monopoly of an Orange faction. Let it be sung henceforth in every parish thro' the land to Davis's stirring words. It is also now fortunately wedded to one of the finest songs ever written in the Irish language. This song may be found in No. 1 of the series entitled "Fuinne na Smól," which I published in 1913. "Rorc Caeta na Muinán" is the name of the song.

GALWAY BAY.

KEY *E♭. Plaintively.*

Air: "Irish Molly O."

{ :m | r :- : -d | r :- :m | l :- :s | m :- :d }
 { 'Tis | far a - way I | am to - day From }

{ r :- :d | l₁ :- : -l₁ | l₁ :- :- | - :- :l }
 { scenes I roamed a | boy, And }

{ l :- :t | d^l :- :t | l :- :t | s :- :l }
 { long a - go the | hour I know I }

{ l :s :m | d :- : -r | m :- :- | - :- :l }
 { first saw ll - in - ois ; But }

{ l :- :t | d^l :- :t | l :- :t | s :- :l }
 { Time nor Tide nor | wa - ters wide Can }

{ l :- :s :m | d :- :r | m s :- :- | - :- :m }
 { wean my heart a - way, For }

{ r :- : -d | r :- :m | l :- :s | m :- :d }
 { ev - er true it | flies to you, My }

{ r :- :d | l₁ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :- | : | }
 { own dear Gal - way Bay. }

2. My chosen bride is by my side, her brown hair silver-grey,
 Her daughter Rose, as like her grows as April dawn to day;
 Our eldest boy, his mother's joy, his father's pride and stay—
 With gifts like these I'd live at ease were I near Galway Bay.

3. A prouder man I'd walk the land in health and peace of mind,
If I might toil and strive and moil, nor cast one thought behind ;
But what would be the world to me, its rank and rich array,
If memory I lost of thee, my poor old Galway Bay.

4. Oh, grey and bleak, by shore and creek, the rugged rocks abound,
But sweeter green the grass between than grows on Irish ground,
So friendship fond, all wealth beyond, and love that lives alway,
Bless each poor home beside your foam, my dear old Galway Bay.

5. Had I youth's blood and hopeful mood and heart of fire once more,
For all the gold the earth might hold I'd never quit your shore ;
I'd live content whate'er God sent, with neighbours old and grey,
And lay my bones 'neath churchyard stones beside you, Galway Bay.

6. The blessings of a poor old man be with you night and day,
The blessings of a lonely man whose heart will soon be clay ;
'Tis all the Heaven I'd ask of God upon my dying day—
My soul to soar for evermore above you, Galway Bay.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

This air is "Irish Molly O." Compare it with the song of that name on p. 56. It will be observed that this version has some beautiful turns which make it a delightful song and give it a character of its own.

MY CEALLAIGH DHU ASTHORE.

KEY F.

Air: "Cáit ní Óuibhín."

{ m . r | d : l | s . l : t . s | d : - . t | d . r : m . d }

A - gain the flow' - ry feet of June Have

{ f : m . r | d . l : s . l | t | l : - | : m . r }

tracked our cot - tage side; And

{ d : l | s . l : t . s | d : - . t | d . r : m . f }

o'er the waves the tim - id moon Steals

{ s : - . l | m : r | d : - . t | d : || m . s }

smi - - ling like a bride: || But

{ l : f | r : m . f | s : - . s | m : d }

what were June or flowers to me, Or

{ f : m . r | d . l : s . l | t | l : - | : m . r }

waves, or moon, or more, If

{ d : l | s . l : t . s | d : - . t | d . r : m . f }

ev' - ning came and brought not thee, My

rall.

{ s : - . l | m : r | d : - . t | d : ||

Ceal - - laigh Dhu a - sthore, ||

2. Let others prize their lordly lands,
And sceptres gemmed with blood,
More dear to me the honest hands
That earn my babes their food.

And little reck we queens or kings
 When daily labour's o'er;
 And by the ev'ning embers sings
 My Ceallaigh Dhu asthore.

3. And when he sings, his every song
 Is sacred freedom's own;
 And like his voice his arm is strong,
 For labour nursed the bone:
 And then his step, and such an eye!
 Ah, fancy! touch no more
 My spirit swims in holy joy
 O'er Ceallaigh Dhu asthore!

4. His voice is firm, his knee is proud
 When pomp's imperious tone
 Would have the free-born spirit bowed,
 That right should bow alone;
 For well does Ceallaigh know his due,
 Nor ever seeks he more;
 Would heaven mankind were all like you,
 My Ceallaigh Dhu asthore!

5. And Ceallaigh is an Irishman
 In sinew, soul, and bone;
 Not e'en the veins of old Slieveban
 Are purer than his own:
 The wing of woe has swept our skies,
 The foreign foe our shore,
 But stain or change thy race defies,
 My Ceallaigh Dhu asthore!

6. What wonder, then, each word he said
 Fell o'er my maiden day,
 Like breathings o'er the cradle-bed
 Where mothers kiss and pray.
 Though dear your form, your cheek, and eye,
 I loved those virtues more,
 Whose bloom nor ills nor years destroy,
 My Ceallaigh Dhu asthore.

7. Oh, could this heart, this throbbing thing,
 Be made a regal chair,
 I'd rend its every swelling string,
 To seat you, Ceallaigh, there :
 And oh, if honest worth alone
 The kingly bauble bore,
 No slave wert thou, my blood, my bone,
 My Ceallaigh Dhu asthore.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

(The Belfast Poet.)

This sweet air is well known to students of the Munster Irish College at Ballingeary. I link it for the first time with the fine song of Francis Davis.

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

KEY C. *Andante.*

{ : .s | d^l .,r^l : d^l .t | l : s .s | d^l .,t : d^l .r^l | m^l : s .s }

'Tis | pret - ty to see the | girl of Dun-bwy

{ | d^l .,r^l : d^l .t | l : s .s | l : t .t | d^l : m .m }

| Step - ping the moun - tain | state - li - ly, Tho^l }

{ | f .,l : s .f | m : f .m,r | d .,r : m .s | l : s .s }

| rag - ged her gown, and | na - ked her feet, No }

{ | d^l .,r^l : m^l r^l .d^l .t | l .,t : d^l .f | m .,f : r .d | d : - . }

| la - dy in Ire - land to | match her is meet.

2. Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes ;
The child of a peasant—yet England's proud queen
Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.
3. Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and passion-pale cheek.
4. But pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the red deer's, go past—
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.
5. I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipped in passing her by ;
The saint of the wayside—she granted my prayer,
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

THOMAS DAVIS.

ARTHUR M'COY.

1798.

KEY A_b. *Sweetly and fairly slow.* Air: "A_b éipunn ní 'neóppinn."

{	: d . r	m	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: f	: r	m	: m	}
	While the		snow - flakes	of		win - ter	are		fall - ing	

{	: l ₁	t ₁	: l ₁	: s ₁	d	: t ₁	: d	r	: -	}
	On		moun - tain,	and		house - top,	and		tree,	

{	: d . r	m	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: f	: r	m	: m	}
	Come		old - en	weird		voi - ces	re -		call - ing	

{	: l ₁	t ₁	: l ₁	: s ₁	t ₁	: d	: - . t ₁	d	: -	}
	The		homes of	Hy -		Fa - ly	to		me.	

{	: m . f	s	: i	: m . r	d	: t ₁	: l ₁ . s ₁	l ₁	: l ₁	}
	The		ram - ble	by		riv - er	and		wild wood,	

{	: m . f	s	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: f	: r	m	: -	}
	The		le - gends of			moun - tain	and		glen,	

{	: d . r	m	: l ₁	: t ₁	d	: f	: r	m	: m	}
	When the		bright, ma - gic			mir - ror	of		child - hood	

{	: l ₁	t ₁	: l ₁	: s ₁	t ₁	: d	: - . t ₁	d	
	Made		he - roes	and		gi - ants	of		men.

2. Then I had my dreamings ideal,
 My prophets and heroes sublime,
 Yet I found one, true, living, and real,
 Surpass all the fictions of time :
 Whose voice thrilled my heart to its centre,
 Whose form tranced my soul and my eye ;
 A temple no treason could enter—
 My hero was Arthur M'Coy.

3. For Arthur M'Coy was no bragger,
 No bibber, nor blustering clown,
 'Fore the club of an alehouse to swagger,
 Or drag his coat-tail through the town :
 But a veteran, stern and steady,
 Who felt for his land and her ills ;
 In the hour of her need ever ready
 To shoulder a pike for the hills.

4. As the strong mountain tower spreads its arms,
 Dark, shadowy, silent, and tall,
 In our tithe-raids and midnight alarms,
 His bosom gave refuge to all.
 If a mind clear, and calm, and expanded,
 A soul ever soaring and high,
 'Mid a host—gave a right to command it—
 A hero was Arthur M'Coy.

5. While he knelt, with a Christian demeanour,
 To his priest, or his Maker, alone,
 He scorned the vile slave, or retainer,
 That crouched round the castle, or throne,
 The Tudor—The Guelph, The Pretender,
 Were tyrants, alike, branch and stem ;
 But who'd free our fair land, and defend her,
 A nation, were monarchs to him.

6. And this faith in good works he attested,
 When Tone linked the true hearts and brave,
 Every billow of danger he breasted—
 His sword-flash, the crest of its wave .

A standard he captured in Gorey,
 A sword-cut and ball through the thigh,
 Were among the mementoes of glory
 Recorded of Arthur M'Coy.

7. And he died for his love—I remember,
 On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
 On a dark, snowy eve in December,
 I knelt at the patriot's grave.
 The aged were all heavy-hearted—
 No cheek in the churchyard was dry :
 The Sun of our hills had departed—
 God rest you, old Arthur M'Coy !

JOHN BOYLE ("PONTIAC").

This music is a "Barony" (near Youghal) version of the widely-known air. Of the half-dozen versions which I know this is the sweetest, after the Ring version. The latter may be found in "Fuinín na Smól," No. 4. The air suits the above '98 ballad admirably. The ballad is a splendid specimen of what a ballad should be. When will Irishmen learn to appreciate the work of their own countrymen and taboo the inanities of the Anglicised concert hall ?

MARY, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.

Air: "Δὴ ἔρποντο νί 'νεόρποντο."

1. The summer shines bright from the plain
 To the hills where the clear rocks are piled ;
 The birds sing a clear, joyous strain,
 And the flowers are in bloom o'er the wild—
 But a flower, all these fair flowers above
 In sweetness, blooms deep in my breast ;
 'Tis the lone flower of kindness and love
 For Mary, the Pride of the West.
2. There's an ash-tree that blooms light and fair,
 Where the linnets in May make their bower ;
 There's a rose-bush beyond all compare,
 By the walls of the grey mountain tower—
 But how lovely see'er that lone tree,
 And the bush all in white blossoms drest,
 As fair and as lovely is she
 My Mary, the Pride of the West.
3. When she goes from the wild hills among
 To the town on the verge of the plain,
 Could you see her sweet face 'mid the throng,
 You ne'er would forget it again ;
 And the gallants who pass, when they see,
 And the crowd, think her brightest and best,
 And they ask who such fair maid can be,
 My Mary, the Pride of the West !
4. When each night at her father's broad hearth
 I sit near my love by the fire,
 I have all that my heart on this Earth
 Can love, and desire, and admire :
 Then her eyes, like two clear stars above,
 With their kind looks on me often rest,
 Till I'm wild, wild with fondness and love,
 For Mary, the Pride of the West !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

For the music see last song, page. 66.

THE COMING BRIDAL.

KEY F. *Fairly slow.*

{ d . r | m : d^l : t | l : t . l : s . m | l₁ , s : m : m . r }
 { My | home stands by | Fun - shion's bright | riv - er, Where the }

{ | d : r : d . l | d : r : m . fe | s : - : m . r }
 { | broom blos - soms | shine in the | spring, Where the }

{ | m : d^l : t | l : t . l : s . m | l₁ , s : m : l₁ . t₁ }
 { | green beech - es | mur - mur and | quiv - er, And the }

{ | d : m . r : d . l | t₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : m . r }
 { | birds 'mid their | cool branch - es | sing; And }

{ | d : r : d . l | d : r : m . fe | s : m : d . r }
 { | there, where the | sky gleams so | blue in The }

{ | m : d^l : t | l : t . l : s . m | s : - : d . r }
 { | stream as it | winds thro' the | dells, A- }

{ | m : d^l : t | l : t . l : s . m | l₁ , s : m : l₁ . t₁ }
 { | down by the | old cas - tle | ru - in, My }

{ | d : m . r : d . l | t₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - ||
 { | love in her | white cot - tage | dwells. ||

2. The black whortle shines mid' the heather,
 Where the wild deer in brown autumn rove,
 And dark is the strong raven's feather,
 But darker the locks of my love.

Two trees by the Fort of the Fairy,
 A red rose and white sweetly grow ;
 Oh, the lips and the brow of my Mary
 Outshine their pure crimson and snow.

3. No flocks hath she down by the island,
 No red gold her coffers illumine,
 No herds on the brown moor or highland,
 No meads where the sweet flowers may bloom ;
 The old dame has herds by the wildwood ;
 She'd give me green meads, herds, and gold,
 But the young heart that loved me since childhood
 Shall find me in manhood unsold.

4. Next Sunday the fires will be blazing
 For the Baal-feast o'er mountain and plain ;
 That morn village crowds will be gazing
 With joy on our gay bridal train :
 Could love half so blest ever falter,
 When placed 'mid the throng side by side,
 When there, at the old chapel altar,
 The good priest will make her my bride ?

R. D. JOYCE, M.D.

I have seen three versions of this beautiful air. One of these I gave in No. 4 of my Collection of Irish Songs, 1st Ed. I got that version from an old lady in Cork, a traditional singer. I reprint it below. The above version was taken down from another traditional singer.

KEY $E\flat$.— $\frac{3}{4}$ -time.

{ : l₁ . t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ . m : - . r : l₁ | t₁ : l₁ }

{ : d . r | m : d¹ : t | l . t : - . l : m . f | s : - }

{ : d . r | m : d¹ : t | l . t : - . l : m . l | m : m . r }

{ : d . l₁ | m . r : d . l₁ : t₁ . l₁ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - }

{ :m .r | d :r .t₁ :l₁ | t₁ :r :m | s :m }

{ :d .r | m :d¹ :t | l .t :- .l :m .f | s :- }

{ :d .r | m :d¹ :t | l .t :- .l :m .f .s | m :m .r }

{ :d .l₁ | m .r :d .l₁ :t .,l₁ | l₁ :l₁ :l₁ | l₁ :- ||

BOUCHALEEN DHOUN.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

Air : "Ομοίεσθαι να Τυαίπε."

{ :d .r | m :l :s | l :d :r .d | l₁ :s₁ :d .r }
 { My | true love he | dwells on the | moun-tains, Like a }

{ | m :s :m .,d | r :d :d | d :- :d .r }
 { | war - ea - gle | fear - less and | free, By the }

{ | m :l :s | l :d :r .d | l₁ :s₁ :d .r }
 { | side of the | low tun - ing | foun - tains That }

{ | m :s :m .,d | r :d :d | d :- :d .r }
 { | wan - der thro' | wide An - na- lee. His }

{ | m :s :l .t | d¹ :t :s .,t | l :s :s .l .t }
 { | soul has more | va - lour and | hon - our Than a }

{ | d¹ :m :r | d :m :s | l :- :s .l .t }
 { | king with a | pal - ace and | crown ; For the }

{ | d' : l . t : d' . l | s : l : d . t | l : s : d . r }
 { | blood of the race of O' Con - nor Fills the }

{ | m : s : m . d | r : d : d | d : - ||
 { | veins of my Bou - cha - leen Dhoun. ||

2. Soft " céad míle fáilthe " I give him
 When he comes every Sunday to me ;
 And what can I do but believe him
 When he whispers—" A Chuisle Machree " ?
 For the look is so truthful and tender
 Of his bright roving eyes of dark brown,
 That I'm sure e'en a lady in splendour
 Would be coaxed by my *Bouchaleen Dhoun*.

3. My father has riches in plenty,
 And suitors for me in his eye ;
 But, oh ! let my age come to twenty—
 If I don't give them all the good-by.
 For I sigh for a life on the mountains
 Far away from the dust of the town,
 With the song of the soft-tuning fountains
 And the love of my *Bouchaleen Dhoun*.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo").

The above is the air to which this song is sung in Co. Cork. I have seen the words linked to another air, a version of which I gave with the last song, "The Coming Bridal."

MA CHREEVEEN EEVING AULING O.

KEY C.

{ $\frac{d^1}{\text{Ye}}$: $\frac{r^1}{\text{dark - haired youth}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{and}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{el - ders}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{hoar - y}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{m}}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{List}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{to the wand' - ring}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{harp}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{- er's song;}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{My}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{}} : - \frac{t}{\text{}} | \frac{l}{\text{}} : \frac{d^1}{\text{}} \frac{r^1}{\text{}}$ }

{ $\frac{m^1}{\text{claur - shoch weeps}}$: $\frac{r^1}{\text{my}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{true}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{love's}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{sto - ry}}$: $\frac{d^1}{\text{In}}$ $\frac{t}{\text{}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{m}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{}}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{my}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{true}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{love's}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{na}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{- tive tongue.}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{}} : - \frac{t}{\text{}} | \frac{l}{\text{}} \| \frac{l}{\text{She's}}$ }

{ $\frac{l}{\text{bound}}$: $\frac{r}{\text{and bleed - ing}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{'neath}}$: $\frac{r^1}{\text{th' op - press - or,}}$ | $\frac{m^1}{\text{}} : \frac{d^1}{\text{}} | \frac{r^1}{\text{}} : \frac{r^1}{\text{}}$ }

{ $\frac{m^1}{\text{Few}}$: $\frac{r^1}{\text{her friends}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{and}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{fierce}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{her foe,}}$: $\frac{r}{\text{And}}$ | $\frac{m}{\text{}} : \frac{d^1}{\text{}} \frac{r^1}{\text{}}$ }

{ $\frac{m^1}{\text{brave}}$: $\frac{r^1}{\text{hearts cold}}$ | $\frac{d^1}{\text{who}}$: $\frac{t}{\text{would}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{re - dress}}$: $\frac{d^1}{\text{her, Ma}}$ $\frac{t}{\text{}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{}}$: $\frac{s}{\text{m}}$ $\frac{m}{\text{}}$ }

{ $\frac{s}{\text{chree - veen}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{eev - ing}}$ | $\frac{r}{\text{au}}$: $\frac{m}{\text{- ling O.}}$ $\frac{s}{\text{}}$ | $\frac{l}{\text{}} : - \frac{t}{\text{}} | \frac{l}{\text{}} \|$ }

2. My love had riches once, and beauty,
 Till want and sorrow paled her cheek;
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
 They crouching now like cravens sleek.

Oh, Heaven ! that e'er this day of rigour
 Saw sons of heroes abject, low—
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
 Ma chreeveen eeving auling O.

3. I see young virgins step the mountains
 As graceful as the bounding fawn,
 With cheeks like heath-flower by the fountain,
 And breasts like downy canawaun.
 Shall bondsmen share those beauties ample ?
 Shall their pure bosoms' current flow
 To nurse new slaves for them that trample
 Ma chreeveen eeving auling O ?

4. Around my claurshoch's speaking measures
 Men, like their fathers tall, arise,
 Their heart the same deep hatred treasures—
 I read it in their kindling eyes !
 The same proud brow to frown at danger
 The same long coulin's graceful flow,
 The same dear tongue to curse the stranger
 Ma chreeveen eeving auling O.

5. I'd sing ye more, but age is stealing
 Along my pulse and tuneful fires ;
 For bolder woke my chord appealing
 For craven Sheeamus to your sires.
 Arouse to vengeance, men of brav'ry,
 For broken oaths, for altars low,
 For bonds that bind in bitter slav'ry.
 Ma chreeveen eeving auling O.

EDWARD WALSH.

The above is the air to which traditional singers in Co. Cork sing Edward Walsh's fine song. It is a grand setting and much finer than the printed setting which is so well known. This version was printed for the first time by me in my collection of Irish songs, "Fuinne na Smól." I am indebted to Miss Annie O'Reilly for it. She writes to me as follows : "I have been listening to this all my life. I have never seen it in print."

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

[The following version of the "Boys of Wexford" is an improvement on the old song by Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce. It has been altered by Mr. Edmund Leamy, B.L., and will, we anticipate, meet with universal approval.]

KEY F.

{ :s₁ | d : - .r | d .t₁ : l₁ .s₁ | s : - .l | s : f }

{ In | comes the cap - tain's | daugh - ter, The }

{ | m : - .d | m .r : d .t₁ | l₁ : - | - : t₁ }

{ | cap - tain of the | Yeos, Saying, }

{ | d : - .r | d .t₁ : l₁ .s₁ | s : - .l | s : f }

{ | "Brave U - ni - ted | I - rish Man, We'll }

{ | m : r | d .r : m .fe | s : - | - : s }

{ | ne'er a - gain be | foes. A }

{ | l : - .f | d¹ : l | s : - .f | m : s }

{ | thou - sand pounds I'll | bring if you Will }

{ | f : m | r : d | l₁ : - | - : t₁ }

{ | fly from home with | me, And }

{ | d : - .r | d .t₁ : l₁ .s₁ | s : - .l | s : f }

{ | dress my-self in | man's at - tire, And }

{ | m : d | m .r : d .t₁ | d : - | - ||

{ | fight for lib - er - ty."

CHORUS—

{	: s	l	: - . f	d' : l	s	: - . f	m	: s	}
{	We	arc	the boys	of	Wex	-	ford,	Who	}
{	f	: m	r	: d	l,	: -	-	: t,	}
{	fought	with	heart	and	hand			To	}
{	d	: - . r	d . t,	: l . s,	s	: - . l	s	: f	}
{	burst	in	twain	the	gall-		ing chain,	And	}
			<i>rall.</i>						
{	m	: d	m . r	: d . t,	d	: -	-		
{	free	our	na	tive	land.				

2. "I want no gold, my maiden fair,
 To fly from home with thee;
 Your shining eyes will be my prize—
 More dear than gold to me.
 I want no gold to nerve my arm
 To do a true man's part—
 To free my land I'd gladly give
 The red drops from my heart."

CHORUS.

3. And when we left our cabins, boys,
 We left with right good will,
 To see our friends and neighbours
 That were at Vinegar Hill!
 A young man from our ranks
 A cannon he let go;
 He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy—
 A tyrant he laid low!

CHORUS.

4. We bravely fought and conquered
 At Ross and Wexford town;
 Three Bullet Gate for years to come
 Will speak for our renown;
 Through Walpole's horse and Walpole's foot
 On Tubberneering's day,
 Depending on the long, bright pike,
 We cut our gory way.

CHORUS.

5. And Oulart's name shall be their shame,
 Whose steel we ne'er did fear,
 For every man could do his part
 Like Forth and Shelmaliel !
 And if, for want of leaders,
 We lost at Vinegar Hill,
 We're ready for another fight,
 And love our country still !

CHORUS.

No collection of National Anglo-Irish ballads can be regarded as satisfactory which does not include this fine air and song. There are three airs which may well compete for the honour of being an Irish National Anthem: "The Boys of Wexford," "Let Erin Remember," and "The Boyne Water." In this collection I give four or five ballads dealing with the glorious struggle of 1798 against unbearable tyranny and diabolical outrages. I know of no book which will give the young people of Ireland of every generation a truer and a more vivid account of the bravery of the days of '98 than the *Memoirs of Myles O'Byrne*, who fought through the campaign.

AT THE YELLOW BOREEN.

KEY C. *Moderato*.

Air: "Ioe an gAnoail."

{ t : l | s : - . m : m | m : - . f : m | r : r : r | r : - : r }
 { At the | yel - low bo - reen, Is my | heart's se-cret queen, A- }

{ m : m : m | s : - . l : t | d^l : - : l | t : - : l }
 { lone on her soft bed a- | sleep - - ing; Each }

{ s : s : m | m : - . f : m | r : r : r | r : - : r }
 { tress of her hair, Than the | King's gold more fair, The }

{ | s : l : t | l : s : l | s :- :- | s :- | r.r }
 { | dew from the grass might be | sweep - - ing. | I'm a }

{ | s : s : l | t : t : d' | r' : r' : t | l :- .s : s }
 { | man of Teige's race, Who has | watch'd her fair face; And a- }

{ | s : s : s | s : l : t | d' :- : l | t :- : l }
 { | way from her ev - er I'm | sigh - - ing, And, }

{ | s : m : m | m : f : m | r : r : r | r :- .r : r }
 { | oh, my heart's store, Be not | griev'd ev - er - more, That for }

{ | s : l : t | l : s : l | s :- :- | s }
 { | you a young man should be | dy - - ing. }

2. Should my love with me come,
 I would build her a home,
 The finest e'er told of in Erin;
 And 'tis then she would shine,
 And her fame ne'er decline,
 For bounty o'er all the palm bearing.
 For in your bosom bright
 Shines the pure sunny light,
 As in your smooth brow grateful ever;
 And, oh, could I say
 You're my own from this day,
 Death's contest would frighten me never.

TR. FROM THE IRISH BY DR. PETRIE.

This nice air I got from that home of Irish melody, the Macroom district in Co. Cork.

SAILING IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

KEY F. *Moderato*.

{	d	:	m	.d		l ₁	,s ₁	-	:		{
	Dun	-	more	we	quitted,		Michaelmas	gone	by,		}

{	l	:	l	.t		l	.s	:	m	.s		l	:	-		s	:	-	}
	Cow	-	hides	and	wool,		and	live	car	-	-		go	!					}

{	d	:	m	.d		l ₁	:	s ₁			d	.	r	:	m	.f		s	:	-	}
	Twen	-	ty	young	Wild		Geese		Rea	-	dy	fledged	to	fly	!					}	

{	l	.s	:	m	.d		r	:	r			d	:	-		:			}
	Sailing	for	the	Low	-	lands		Low.											}

REFRAIN—

{	:	s			l	:	l			s	:	-	m		f	:	f			m	:	-	}
	The		Low	-	lands	Low,		The	Low	-	lands	Low,											}

{	l	.s	:	m	.d		r	:	r			d	:	-		:			}
	Sailing	for	the	Low	-	lands		Low.											}

2. Shaun Paor's the skipper,
 From the church of Crook—
 Piery keeps log for his father!
 Crew all from Bannow,
 Fethard and the Hook—
 Sailing in the Lowlands Low!

REFRAIN—

3. These twenty Wild Geese
 Gave Queen Anne the slip,
 Crossing to Lewey in Flanders:
 He and Jack Malbrook
 Both are in a grip,
 Fighting in the Lowlands Low!

REFRAIN—

4. Close lay a rover

Off the Isle of Wight,
 Either a Salee or Saxon !
 Out through a sea mist
 We bade them good night,
 Sailing for the Lowlands Low !

REFRAIN—

5. Ready with priming

We'd our galliot gun :
 Muskets and pikes in good order !
 We should be riddled—
 Captives would be none !
 Death ! or else the Lowlands Low !

REFRAIN—

6. Pray, holy Brendan,

Turk or Algerine,
 Dutchman nor Saxon may sink us !
 We'll bring Geneva
 Rack and Rhenish wine
 Safely from the Lowlands Low !

REFRAIN—

P. J. M'CALL.

This is one of the ballads of a writer from whose treasures I hope to draw more largely, and some of whose songs it would be hard to surpass. They are all racy of the soil. The above version of the air, which differs a little from Joyce's, was got in West Cork. I have added a refrain which Mr. M'Call kindly sent me, and which, he says, he used hear his mother sing. I agree that "it rounds off the tune admirably."

RÓZHEEN DHÚ.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "Róipín Dub."

{ : f₁ s₁ | l₁ : s₁ : d | r . m : d : - * . t₁ l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ s₁ m₁ }

{ Oh! my | sweet lit - tle | rose cease to | pine for the }

{ | f₁ : - : d . r . m | f : m : r . d | l₁ t₁ l₁ : s₁ * : l₁ t₁ d }

{ | past, For the | friends that came | east - ward Shall }

{ | r : - . m : r m^{rr} | d : - : d . r . m | f : m : r . d }

{ | see thee at | last; They bring | bless - ings and }

{ | l₁ t₁ l₁ : s₁ * : l₁ t₁ d | r : - . m : r m^{rr} | d : - : f₁ . s₁ }

{ | fa - vours the | past ne-ver | knew To }

{ | l₁ : s₁ * : d | r . m : d . t₁ : l₁ l₁ | s₁ : - l₁ s₁ : m₁ }

{ | pour forth in | glad - ness on my | Ró - zhé - in }

{ | f₁ : - ||

{ | Dhú ||

* Breath.

2. Long, long, with my dearest, thro' strange scenes I've gone,
O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have toiled on;
O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales blew,
While the harp poured its music for my Ró-zhé-in Dhú.
3. Tho' wearied, oh! my fair one, do not slight my song,
For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved thee long;
In sadness and in sorrow I shall still be true,
And cling with wild fondness round my Ró-zhé-in Dhú.

4. There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell ;
Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
Oh ! the queen of that wide world should be Ró-zh^é-in Dhú.

5. Had I power, oh ! my loved one, but to plead thy right,
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight ;
I would tell to all round me how my fondness grew
And bid them bless the beauty of my Ró-zh^é-in Dhú.

6. The mountains, high and misty, thro' the moors must go,
The rivers shall run backwards, and the lakes overflow ;
And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
E'er the world sees the ruin of my Ró-zh^é-in Dhú.

THOMAS FURLONG.

This version of the air is the traditional one that is found in Ring, Co. Waterford. It is a very sweet air. The words are a worthy translation of a famous old Irish ballad, composed in the 17th century. It is allegorical. Roseen Dhu is Ireland, and the famous Irish hero, Red Hugh O'Donnell, addresses his native land as an anxious lover might his bride. The air has been pronounced by a competent judge as the sweetest and best version published. Pronounce the 'z' of Rozheen with a thick 'h' sound. I have put breath marks where the traditional singers took breath. In singing 'Rozheen' make the word three syllables, the second syllable being sung on the grace notes.

THE PATRIOT MAID.

KEY C.

Air: "An maroin mod."

{ :m .s | l : l .s | d^l :- m | f : s .l | s : m .r }
 An | I - rish girl in heart and soul, I }

{ d : m .r | d : d | d :- | : d^l .r^l }
 love the dear old land ; I }

{ m^l : m^l | r^l : d^l | m^l : r^l | d^l : s }
 hon - our those who in her cause Lift }

{ s .l : t .s | d^l : d^l | d^l :- | : d^l .r^l }
 voice, or pen, or hand. And }

{ m^l : m^l | r^l : d^l | m^l : r^l | d^l : s }
 may I live to see her free From }

{ s .l : t .s | d^l : d^l | d^l :- | : m .s }
 for - eign lord and knave ; But }

{ l : l .s | d^l : m | f : s .l | s : m .r }
 Heav - en for - bid I'd ev - er be The }

{ d : m .r | d : d | d :- | ||
 mo - ther of a slave. ||

2. God bless the men who take their stand
 In Ireland's patriot host ;
 I'd give the youth my heart and hand
 Who serves his country most ;
 And if he fell, I'd rather lie
 Beside him in the grave,
 Than wed a wealthy loon, and be
 The mother of a slave.

3. Thro' many a blood-red age of woe
 Our Nation's heart has bled ;
 But still she makes her tyrants know
 Her spirit is not dead.
 God bless the men who for her sake
 Their blood and genius gave ;
 God bless the mothers of those sons
 Who nurst no dastard slave !

4. Some on the scaffold place of doom
 For loving Ireland died ;
 And others, to the dungeon-gloom,
 Are torn from our side ;
 But God the Just, who ne'er designed
 His image for a slave,
 Will give our country might and mind
 To raise the true and brave.

Betsy Gray was a County Down lady of remarkable beauty and talents. She joined the Insurgent force under General Henry Munroe on the Hill of Ednavady in June, 1798. Magnificently mounted she inspired the pikemen by her daring and enthusiasm. A ballad descriptive of her bravery and heroic death will be found in the Wolfe Tone Song Sheet. At a meeting of United Men she was urged by her lover, Willie Boal, not to actively participate in the struggle, and give expression to the sentiments immortalised by an unknown poet in these lines. Wolfe Tone Song Sheet is to be had from Ryan & Co., 50 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

I BUILT ME A BOWER.

Key B \flat . *Moderato.*

Air: "An gathain géal bán."

{	<u>m . r</u>		d	:	s ₁	:	l ₁		f ₁	:	s ₁ f ₁ :	m ₁		f ₁	:	s ₁	}
	I		built		me		a		bower		in		life's		green	-	wood, }

{	:	d		r	:	m	:	<u>d . t₁</u>		l ₁	:	l ₁ :	f ₁		s ₁	:	-	}
	A		pal	-	ace			of		blooms		for	my		soul,			}

{	<u>m . r</u>		d	:	s ₁	:	l ₁		f ₁	:	s ₁ f ₁ :	m ₁		f ₁	:	s ₁	}
	And		there		on		the		maids		all		un -		seen		would }

{	:	d		r	:	m	:	<u>d . t₁</u>		<i>rall.</i> s ₁	:	-	<i>pp.</i> f ₁ :	m ₁		f ₁	:	-	}
	I		dream		'neath		love's		bliss		-		ful	con-		trol,			}

{	<i>con spirito.</i> m ₁ . f ₁		s ₁	:	d	:	d		m	:	r	:	m		f	:	s	}
	Till I		set		up		the		im -		age		of		Al -		ice }	

{	:	d		r	:	m	:	<u>d . t₁</u>		s ₁	:	-	s ₁ :	f ₁		s ₁	:	-	}
	Su-		preme		on		my		heart's		burn-		ing		throne;			}	

{	<u>m . r</u>		d	:	s ₁	:	l ₁		f ₁	:	s ₁ f ₁ :	m ₁		f ₁	:	s ₁	}
	Then		long		in		my		flow'r		wov -		en		pal	-	ace }

{	:	d		r	:	m	:	<u>d . t₁</u>		<i>rall.</i> s ₁	:	-	<i>pp.</i> f ₁ :	m ₁		f ₁	:	-	
	I		bowed		to		that		im		-		age	a -		lone,			

2. Oh ! fair was my bird of the mountains,
 Oh ! sweet as the thorn's scented spray,
 Oh ! pure as the light of the fountains
 That dance down the green hills in May.
 A chapter of joy-woven story,
 A voyage o'er bright fairy sea,
 A May-tide of bloom and of glory,
 Were the days of our love-time to me.
3. But the chapter oft ends in sorrow,
 The voyage has its tempests and gloom,
 And the May-tide, though bright be each morrow,
 Must pass, like our lives, to the tomb ;—
 Oh ! the dreams of my love-time are humbled,
 The blooms from my green bow'r are fled,
 My idol lies shattered and crumbled,
 My Alice, my sweet flow'r, is dead !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This version of the beautiful old air is the one which is well-known and sung around the Ballingearry district, Co. Cork. It ends in a very peculiar way on a "fah."

CAHAL THE HUNTER.

KEY F. *Smoothly.*

Air: "Cáim-re am éorladó."

{ : .,d | d .,r : m .,f | s .,l : t .,l | s .,f : r .,t | d .,t : s₁ .,s₁ }

The hoarse Autumn wind down the val - ley was sweep-ing, The

{ | m : r .d | r,s. - : f,r,t | d : r .r | m : m .r }

leaves of the forest hung high on its wing, The

{ | d .,r : m .,f | s .,l : t .,l | s .,f : r .,t | d .,t : s₁ .,s₁ }

tor - rents sur-charged from the moun-tains came leap - ing To

{ | m : r .d | r,s. - : f,r,t | d : - .t | d : .,d }

join the fierce raid of the dark Storm-king. The

{ | d .,r : m .,f | s : s₁ l t | d¹ : d¹,r¹,d¹,t | d¹ .,t : s .,s }

thunder clouds burst o'er the breast of Lough Swil - ly, The

{ | t .d¹ : r¹ .,t | d¹ : t .,l | s .,f : r .,t | d .,r : d .t,t }

lightning shaft shiv - er'd the oak on its shore, And the

{ | t .d¹ : r¹ .,t | d¹ : t .,l | s .,f : r .,t | d .,t : s₁ .,s₁ }

ech - oes a - wak - ened a fit - ful re - veill - é And

{ | m : r .d | r,s. - : f,r,t | d : t₁ t₁ | d : ., }

died far a - way in the hills of Ross-core.

2. Young Eily sat lone in her ivy-crowned bower,
 For Cahal, the chief, of the dark-flowing hair;
 But the pulse of her heart had out-counted the hour
 That told of their meeting; no Hunter was there:
 The big pearly tears on her dark eyelids glisten,
 The throb of her bosom rose loud o'er the breath,
 As she bends by fast-fading embers to listen,
 When the tramp of his charger is heard on the hearth.

3. She flies thro' the night. It roars hoarser and higher,
 She hears the deep bay of his dog o'er its swell;
 When riderless, foaming, his dark steed sweeps by her—
 The chief that bestrode lies stretched in the dell!
 His last gush of life tinged the foam of the fountain,
 A spear-shaft still drank at the source of its tide;
 And his own, that oft pierced the red deer of the mountain,
 Lay shivered, and told that not tamely he died.

4. A hunter of Eiré, was Cahal O'Connor:
 The Lord of the valley sought Eily O'Moore;
 He sought her in guile, but ere stoop to dishonour,
 She wandered a huntress on mountain and shore.
 And Cahal, thus doomed, was the friend of her childhood,
 And the wand, as the sceptre, had passed from his race,
 No castle was his, but a cot by the wildwood,
 A wolf-dog, a steed, and a spear for the chase.

5. The stormwraith, still, thro' the valley went sighing,
 The wolf-dog lay crouched on the rocks at his head,
 When the dawning disclosed where the Hunter was lying,
 And the bride of his bosom, young Eily, was dead!
 The death-wail was chanted, the mourners arrayed them,
 And laid them to rest in a cloister so grey;
 But the walls of that shrine and the yew trees that shade them
 Like the race of the island bow down to decay.

JOHN BOYLE ("MYLO").
 1822-1885.

There are ten verses in this ballad. It is found in Hayes's Ballads, Vol. II. The air is one of the best known amongst the traditional singers of Munster. This version should be sung smoothly and flowingly and feelingly. It is a most sweet and beautiful air if properly sung.

SUMMER IN ERIN.

KEY A \flat

{ : .s₁ : d .t₁ | l₁ : s₁ .l₁ : d .t₁ | l₁ : s₁ .,f₁ : m₁ .s₁ }

{ The hills are glow-ing with bloom and blos - som, The trees are }

And not a cloud shows its snow-y bos - om A-against the

{ l₁ .f : m .r : d .t₁ | d : - . || d,r : m .f }

{ sway-ing, the sun is high, All }

arch of the sum-mer sky;

{ s .,l : s .f : m .d | l₁ : s₁ .,m,f : s .m }

{ na - ture lifts her soul in glad - ness To greet the }

{ d : t₁ .d : l₁ .l₁ | s₁ : - .,m,f : s .m }

{ ad - vent of peer - less May, Yet I am }

{ f .r : m ,f .s ,f : m .d | l₁ : s₁ .,f₁ : m₁ .s₁ }

{ bur-thened with grief and sad - ness, My heart is }

{ l₁ .f : m .,r : d .t₁ | d : - . || }

{ hea-vy and far a - way. }

2. Yea; far away where the sun is tipping
 The fleecy fringe of a mountain mist,
 Where ferns wave and the streams go tripping
 With plumes of amber and amethyst.
 I love the sun, but this cloudless glory
 Falls on my heart, and I long again
 To see the sky growing grey before me
 And hear the rain in an Irish glen.

3. My heart, my heart, o'er the waves goes rushing
 To where the whin with a crown of gold
 Decks all the knolls and the heather's flushing
 On every mountain and glen's unrolled.
 And all the bushes with blooms are bending,
 And th' air is full of the fragrant hay,
 And every river its voice is lending
 To swell the chorus that welcomes May.

4. I've heard the music of cities pouring
 In praise to God, but my memory told
 Of notes of joy to the Maker soaring,
 More sweet than ever their organs rolled.
 I mind me still of the smóilin's singing,
 I'm hearing ever the blackbird's tune,
 And the lark's full hymn in my ear is ringing
 In mirth or misery, night or noon.

5. Oh ! God, who gave me these thoughts to brighten,
 The hours of toil will, I know, restore
 Some day these joys of my youth to lighten
 My heart, and bring me content once more.
 Oh, none can know what it is to treasure,
 In far-off lands all an exile's pain,
 And naught can picture his heart's full pleasure
 To feel his feet on his land again.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

This is a beautiful song for schools—words and air equally sweet.

KATE OF KENMARE.

KEY G. *Bright.*

Air: "Tatter Jack Walsh."

{ :m)m | m : r : m | d : m : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ : ta₁ }
 { O ! | man-y bright eyes full of | good-ness and glad-ness, }

{ :d.d | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : d | m_s : - }
 { Where the | pure soul looks out and the | heart loves to shine, }

{ :s | m : r : m | d : m : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ : ta₁ }
 { And | man-y cheeks pale with the | soft hue * of sad-ness, }

{ :d.d | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : - }
 { Have I | wor-shipped in si-lence and | felt them di-vine ! }

{ :d | d : m : s | s : m : d | d : m : s | s : s }
 { And | hope in its gleam-ings, or | love in its dreamings, }

{ :s | f : f : f | m : r : d | t₁ : d : r | m : - }
 { Ne'er | fash-ioned a being so | fault-less and fair }

{ :f.f | m : r : m | d : m : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ : ta₁ }
 { As the | lil-y-checked beau-ty, the | rose of the Ruachtach }

{ :d | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : - }
 { The | fawn of the val-ley, sweet | Kate of Ken-mare ! }

2. It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
 Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me ;
 But time has not ages, and earth has not distance,
 To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee !

Again am I straying where children are playing,
 Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
 Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
 Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Kenmare !

3. Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
 Of white, flaxen blossoms, like lilies in air,
 But, O ! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre
 No blossom can rival, no lily doth wear.
 To that soft cheek flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,
 O ! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear ?
 Peerless in beauty, the rose of the Ruachtach,
 That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare !
4. O beauty ! some spell from kind nature thou bearest,
 Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
 That hearts that are hardest from forms that are fairest
 Receive such impressions as never can die.
 The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,
 Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear ;
 Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it—
 And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Kenmare !

D. F. MACCARTHY.

There are seven verses in this song. They may be found in the author's works. This bright air should make the song a favourite. The song itself is one of MacCarthy's happiest bits of verse.

THE OUTLAW OF KILMORE.

KEY G. *Smoothly and sweetly.*

Air: "An Gaisiúigeac mallaúige."

{	d	:t ₁	:s ₁		t ₁	:t ₁	:d		r	:-	:r.d		r	:m	:f	}
{	Far	in	the		moun-tains	with	you,		my	E - ve - leen,	}					

{	s	:s	:s		f	:s	:f		m	:-	:r.d		t ₁	:s ₁	:f ₁	}
{	I	would	be		ten - der	and	true,		my	E - ve - leen;	}					

{	s ₁	:-	:-		t ₁	:-	:d		r	:m	:r		d	:-	:-	}
{	Then				climb	the	moun-tains	with	me.	}						

cres.

{	r	:t ₁	:d		r	:m	:f		s	:-	:l		t	:l	:s	}
{	Long	have	I		dwelt	by	the		for	-	est		riv	-	er	side,

dim.

{	f	:-	:m		f	:s	:f		m	:-	:r.d		t ₁	:s ₁	:s ₁	}
{	Where	the	bright	rip - ples	flash	and	quiv-er	wide;	}							

{	f	:-	:m		f	:s	:f		m	:-	:r.d		t ₁	:s ₁	:f ₁	}
{	There	the	fleet	hours	shall	bliss - ful	ev - er	glide	}							

*p.**rit.*

{	s ₁	:-	:-		t ₁	:-	:d		r	:m	:r		d	:-	:-	
{	O'er				us,	sweet	Grá Gal	Ma - chree.								

2. There on my rocky throne, my Eveleen,
 Ever, ever alone, my Eveleen,
 I sit dreaming of thee;
 High on the fern-clad rocks reclining there,
 Though the sweet birds their songs are twining there,
 Thee I hear, and I see thy shining hair,
 Still, still, sweet Grá Gal Machree.

3. Hunted and banned I've been, my Eveleen,
But my long sword is keen, my Eveleen,
To keep all danger from thee ;
The flash of this sword is my foeman's warning light,
And I live 'mid the wild hills scorning might,
While my love grows eve and morning bright
For you, sweet Grá Gal Machree.

4. Deeply in broad Kilmore,* my Eveleen,
Down by the clear stream's shore, my Eveleen,
I've made a sweet home for thee ;
Yellow and bright like thy long, long flowing hair,
Flowers the fairest are ever blowing there—
Fairer still with thy blue eyes glowing there,
Brightly, sweet Grá Gal Machree.

5. Then come away, away, my Eveleen ;
We will spend each day, my Eveleen,
Blissful and loving and free.
Come to the woods where the streams are pouring blue,
Where the eagle is ever soaring through ;
I'll grow fonder each day adoring you
There, there, sweet Grá Gal Machree.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

*Kilmore, a district near Mallow and Buttevant, Co. Cork.

This air, a most sweet one, is taken from Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*. The words were written for it by his brother, one of our best ballad writers. The cause of Irish music has suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Joyce, which took place recently. I recall with gratitude to his memory how willingly he granted me permission to utilize and publish this and others of his airs.

FANNY.

KEY C.

Air : "The Wind that Shakes the Barley."

{	:d ¹		d ¹ :-	:l		<u>l</u> :s	:m		d ¹ :-	:l		<u>l</u> :s	:m	}
{	Where		An	- -	ner	flows	by,		fai	-	ry	rath	And	}
{	s :-	:m		s :-	:l		s :-	:-		m :-	:s	}		}
{	tower		and		grey	rocks	man	- -		y,	One	}		}
{	d ¹ :-	:t		d ¹ :-	:r ¹		m ¹ :-	:m ¹		<u>m¹</u> :-	:r ¹	}		}
{	Sun	-	day		noon	in	wood	-	land	path	I	}		}
{	d ¹ :-	:l		<u>t</u> :l	:s		l :-	:-		l :-	:t	}		}
{	met		my		blithe	-	some		Fan	- -	ny.	Her	}	}
{	d ¹ :-	:t		d ¹ :-	:r ¹		m ¹ :-	:m ¹		<u>m¹</u> :-	:r ¹	}		}
{	hair		was		like	the	yel	-	low	blooms	That	}		}
{	d ¹ :-	:t		d ¹ :-	:r ¹		m ¹ :-	:-		<u>l</u> :-	:t	}		}
{	deck		the		mea	-	dows		ear	- -	ly;	Her	}	}
{	d ¹ :-	:t		d ¹ :-	:r ¹		m ¹ :-	:m ¹		<u>m¹</u> :-	:r ¹	}		}
{	eyes		like		heav'n,	when	spring		il	-	lumes,	They	}	}
{	d ¹ :-	:l		<u>t</u> :l	:s		l :-	:-		l :-				
{	shone		so		kind	and	clear	- -		ly.				

2. We sat to hear the river's tune
'Neath trees all mossed and olden,
And talked and laughed that autumn noon
With thoughts full sweet and golden;
I built a palace in my brain,
As fond I gazed upon her,
And in its bright halls she did reign,
My queen of love and honour!
3. The palace towers may all depart,
And cruel fate may sever,
But in my brain and in my heart
Her form shall live for ever;
At beauty's shrine the worshippers
Judge fond and rash and blindly;
Yet ne'er was form more fair than her's,
And ne'er beat heart more kindly.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

Air: A Derry air (Pigot Coll.)

{ :m m l : l : l s :- : l t d' : t : l s : m }	}
{ Can the depths of the o - cean af- ford you not graves, }	}

{ :m m d' :- . t : d' r' :- . d' : t l m' : r' : m' l :- }	}
{ That you come thus to per - ish a - far o'er the waves ; }	}

{ : l . t d' : t : d' r' :- . d' : t l m' :- . r' : d' t l : s }	}
{ To red - den and swell the wild tor - rents that flow }	}

{ : l . t d' : t : l s : m : m m : l : l l :- }	
{ Thro' the val - ley of ven-geance, the dark A - her - low ? }	

2

The clangour of conflict o'erburdens the breeze,
 From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees ;
 Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
 Slievenamon, Glencoloe, and sublime Galtymore !

3

The Sun-burst that slumbered embalmed in our tears,
 Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers !
 And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,
 While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

4

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain,
 With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane,
 His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes ;
 He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

5

Let the trumpet ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain,
 He reels o'er his charger deep-pierced through the brain ;
 And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale,
 But, who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

R. D. WILLIAMS.

THE FIDDLER.

KEY C. *Pleasantly.*

Air: "Among the Heather."

{ : .m | r .l : l .t | d^l : m .r }
 { My name is Mick Mol - loy, In }

{ | d .t_l : d .m | s .m : r .d }
 { clear and clou - dy wea - ther, My }

{ | r .l : l .t | d^l : d^l .r^l }
 { fid - dle, kit, and I Roam }

{ | m^l .r^l : d^l .l | t .l : .s }
 { Ire - land round to - ge - ther. And }

{ | s .s : s .l , t | d^l : l .s }
 { wel - come warm we meet Where - }

{ | l .r^l : r^l .m^l | r^l .d^l : l .s }
 { e'er we may be chan - cing, Céao }

{ | m .d^l : t .d^l | l : s .m }
 { mí - le fáil - te sweet And }

{ | r .l : s .l | m .r : .|| }
 { dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing. }

CHORUS—

{ : .s | s .s : s .l , t | d^l : l .s }
 { Come, joy - ful - heart - ed boy, Come, }

{ | l .r^l : r^l .m^l | r^l .d^l : l .s }
 { maid with blue eye glan - cing, A - }

{ | m .d^l : t .d^l | l : s .m }
 { round poor Mick Mol - loy Go }

{ | r .l : s .l | m .r : .|| }
 { dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing. }

2. My fiddle can speak so well
 There's none need miss its manin',
 I'm never when by mysel'
 Of want of friends complainin',
 I've but to touch a string
 With nimble finger glancing,
 And off on airy wing
 My heart flies dancing, dancing.

CHORUS.

3. There's no ould ancient tune
 Of bird, or bard, or fairy,
 But I can lilt or croon
 With dreamy touch or airy.
 And while the gay notes swell,
 And rise or fall entrancing,
 All own their magic spell
 By dancing, dancing, dancing.

CHORUS.

- 4 The lady from her hall,
 The farmer from his farming,
 The neighbours one and all,—
 As at a wizard's charming—
 When down I draw my bow—
 Retiring and advancing,
 Ply nimble heel and toe,
 All dancing, dancing, dancing.

CHORUS.

5. Let foreigners brag and crow
 That dancing's their devotion,
 'Tis little the creatures know
 Of poetry of motion.
 Their polkas and quadrilles
 Are nothing else but prancing,
 An Irish jig's and reel's
 The king and queen of dancing.

CHORUS.

6. Sure, fretting's a mistake,
 And trouble—who need feel it ?
 There's not a pain or ache
 That music would not heal it ;
 A cure for every ill—
 Life's brightest joys enhancing ;
 Oh ! nothing care can kill
 Like dancing, dancing, dancing.

CHORUS.

7. Oh ! Love's a vision vain,
 That flies you while you follow ;
 And wealth's the way to Pain ;
 And Fame's a bubble hollow ;
 And Rank's the root of strife ;
 And politics romancing—
 There's no delight in life
 To equal dancing, dancing.

CHORUS.

8. And now I'll end my song,
 They're wanting me in Munster,
 And Connaught's waiting long,
 And hearts are low in Ulster ;
 But ere the round year rolls
 I'll here again be chancing,
 To cheer your hearts and souls
 With dancing, dancing, dancing.

CHORUS.

F. A. FAHY.

bríóin bán mo stór.

Air: "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus."

1. I am a wandering minstrel man
 And Love my only theme,
 I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,
 And eke the Shannon's stream ;
 I've piped and played to wife and maid
 By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
 But never met a maiden yet
 Like bríóin bán mo stór.

2. My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
 By Nature's fingers wove—
 Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
 As is her breast of love ;
 And when she moves in Sunday sheen,
 Beyond our cottage door,
 I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
 For bríóin bán mo stór.

3. It is not that thy smile is sweet,
 And soft thy voice of song—
 It is not that thou fliest to meet
 My comings lone and long !
 But that doth rest beneath thy breast
 A heart of purest core,
 Whose pulse is known to me alone,
 bríóin bán mo stór.

EDWARD WALSH.

For air see following song.

DIARMID MÓR

KEY C. *Quickly.*

Air: "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus."

{ | m^l : - .r^l | d^l : d^l | m : f | s : - .f | m : r .m }
 The win - try sun with cheer - less gleam Gilds }

{ | f .m : r .m | d : d | d : - | : m .f }
 Lim - er-ick's bat - tered towers, And }

{ | s : s | d^l : - .r^l | m^l : f^l .m^l | r^l : m^l .r^l }
 far a - way down Shan - non's stream A }

{ | d^l .,t : s .f | s .l : t .r^l | d^l : - | : m .f }
 cloud of dark - ness lowers; And }

{ | s : s | d^l : - .r^l | m^l : f^l .m^l | r^l : m^l .r^l }
 there they glide up - on the tide, The }

{ | d^l .,t : s .f | s .l : t .r^l | d^l : - | m^l : - .r^l }
 ships that bear him o'er The }

{ | d^l : d^l | m : f | s : - .f | m : r .m }
 storm - y wave with Sars - field brave, My }

rall.

{ | f m : r .m | d : d | d : ||
 gal - lant Diar - mid Mór. ||

2. One summer eve, long, long ago,
 He said by wandering Lee,
 Its rushing waves should backward flow
 Ere he should part with me ;
 But war came down with sullen frown,
 And—called from Shannon's shore
 He left his bride that eventide—
 My gallant Diarmid Mór.

3. He heard its call and sped away
 To aid his native land ;
 Can Aughrim's field or Limerick say
 They saw a truer hand ?
 Heart, arm, and glaive he freely gave,
 As did his sires before ;
 And now he flees across the seas
 My gallant Diarmid Mór.

4. By Lee's green banks the flowers shall bloom,
 When summer decks the grove ;
 But when unto my heart shall come
 The smiles of my true love ?
 O, oft and drear shall flow the tear,
 Till some glad bark has bore
 My love again back o'er the main,
 My gallant Diarmid Mór.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This is a very fine and a very popular air. Billy Byrne was a country gentleman who threw in his lot with his down-trodden peasant countrymen in the Wexford Rebellion of 1798. The atrocities of the English "garrison" and, later on, of the yeomen, was more than his generous nature could stand. His home still stands, occupied by a fine worthy family who hail from the Glen of Imaal. Over the hall-door is a slab recording Billy Byrne's fate. It is worth a visit. It stands on the road between Aughrim and John Redmond's mountain home at Aughavanna, Co. Wicklow.

THE DHREENAUN DHOUN.

KEY D. *Slowly.*

{ :m .,r | d .,r :m .s :l .t | d^l .,l :s .m :m .,d }
 Oh, my | love he is | fair - er than a }

{ | r .,m :r .d :d | d :- :s .l , t }
 | soft sum - mer | day, His }

{ | d^l : d^l .,r^l :m^l .,d^l | r^l .d^l , l :s .m :r , m , s }
 | breath is far | sweet - er than }

{ | l : l : t .,l | s :- :s , l , t }
 | new - - mown | hay, His }

{ | d^l : d^l .,r^l :m^l .,d^l | r^l .d^l , l :s .m :r , m , s }
 | hair shines like | gold when re - }

{ | l : l : t .,l | s :- :m .r }
 | vived by the | sun, And the }

{ | d .,r :m .s :l .t | d^l .,l :s .m :m .,d }
 | name that they | call him's the }

{ | r .,m :r .d :- | d :- ||
 | Dhree - naun | Dhoun. ||

2. My boy he is gone to cross over the main,
May God send him safe to his true love again,
For I wander all day, until night-time comes on,
And I sleep on the leaves of the Dhreenaun Dhoun.

3. If I had a small boat on the ocean to row,
I would follow my darling wherever he'd go,
I'd rather have my true love to sport and to play
Than all the gold treasures on the land or the sea.

4. Impatient I'd wait for my love to return,
And for his long absence I ne'er cease to mourn ;
I will join with the small birds when the summer comes on
To welcome the blossom of the Dhreenaun Dhoun.

I may explain that the Dhreenaun Dhoun means the sloe-bush. In full bloom it is a lovely sight and a beautiful natural figure of purity and beauty. This version of the air is the best I have seen. It should be sung sweetly and tenderly.

THE HEATHER GLEN.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

Air: "An Smaectín cón." }

{	:	.s ₁	d	.,d	:m	.d	m	.s	: -	.s ₁	}
		There		blooms a		bon - nie		flow - er			

{	d	.,d	:m	.r	.,d	t ₁	.r	: -	.r	}
	Up	the		hea -	ther		glen ;		Tho'	

{	d	.,d	:m	.d	m	.s	: -	.s	}
	bright	in		sun,	in	show - er		'Tis	

{	l	.s	.,m	:d	.r	d	:	.s ₁	}
	just	us		bright	a -	gain.		I	

{	d	.,d	:m	.d	m	.s	: -	.s ₁	}
	nev - er			can	pass	by	it,	I	

{	d	.,d	:m	.r	.,d	t ₁	.r	: -	.r	}
	nev - er			dar'	go	nigh	it,	My		

{	d	.,d	:m	.d	m	.s	: -	.	}
	heart	it		won't	be	qui - et			

{	l	.s	.,m	:d	.r	d	:	.	CHORUS.
	Up	the		hea -	ther	glen.		s l t	
								Sing	}

{	d ¹	.t	: l	.t	l	.s	: -	.	}
	O!	the		bloom - ing	hea -	ther,			

{ | d^l .t : l .t | l .s : - .l ,t }
 { | O! the hea - ther glen, : - Where }

{ | d^l .,t : l .,s | m .l : - .l }
 { | fair - est fai - ries gath - er To }

{ | s .m : d .r | d : .s l t }
 { | lure in mor - tal men; : I }

{ | d^l .,t : l .t | l .s : - .s }
 { | nev - er can pars by it; I }

{ | d^l .t : l .t | l .s : - .l ,t }
 { | nev - er dar' go nigh it, My }

{ | d^l .,t : l .,s | m .l : - . }
 { | heart it won't be qui - et }

{ | s .m : d .r | d : .| }
 { | Up the hea - ther glen. : | }

2. There sings a bonnie linnet,
 Up the heather glen;
 The voice has magic in it
 Too sweet for mortal men!
 It brings joy doon before us,
 Wi' winsome, mellow chorus
 But flies far, too far, o'er us
 Up the heather glen.

CHORUS—Sing O!

3. O might I pull the flower
 That's blooming in that glen,
 Nae sorrows that could lower
 Would make me sad again!
 And might I catch that linnet,
 My heart,—my hopes are in it
 O heav'n itself, I'd win it,
 Up the heather glen.

CHORUS—Sing O!

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

THE CROPPY BOY.

KEY G. *With feeling*

Air: "Cailín óg a róp." "

{ :s₁ | m :- :m | m :- :r.m | f :- :m | r :- :s₁.s₁ }
 { " Good | men and true! in this | house who dwell, To a }

{ | r :- :r | r :d :r | m :f :m | r :- :s₁.s₁ }
 { | strang - er bou - chal, I | pray you tell Is the }

{ | m :f :s | s :- :m.d | t₁ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :t₁.d }
 { | priest at home? or may | he be seen? I would }

{ | s₁ :- :d | d :r :m | r :d :r | d :- }
 { | speak a word with Fa - ther Green." ||

2. "The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
 'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
 But you must wait till I go and see
 If the holy father alone may be."

3. The youth has entered an empty hall—
 What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall!
 And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
 With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

4. The youth has knelt to tell his sins;
 " *Nomine Dei*," the youth begins;
 At "*mea culpa* " he beats his breast,
 And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

5. "I cursed three times since last Easter day—
 At Mass-time once I went to play;
 I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
 And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

6. "At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all,
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

7. I bear no hate against living thing ;
But I love my country above the King.
Now, Father ! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

8. The Priest said naught, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look above in wild surprise ;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

9. With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse :—
" 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

10. "Upon yon river three tenders float,
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot—
We hold this house for our Lord the King,
And, amen, say I, may all traitors swing ! "

11. At Geneva Barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the cropy boy.

CARROLL MALONE.

THE BRIDGE OF GLANWILLIAN.

KEY E \flat .

Air: "Ceó Uíadaíbeáctá."

{ :m.f | s :f :s.,f | m :f :r.m.r | d :t₁ :m }
 { Tho'the lin - nets sing | sweet from the | wild-wood, Young }

{ | s :- .f :m.,f | r.m.r:d :- .d | d :- :m.,f }
 { Kath - leen no | blithe war - bling | hears, And the }

{ | s :f :s.,f | m :f :r.m.r | d :t₁ :m.,f }
 { warm wind that | plays o'er the | moor - land Can }

{ | s :- .f :m.f | r.m.r:d :- .d | d :- :d }
 { ne'er dry her | fast - fall - ing | tears; And }

{ | m :f :s.d | ^(d)d¹ :r¹,d¹.t,s:s,f,m,f | r.m.r:d :d.d }
 { though gay laughs the | sun - light a - round her, Still her }

{ | m :- .f :s.l | ta :- d¹:d¹ | d¹ :- :m.f }
 { heart is all | sad and for - lorn As she }

{ | s.d¹:- .t :s.f | m :f :r.m.r | d :t₁ :m.f }
 { sits by the | ford of Glen - a - ra A - }

{ | s :- .f :m.f | r.m.r:d :- .d | d :- || m.f }
 { wait - - ing her | Der - mot's re - turn. || For he's }

{ | s.d¹:- .t :s.f | m :f :r.m.r | d :t₁ :m.f }
 { gone to the | fray with his | kin - dred, The }

{ | s :- .f :m.f | r.m.r:d :- .d | d :- || }
 { hard - rid - ing | clans - men of | Mourne, || }

2. "There I rode side by side on the causeway,
 With your true-love so gallant and leal,
 As he charged 'mongst the foremost and bravest
 In his morion and bright jack of steel.
 I could hear the loud clang of his horse-hoofs,
 As he swept o'er the red bridge's crown,
 And many a bold Saxon trooper
 'Neath the sweep of his long sword went down.
 This day for thy Dermot of Mourne
 Is a bright day of deathless renown.
3. "Then weep not, fair maid, by Glenara;
 In triumph thy love will return,
 His plume waved to-day 'midst the foremost
 Of the hard-riding clansmen of Mourne.
 His name shall be sacred amongst us
 And a watchword in foray and fray!"
 Then that fierce clansman glared o'er the moorland,
 As the wolf looketh out for his prey,
 And he dashed through the ford like an arrow
 On the track of his foeman away.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This is a very beautiful traditional version of a sweet air. I got it in the Macroom district of Co. Cork. It should be sung fairly slowly and with expression and feeling. As the verses are ten-line ones I have repeated the music of the seventh and eighth lines for the ninth and tenth. This conforms to the practice of old Irish singers.

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

KEY A.

Air: "An cuimhin leat an oide úo."

{ s₁d₁t₁ | d : d : r.d | t₁ : d : r.m.f | s : f.r : d.,t₁ }

Bright | red is the | sun on the | waves of Lough

{ | t₁ : s₁ : s₁d₁t₁ | d : d : r.d | t₁ : d : r.m.f }

Sheel - in, A | cool gen - tle | breeze from the }

{ | s : f.r : d.,r | d :- : r.m.f | s : s : s }

moun tains is | stealing, While | fair round its }

{ | f : f : s.f | m : r : d | t₁ : s₁ : s₁d₁t₁ }

is - lets the | small rip - ples | play, But }

{ | d : d : r.d | t₁ : d : r.m.f | s : f.r : d.r }

fair - er than | all is the | Flow'r of Fi - }

{ | d :- ||

nae.

2. Her hair is like night and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily Mac Mahon, the Flow'r of Finae.
3. But who down the hillside than red deer runs fleetest?
And who on the lakeside is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flow'r of Finae.
4. One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness—
He has told his hard fortune nor more can he say,
He must leave his poor Eily, the Flow'r of Finae.

5. For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland ;
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flow'r of Finae.

6. He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story ;
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory ;
Yet sadly she sings "*Shule Aroon*" all the day,
"Oh ! come, come, my darling, come home to Finae."

7. Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
Her *reel* and her *rock* and her *flax* she has parted ;
She sails with the " Wild Geese " to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

8. Lord Clare on the field of Ramilies is charging—
Before him the Sasanach squadrons enlarging—
Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

9. On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered and wounded, retreat in array ;
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

10. In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying ;
That flags the sole trophy of Ramilies' fray ;
This nun is poor Eily, the Flow'r of Finae.

THOMAS DAVIS.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

KEY C. *Slowly.*

Air: "A Spailpín a pún."

{ d^l.ta | l : ta : - .l | s : - .l : t | d^l : - : m }
 { Oh ! | why did you go when the flowers were }

{ f : m : m .f | s : l^{ta}l : s .f | m .m : - f^m : r }
 { spring - ing And win - ter's wild tempest had }

{ d : - : d | d : - : d^{r^d}.ta | l : - .ta : l }
 { vanished a - way, When the swal - low was }

{ s : - .l : t | d^l : - : m .m | f : m : m .f }
 { come and the sweet lark was sing - ing, From the }

{ s : l^{ta}l : s .f | m : - f^m : r | d : - .d : d }
 { morn to the eve of the beau - ti - ful }

{ d : - : m .f | s : d^l : - .r^l | m^l .d^l : f^l : m^l .m^l }
 { day ? Oh ! why did you go when the }

{ r^l : d^l : - .d^l | t .l : s : m .f | s .d^l : - : r^l }
 { sum - mer was com - ing, And the heaven was }

{ m^l : - .r^l : d^l .t | d^l : - : d^l .d^l | d^l : - : s .l }
 { blue as your own sunny eye, When the }

{ ta : ta : - .l | s : - .l : t | d^l : - : m : m }
 { bee on the blos - som was drow - si - ly }

{ f .m : - : m .f | s : l^{ta}l : s .f | m .m : - f^m : r }
 { humming— Ma voor - neen, ma voor neen, Oh ! }

{ d : - .d : d | d : - ||
 { why did you die ? }

2. My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
 My heart was bound up in the life that is gone ;
 Oh ! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
 A chara ma chuishle ! why leave me alone ?
 The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding ;
 The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
 And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding
 Oh ! Maurye ma voorneen ! why, why, did you die ?

3. The barebell is missing your step on the mountain,
 The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
 And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
 That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
 The hawthorn pearls fall as though they were weeping,
 Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
 And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
 Ma voorneen, ma voorneen, oh ! why did you die ?

4. A Chara Machree, you are ever before me—
 I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
 So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me,
 Oh, pray for me ! pray at the Almighty's throne !
 Oh, pray that the chain of my bondage may sever,
 That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
 Or the cry of my spirit for ever and ever,
 Shall be—" Oh, ma voorneen, why, why did you die ? "

MRS. MARY C. F. MUNSTER ("TINY").
 1835-1892.

This is one of our most beautiful airs. It was taken down from the singing of a traditional singer at Ring, Co. Waterford, by Miss O'Reilly, of Macroom. It finds a fit partner in this moving ballad. They are here linked for the first time. It is only in an island of faith and love and poetry one could expect an elevating ballad of this kind. How different from the imported English effusions ! There are three more verses which may be found in Hayes's ballads.

THE MOUNTAINS.

KEY F. *Briskly.*

Air: "The Rapparees."

{ d :- : m | m :- : s | s :- : f | r :- : t, }
 { My spurs are rusted, my coat is rent, My }

{ d :- : m | s :- : s | s :- :- | : m : m }
 { plume is dank with rain; And the }

{ f :- : f | r :- . r : r | m :- : m | d :- : m }
 { this - tle down and the bar - ley beard Are }

{ f :- : r | d :- : t, | d :- :- | : s : s }
 { thick on my hor - se's mane; But my }

{ s :- : m | d' :- : t . t | l :- : l | s :- . s : s }
 { rifle's as bright as my sweet - heart's eye And my }

{ s :- : m | d' :- : t | l :- :- | : : s }
 { arm is strong and free, What }

{ s :- : m | d' :- : t . t | l :- : l | s :- : m . m }
 { care have I for your King and laws, I'm an }

{ r :- : d | r :- : m | s :- :- | m :- : r }
 { out - lawed rap - pa - ree. Click, }

{ d : s, :- | l, :- : t, | d :- : d | d :- : d }
 { click your glass - es, friends, with mine, And }

{ m : r : d | r :- : r | r :- :- | : s :- }
 { give your grasp to me; I'm }

{ l : s : m | d' : t : d' | r' : d' : l | s : m : r }
 { Eng - land's foe, I'm Ire - land's friend, Click, }

{ d : s, : s, | d :- : d | d :- :- | : ||
 { click, I'm a rap - pa - ree. ||

2. The mountain cavern is my home,
 High up in the crystal air,
 My bed is the limestone, iron-ribbed,
 And the brown heath smelling fair.
 Let George or William only send
 His troops to burn or shoot,
 We'll meet them upon equal ground
 And fight them foot to foot.
 Click, click your glasses, friends, with mine,
 The midnight's made for glee;
 Stout hearts beat fast for Ireland yet,
 Yes—I'm a rapparee.

3. Hunted from out our fathers' home,
 Pursued with steel and shot,
 A bloody warfare we must wage,
 Or the gibbet be our lot.
 Hurrah! the war is welcome work,
 The hated outlaw knows,
 He steps unto his country's love
 O'er the corpses of his foes.
 Click, click your glasses, friends, with mine,
 In the coming days I see
 Stern labours for our country's weal,
 Yes.—I'm a rapparee.

This is a fine, bold, rousing air and a defiant song. The Rapparees' deeds of daring are entwined in our country's history, and so the song commemorates another "fact" in the story of our native land. I am obliged to the friend, already mentioned, who gave me an opportunity of putting on record this type of a class.

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW.

KEY F. *Lively.*

{	r :-	:r		r :-	:d		l, :-	:t,		d :-	:-	}
	Lift	Mac	Ca	-	hir		Oge,	your	face,			
	Grey	said	vict	-	o - ry			was	sure—			

{	r :-	:r		f :-	:s		l :-	:s		f :-	:m	}
	Brood -	ing	o'er		the		old	dis -	grace,		That	
	Soon	The	Fire	-	brand		he'd	se -	cure;		Un -	

{	r :-	:r		r :-	:d		l, :-	:t,		d :-	:m	}
	black	Fitz -	will	-	iam		stormed	your	place,		And	
	til	he	met		at		Glen -	ma -	lure,			

												D.C.
{	r :-	:r		m :-	:d		r :-	:-		r :-	:	
	drove	you	to		the		fer	-	-	n!		
	Feagh	Mac	Hugh		O'		Byrne!					

CHORUS—

{	l :-	:t		d' :-	:		l :-	:t		d' :-	:	}
	Curse	and	swear,				Lord	Kil -	dare!			

{	m :-	:m		m :-	:r		d :-	:r		m :-	:s	}
	Feagh	will	do		what		Feagh	will	dare—			

{	l :-	:t		d' :-	:t		l :-	:t		d' :-	:	}
	Now,	Fitz -	will	-	iam,		have	a	care—			

{	m :-	:m		m :-	:d		r :-	:-		r :-	:	}
	Fall .	en	is		your		star,			low!		

{ | l :- : t | d' :- : t | l :- : t | d' :- : }
 { | Up with hal - bert, out with sword ! }

{ | m :- : m | m :- : r | d :- : r | m :- : s }
 { | On we go ; for by the Lord ! }

{ | l :- : t | d' :- : l | r' :- : t | d' :- : }
 { | Feagh Mac Hugh has given the word— }

{ | m : m : m | m :- : d | r :- : - | r :- : : }
 { | Fol - low me up to Car - low ! }

2. See the swords of Glen Imayle
 Flashing o'er the English Pale !
 See all the children of the Gael
 Beneath O'Byrne's banners !
 Rooster of a fighting stock,
 Would you let a Saxon cock
 Crow out upon an Irish rock ?
 Fly up and teach him manners !

CHORUS.

3. From Tassagart to Clonmore,
 Flows a stream of Saxon gore !
 Och, great is Rory Oge O'More
 At sending loons to Hades !
 White is sick and Lane is fled !
 Now for black Fitzwilliam's head—
 We'll send it over dripping red
 To 'Liza* and her ladies !

CHORUS.

P. J. M'CALL.

* Queen Elizabeth.

I am indebted to Mr. M'Call for this fine version of the air, which is the one to which he wrote his song. I append his note on the song :—"It is a tradition that this air was first performed by the pipers of Feagh Mac Hugh as he marched to attack Carlow after his victory over Lord Deputy Grey at Glenmalure (A.D. 1580). Cahir Ogue was Brian Mac Cahir Cavanagh, whom Fitzwilliam had driven out of his possessions."

LAMENT OF GARODH EARLA.

KEY B \flat . *Fairly slow.*

Air: "MAIOM RÓ-MOË."

{ : .s₁ : l₁ .,r | r : d .r : f₁ .,r₁ | r₁ : d₁ . }

The night is | com - ing, with black clouds | loom - ing, }

{ .d₁,r₁ : f₁ .l₁ | l₁ .,f₁ : l₁ .s₁ : f₁ .,f₁ | f₁ : . }

With thun-ders | boom - ing, and wild winds | moan ; }

{ .f₁,s₁ : l₁ .r | r : d .,r : f₁ .,r₁ | r₁ : d₁ . }

The fierce wolf's | yell - ing from Cor-rin | swell - ing, }

{ .d₁,r₁ : f₁ .l₁ | l₁ .,f₁ : l₁ .s₁ : f₁ .,f₁ | f₁ : . }

Our fate seems | tell - ing with mourn-ful | tone ; }

{ .f₁,s₁ : l₁ .l₁ | f : m .,r : r .r | d .,r : f̂ . }

The dark cave's | o'er us, deep floods be- | fore us }

{ .r : r .d | l₁ .,f₁ : l₁ .s₁ : f₁ .,f₁ | f₁ : . }

With mad-d'ning | cho - rus down rough rocks | pour, }

{ .f₁,s₁ : l₁ .r | r : d .r : f₁ .,r₁ | r₁ : d₁ . }

Yet love beams | clear - ly, tho' we sit | drear - ly, }

{ .d₁,r₁ : f₁ .l₁ | l₁ .,f₁ : l₁ .s₁ : f₁ .,f₁ | f₁ : . ||

On death's brink | near - ly, by Mul-la's | shore ! ||

2. What dreams were mine, love, ere hope's decline, love,
 In war to shine, love, for Innisfail;
 Aye, to defend her from those that rend her,
 And cloud the splendour of the dauntless Gael;—
 I reared each castle, I roused each vassal
 From sloth and wassail, to grasp the spear,
 And aye through gory red fields of glory
 Bright triumph bore me for many a year.

3. And, oh ! I quailed not while true hearts failed not,
 But blood availed not to set her free,
 For those whose might, love, should still e'en smite, love,
 Grew faint in flight, love, and false to me;—
 My power is broken, and each proud token
 Of Erin woken has died away;
 For each endeavour will fail for ever,
 While brave hearts sever, and friends betray !

4. We've now for vassal and lordly castle,
 And blithe friends' wassail, this cave of gloom,
 With cold winds sighing round the embers dying;
 Yet still defying, we'll meet our doom.
 One joy will flourish, though power may perish,
 That joy we'll cherish—we'll love the more,
 And love beams clearly, though we sit dearly,
 On death's brink nearly, by Mulla's shore !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

I am glad to have found, after much searching, a song to match this quaint old sweet Irish air, which was taken down from the singing of Bridgie Cronin, a young girl who lives at Toames, near Macroom. I wed the air to a very good classical Irish song in No. 4, p. 29, of my "fuinn na smól" series.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

KEY G.

{ :s₁ | s₁ .m :m .m :- .r,r | r .d :d .d :- .d }
 { "Come, | tell us the name of the | reb-el - ly crew Who }

{ | t₁ .,l₁ :s₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | r .,d :d .d :- .s₁ }
 { | lift - ed the pike on the | Cur - ragh with you; Come, }

{ | s₁ .m :m .m :- .r,r | r .d :d .d :- .d,d }
 { | tell us the trea - son, and | then you'll be free, Or right }

{ | t₁ .,l₁ :s₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | r .,d :d .d :- .s₁ }
 { | quick-ly you'll swing on the | high gal - lows tree." "A }

{ | s .,f :f .f :- .l,f | f .m :m .m :- .r }
 { | lean - av ! a lean - av ! the | shad-ow of shame Has }

{ | d .m :s .s¹s :f .m | m :r .r :r .s₁ }
 { | nev-er yet fall - en on | one of your name; And }

{ | s₁ .,m :m .m :r .r | r .,d :d .d :- .d,d }
 { | oh ! may the food from my | bos - om you drew, In your }

{ | t₁ .,l₁ :s₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁,t₁ | r .,d :d || -
 { | veins turn to pois - on, if you | turn un - true. || -

2. "The foul words—oh ! let them not blacken your tongue,
 That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong;
 Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread
 With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head !

I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
 Yet false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side :
 If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away
 From my heart than, if true, you were wrapp'd in the clay.

3. " Oh ! deeper and darker the mourning would be
 For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free.
 Dearer, far dearer, than ever to me,
 My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree.
 'Tis holy, a ghraú, from the bravest and best—
 Go ! go ! from my heart, and be join'd with the rest.
 A leanav, machree ! A leanav machree !
 Sure a 'stag' and a traitor you never will be."

4. There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow
 That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now ;
 No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high,
 No traitor e'er show'd such a proud flashing eye.
 On the high gallows tree ! on the brave gallows tree !
 Where smil'd leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he !
 But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair,
 As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.

MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY.
 ("EVA.")

The above air is one that some people sing to Denny Lane's song " On Carrighoun," instead of its proper air, " The Foggy Dew." I have a note on the subject in its proper place. This present song and the air match each other well, and are linked together by the old singers of Co. Cork. "Eva" of *The Nation* was born at Kelly's Mills, Co. Galway, about four miles from Portumna. She died about 1910, at an advanced age. Miss Kelly was her name.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

KEY C. *Plaintively.* Air: "The Wind that Shakes the Barley."

{ :d^l | d^l :- :l | l :s :m | d^l :- :l | l :s :m }

One win - ter's day, long, long a - go, When

{ | s :- :s :m | s :- :l | s :- :- | m :- :s }

I was a lit - tle fel - - low A

{ | d^l :- :t | d^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :m^l | m^l :- :r^l }

pi - per came un - to our door, Grey-

{ | d^l :- :l | t :l :s | l :- :- | l :- :t }

head - ed, blind, and yel - - low, And,

{ | d^l :- :t | d^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :m^l | m^l :- :r^l }

oh! how glad was my young heart, Tho'

{ | d^l :- :t | d^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :- | l :- :t }

earth and sky looked drear - y, To

{ | d^l :- :t | d^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :m^l | m^l :- :r^l }

see the strang - er and his dog— Poor

{ | d^l :- :l | t :l :s | l :- :- | l :- || }

Pinch and Caoch O' Lear - - y.

2. And when he stowed away his bag,
 Cross-barred with green and yellow,
 I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground,
 There's not so fine a fellow."
 And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,
 And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 Rushed in, with panting haste, to see
 And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

3. O God be with those happy times !
 O God be with my childhood ;
 When I bare-headed, roamed all day—
 Bird-nesting in the wild-wood,
 I'll not forget those sunny hours,
 However years may vary ;
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

4. Poor Caoch and Pinch slept well that night,
 And in the morning early
 He called me up to hear him play
 " The Wind that Shakes the Barley " ;
 And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried, " God mark my deary ! "
 And how I wept when he said " Farewell,
 And think of Caoch O'Leary ! "

5. The seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
 Although we thought him dead and gone
 And in the cold grave rotten ;
 And often, when I walked and talked
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

6. Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June's red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped—
 'Twas Pinch and Caoch O'Leary.

7. Old Caoch, but, oh, how woe-begone !
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—Time is even blending
 The colours of his thread-bare bag—
 And Pinch is twice as hairy
 And thin-spare as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

8. "God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
 "Far, far be hell's black viper;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper?"
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
 The old man murmured, "Deary,
 Are you the silky-headed child
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"
9. "Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking—
 "And where, a vic machree!" he sobbed,
 "Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago?"
 "My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
 Enough to say—there's none but me
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."
10. "Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 "Pray let me in, a sthore machree,
 And I'll 'go home' to-morrow.
 My peace is made; I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary;
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."
11. With Pinch I watched his bed that night;
 Next day his wish was granted;
 He died, and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
 The neighbours came; we dug his grave
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
 God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

JOHN KEEGAN.

MAIRE DHOON ASTHORE.

Air: "Σπᾶὸ μο ἔπορθε."

1. In valleys lone I plucked the flowers
 And wove them in her hair,
 And never in the greenwood bowers,
 Looked forest queen as fair.
 She gave one silent glance at me,
 With love-light flowing o'er—
 Oh! well that love's returned to thee,
 My Máire Dhoon Asthore.

2. The sloethorn woos the poplar brown,
 Where shines the sunlit hill—
 Its blossoms waft an odour down
 O'er meadow-slope, and rill.
 Her hand is as that blossom white,
 As pure her bosom's core;
 My well of joy, my life's delight,
 My Máire Dhoon Asthore.

3. I've strung my harp to many a lay,
 With soothing magic sound—
 I've sung to lords and ladies gay,
 Throughout old Ireland's ground.
 But now I find the tones are vain,
 The ancient songs to pour
 Thy name alone that fills the strain,
 My Máire Dhoon Asthore.

J. K. CASEY ("Leo.")

N.B.—For air see page 30.

THERE IS A STREAM.

KEY C. *Stately*

Air: "Cailín na gPáirce Donn."

{ : .d | d .r : m .f | s : - .m | d^l : t .s | l : - .r }

There is a stream 'mid Hou - ra's dells That

{ r : s | - .f : m .f | r : d | : d }

dan - ces down-ward fleet - ly, That

{ d .r : m .f | s : - .m | d^l : t .s | l : - .r }

mir - rors rocks and hea - ther - bells And

{ r : s .f | m : - .r | d : d | : d^l }

sings by wild woods sweet - ly, With

{ d^l : t .d^l | r^l : t .r^l | d^l : t .s | l : - .r }

droop - ing birch and Dri - naun Dhun Its

{ r : s | - .f : m .f | r : d | : d }

ver - nal banks a - dorn - ing, And

{ d .r : m .f | s : - .m | d^l : t .s | l : - .r }

there my love with sweet smiles won My

{ r .s : - | - .f : r .m | d : d | ||

fond heart in the morn - ing.

2. God bless the May that brought to me
 The love that nought can sunder !
 God bless the odorous Drinaun tree
 That we sat fondly under !
 The skies were blue, the clouds were bright,
 The valleys shade and splendour,
 And Annie's eyes were filled with light
 Of love all true and tender.

3. And oft within that valley lone
 We met on May-days after,
 While aye the stream went murmuring on
 With sounds like fairy laughter ;
 'Tis there a rill, but far below
 It winds, a calm bright river,—
 Thus may our firm love forward go,
 Increasing on for ever ?

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

The above is a most sweet and peculiar air. It was taken down from the singing of Kate Cronin who lives at *Úrín na Lobar*, near Inchigeela, Co. Cork. It is an air altogether out of the common run of airs. I found it very hard to match it with a song. The Irish song for it is found in "*ruinn na Smól*," No. 3, p. 11.

ALLEY KELLY O!

KEY F. *Lively.*

Air: "Up the Foggy Mountain."

{	r :-	r		r :d	:r		f :-	:-		f :-	:s	}
	Up			the	fog - gy		moun	-		tain,	With-	

{	l :-	s		f :-	:r		d :-	:-		d :-	:d	}
	in			the	air - y		valley			O!	Be -	

{	r :-	r		r :d	:r		f :-	:r		f :-	:s	}
	side			the	sum - mer		foun	-		tain	I	

{	l :-	s		f :-	:m		m :-	:-		m :-	f.s	}
	met			my	Al - ley		Kelly			O!	Her	

{	l :-	r ^l		r ^l :-	:d ^l		l :-	:d ^l		l :-	:s	}
	neck			than	wood - rose		whi	-		ter,	Her	

{	s :-	l		s :-	:m		d :-	:-		d :-	:r	}
	lips			the	glow - ing		cherry			O!	You'd	

{	r :-	r		r :d	:r		f :-	:r		f :-	:s	}
	find			no	maid-en		bright	-		er	From	

{	l :-	s		f :-	:r		r :-	:-		r :-	:-	
	Sliaiv			na - mon	to		Kerry			O!		

2. Her hair in streams of glory
 Fell curling down so grandly O!
 When by that mountain hoary
 My love stood smiling blandly O!
 I thought the Queen of Faery
 That highland valley haunted O!
 When 'neath the green trees airy.
 I sat me down enchanted O!

3. My heart was flaming wildly,
 My voice with love was trembling O!
 Her words came low and mildly,
 The heart's sweet tone resembling O!
 I told her by the water
 While sang the wild birds clearly O!
 That up the hills I sought her
 And that I loved her dearly O!

4. Within my heart I blessed her,
 She looked so fondly smiling O!
 And earnestly I pressed her
 To be my own beguiling O!
 And still to that dear fountain
 Within the airy valley O!
 I oft stray o'er the mountain
 To meet my Alley Kelly O!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

SHEER SMUEENTHE.*

KEY C. *Easily.*

Air: "Emir's Farewell."

{ | .t₁ : d . r | m . :- . r | m . l : s . m | r . d : l₁ | | . d : m . f }
 { I shed no tear and I sing no sor - row, I pass my }

{ | s :- . l | s . m : d . m | r :- | | . t₁ : d . r }
 { days 'mid the ci - ty's noise, But I'm }

{ | m :- . r | m . l : s . m | r . d : l₁ . s₁ | l₁ . t₁ : d . r }
 { hun - g'ring ev - er to greet the mor - row That }

rall. { | m :- . f | m . r : d . r | d : d | d . s : l . t }
 { bears me back to the old - en joys. Here friends are }

{ | d¹ :- . t | t . l : s . m | s . m : d | | . s : l . t }
 { kind and the world is pleas - ant, But day and }

{ | d¹ :- . t | t . l : s . m | r :- | | . s : s . s }
 { ev' - ning I long a - gain To fly a - }

f { | m¹ :- . r¹ | r¹ . d¹ : l . d¹ | s . m : d | | . t₁ : d . r }
 { way from the bu - sy pres - ent And }

rall. { | m . l : s . m | r . d : l₁ . t₁ | d : d | d . || }
 { press the turf of my na - tive glen. || }

* Siop-SmuΔinte.

2. 'Tis a lonely place that comes up before me,
 A place of ferny hills and streams ;
 I feel the breath of its breezes o'er me,
 I hear its echoes in all my dreams.
 'Tis calling, calling when summer's reigning,
 In springtime's promise, in autumn's prime,
 Or icy's winter's rough hand is chaining
 The river's rush, still I hear its chime.

3. Old tunes come stealing, with memory laden,
 Old songs I heard in the far-off days
 That call back many a boy and maiden
 Whose lives are running in sundered ways.
 They make me sad, but not all the pleasure
 Of earth could e'er be so dear to me
 As the thoughts that pulse through each mellow measure
 Of those snatches of olden melody.

4. Like a prisoned bird I am always thinking
 Of the myriad places I knew of yore,
 I long to look on the day god sinking
 O'er Ard-na-gaoithe and Cuan-an-Óir.
 Speed sun and moon, and the glad hour bring me
 That gives me back all my heart holds best,
 My childhood's mountains once more to ring me
 And the sounding streams of my own dear West.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

NED OF THE HILL.

KEY E^b. *Smoothly and feelingly.*

Air: "Eamonn a' Cnuic."

{	:m	d	:-	:l ₁ .t ₁	d	:-	:d.r	m.d ¹ :t	}
	Oh!	dark		is the	ev'	-	ning and	si-lent the	

{	l	:-	:-	s	:-	:m.r	d	:-	:r.m	}
	hour,			Who		is the	min	-	strel by	

{	f	:-	:m.r.d	l ₁	:-	:m	d	:-	:l ₁ .t ₁	}
	yon	-	der lone	tower?		His	harp-		all so	

{	d	:-	:d.r	m	: [^] d ¹	:t	l	:-	:t.l	}
	ten	-	der-ly	touch	-ing	with	skill;		Oh!	

{	s	:m	:r	d	:-	:r.m	[^] r	:-	:d.r	}
	who	should	it	be		but young	Ned		of the	

{	d	:-	:s	[^] l	:f	:d ¹	s	:m	:s	}
	Hill!		Who	sings,	"La	-dy	love	won't	you	

{	l	: [^] t	:-	:l	s	:-	:s	[^] s	:-	:m:r	}
	come	with		me	now,		Oh!	come	and	live	

{	d	:-	:r.m	[^] f	:-	:m.r.d	l ₁	:-	:m.r	}
	mer	-	ri-ly	un	-	der the	bough,		And I'll	

{	d	:-	:l ₁ .t ₁	d	:-	:d.r	m	:d ¹	:t	}
	pil		low thy	head		where the	light	fai	-ries	

{	l	:	:	t̃ . l	s	:	m	:	r	d	:	-	:	r . m	}
	tread,			If	thou		wilt		but	wed				with	

{	r	:	-	:	d . r	d	:	-	
	Ned				of the	Hill."			

2. Young Ned of the Hill has no castle or hall,
 Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at his call;
 But one little archer of exquisite skill,
 Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the Hill,
 Who sings, "Lady love, won't you come with me now?
 Oh! come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head where the light fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill."

3. 'Tis hard to escape that fair lady's bower,
 For high is the window and guarded the tower;
 "But where there's a *way* there is always a *will*,"
 So Eileen is off with young Ned of the Hill!
 Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine, mine now?
 Oh! we will live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head where the light fairies tread,
 For Eileen is wed to young Ned of the Hill!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

The above is the traditional version of the air as sung in my native County of Waterford. It is a beautiful bit of Irish music.

I'VE COME UNTO MY HOME AGAIN.

KEY G. *Moderato.*

Air: "Δρέψα δ' ἄρ' μέ γο हुआग्नाε."

{ : .s₁ | ṁ .,r : m .f | m .,r : ṁ .d }
 I've | come un - to my home a - gain, and }

{ | t₁ .,l₁ : s₁ .l₁ | t₁ : ḋ .,r }
 find my - self a - lone The }

piu lento.
 { | d .,t₁ : s₁ .f₁ ,m₁ | f₁ .,f₁ : s₁ .,t₁ }
 friends I left in qui - et there are }

{ | d .,d : d .,d | d : .s₁ }
 per - ished all and gone; My }

{ | ṁ .,r : ṁ .,f | ṁ .r : ṙ^{mrt} .t₁ }
 fa - ther's house is ten - ant - less, my }

{ | d .t₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | t₁ .d : - .,r }
 ear - ly love lies low, But }

piu lento
 { | d .,t₁ : s₁ .f₁ ,m₁ | f₁ .,s₁ : s₁ .t₁ }
 one re - mains of all that made my }

{ | d .t₁ : d .,d | d || .s₁ }
 youth - ful spir - it glow. My }

{ | d .d : ṁ .,f | s .,s : ṡ^{1sm} .ṁ }
 love lies in the blush - ing west, drest }

{ f .m : f .s | f .m : - .d }
 { in a robe of green, And }

{ m .r : m .f | m .r : r^{mrt} .t₁ }
 { pleas - ant wa - ters sing to her and }

piu lento.
 { d .t₁ : s₁ .s₁ | s₁ : .s₁ }
 { know her for their queen, The }

{ m .r : m .f | m .r : r^{mrt} .t₁ }
 { wild winds fan her face that o'er the }

{ d .t₁ : s₁ .l₁ | t₁ : d .r }
 { dis - tant bil - lows come ; She }

{ d .t₁ : s₁ .f₁ .m₁ | f₁ .f₁ : s₁ .t₁ }
 { is my last re - main - ing love, my }

{ d .t₁ : d .d | d . }
 { own, my is - land home ! ||

2. And when I lift my voice and sing unto thy silent shades,
 And echo wakens merrily in all thy drowsy shades,
 There's not a rill, a vale, a hill, a wild wood or still grove,
 But gives again the bursting strain, and yields me love for love.
 Oh ! I have seen the maiden of my bosom pine and die,
 And I have seen my bosom friend look on me doubtfully,
 And long, oh ! long, have all my young affections found a tomb,
 Yet thou art all in all to me, my own, my island home !

GERALD GRIFFIN.

There is not in this or in any other collection a sweeter air than this. It was taken down from the singing of Diarmuid O Lehané, a young man who lives at Ballingeary, Co. Cork (1906). He has a fine traditional method of singing. This air, in spirit and swing, fits admirably into Gerald Griffin's beautiful song to which it is here linked for the first time.

PAUSTHEEN FIUNN.

KEY B \flat . *Pleasantly.*

{ :s₁ | s₁ :- :d.d | d.t₁:- :d | m :- :r.d | r :- }
 My | Paus - theen Fiunn is my | soul's de - light— }

{ :m.r | d :- :r.d | d.s₁:- :l₁ | t₁ :- :d | s₁ :- }
 My | heart laughs out in her | blue eyes bright; }

{ :m₁ | s₁ :-d:d | d.t₁:- :d | m :- :r.d | r :- }
 The | bloom of the ap-ple her | bo - som white, }

{ :m.r | d :-t₁:s₁ | f₁ :-r₁:s₁ | d₁ :- :- | d₁ :- }
 Her | neck like the March swan's in | white - ness. }

CHORUS—

{ :d₁ | m₁ :-f₁:s₁ | d.s₁:- :s₁ | l₁.f₁:- :f₁ | s₁.m₁:- }
 O! | you are my dear, my | dear, my dear, }

{ :d₁ | m₁ :-f₁:s₁ | t₁ :-d:r | d :- :- | d :- }
 O! | you are my dear, and my | fair love; }

{ :d₁ | m₁ :-f₁:s₁ | t₁ :-s₁:f₁ | s₁ :-d:r | m :- }
 You | are my own dear, and my | fond - est hope here; }

{ :r | d :-t₁:s₁ | f₁ :-r₁:s₁ | d₁ :- :- | d₁ :- ||
 And | O! that my cot - tage you'd | share, love! ||

2. Love of my bosom, my fair Paustheen
 Whose cheek is red like the rose's sheen ;
 My thoughts of the maiden are pure, I ween,
 Save toasting her health in my lightness.

CHORUS.

3. Were I in our village where sports prevail,
 Between two barrels of brave brown ale,
 My fair little sister to list my tale,
 How jovial and happy I'd make me !

CHORUS.

4. In fever for nine long nights I've lain
 From lying in the hedge-row beneath the rain,
 While, gift of my bosom ! I hoped in vain
 Some whistle or call might awake ye !

CHORUS.

4. From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,
 And all the beautiful maids that be,
 But never I'll leave sweet gra machree,
 Till death in your service o'ertake me !

CHORUS.

EDWARD WALSH.

This is the most singable version of the air that I have seen. It is the version sung by the traditional singers of the Co. Waterford. The translation by Walsh is also the most singable of those made, as well as the simplest.

THE STORMY SEA SHALL FLOW IN.

KEY **E♭**. *Moderato*

Air: "Σοιητὴν Ὀρνάν."

{ : .,s₁ | t₁ .d :r .m | f .l :s .f }

 The | storm-y sea shall flow in, Our }

{ | r .l₁ : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ .s₁ : s₁ .r }

| high - land val - ley through, Ere }

{ | r .r : s .,s | ṫ .,r¹ : d¹, t .l , t }

| I, my faith - ful Ow - en, Prove }

{ | s : i̇ .r | fe , i̇ , fe : s .,r }

| false to love and you, My }

{ | r .r : s .l | ṫ .,r¹ : d¹, t .l , t }

| heart was sad and lone - ly, Each }

{ | s : i̇ .r | fe , i̇ , fe : s .,s₁ }

| wea - ry night and day, Till }

{ | t₁ .d :r .m | f .l :s .f }

| your kind ac - cents on - ly Have }

{ | r .l₁ : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ .s₁ : s₁ ., ||

| chased my grief a - way. ||

2. For my dear mother left me—
 Cold, cold in death she lies—
 Ah, how drear fortune reft me
 Of all my heart could prize!
 My father far would wander
 Unto some foreign zone,
 And I was left to ponder
 Upon my grief alone.
3. Then came a sure sweet token
 Such sorrows might not last:
 In joy you ne'er had spoken,
 You spoke when joy had passed.
 Then the stormy sea shall flow in,
 Our highland valleys through,
 Ere I, my faithful Owen,
 Prove false to love and you.

ROBERT D. JOYCE, M.D.

This is the traditional version of the air as taken down from Danny Warren, who is perhaps the best traditional singer of Co. Cork. I link it for the first time with Dr. Joyce's nice song. It is a lovely air.

THE ROSEMARY CROWN.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

Air: "Cill Cár."

{ :m r | d : l₁ : l₁ | d : r : m | l :- :- | s : m : r }
 { Wait-ing in sor-row and mourn - ing— }

{ | m : m : m | m : r : d | r :- :- | - : : m r }
 { Wait-ing thro' gloom-i - est | night, }

{ | d : l₁ : l₁ | d : r : m | l :- :- | s : m : r }
 { Clad in the robe of the cy - - press— }

{ | m : d : r | d : d : d | d :- :- | - :- : r m }
 { Crav-ing for beau-ty and | light; }

{ | m : r : m | s : l : t | d^l :- :- | t : l : s }
 { Cen-tu - ries lift - ed the na - - tions, And }

{ | l : l : l | s : m : r | r :- :- | - :- : m r }
 { hurl-ed wrong's pin - na - cles | down— Yet }

{ | d : l₁ : l₁ | d : r : m | l :- :- | s : m : r }
 { still ho - ly Ire - land is | wait - - ing, And }

{ | m : d : r | d : d : d | d :- :- | - :- ||
 { wear-ing the Rose - ma - ry | Crown. }

2. Oh, the fullness of joy in the hoping
 The rich light which fancy had dreamed,
 When once, for the lapse of a moment,
 The sunlight of Liberty streamed.

How we planted the flag on our towers
 And waved it o'er mountain and town ;
 But alas ! still the cypress was blooming—
 Alas ! for the Rosemary Crown.

3. And lonely, and lonely, and lonely,
 A watcher still sat by the sea,
 With face as the white marble pallid,
 And eyes gazing mournfully ;
 With hands lifted up in appealing
 That God would His mercy send down,
 And the leaves of the laurel be shining,
 Where rested the Rosemary Crown.
4. We gave her the song of the poet,
 We gave her the work of the brain,
 Cast the glory of heaven around her,
 Yet still all our work was inane.
 "She is dead," said the scoff of the stranger,
 A laugh for the cynic and clown ;
 Ah ! little he knew the wild passion
 Long hid in the Rosemary Crown.
5. Now, the love and the hope of a world,
 Dear Mother ! thy children have brought,
 The hard-handed strength of the soldier,
 The blade of the mind full of thought.
 The earnestness martyrs have taught us,
 The strength of their glorious renown—
 To the graves of the dead shall be borne
 The leaves of the Rosemary Crown.
6. Weep not ! 'tis the hour of the dawning—
 Weep not ! we are ready to save—
 Nor reck of a newer heart broken,
 Nor reck of another fresh grave.
 O'er the graves we have marched in the past time,
 Still praying the dew to fall down,
 Till the leaves of the bay shine as fairly—
 As darkly the Rosemary Crown.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

BOUCHALEEN BAWN.

KEY E. *Moderato.*

{ | s : f : s . f : m . r | d : s₁ : d . m | r : d : d }
 { Oh, pray have you heard of my Bou - cha - leen }

{ | d :- : m . m | s : d^l : ta . l | s : m : r . d }
 { Bawn ? Can you tell me at all of my }

{ | f : f : l | s :- : m . m | s : d^l : ta . l }
 { Lou - cha - leen Bawn ? Have you come by the }

{ | s : m : r . d | f : f : l | s :- : s }
 { "rath" on the hill of Knock - awn : Or }

{ | f : s . f : m . r | d : s₁ : d . m | r : d : d }
 { what can you tell of my Bou - cha - leen }

{ | d :- ||
 { Bawn ? }

2. The pulse of my heart was my Bouchaleen Bawn;
 The light of my eyes was my Bouchaleen Bawn.
 From Drinan's red wave to the tower of Kilvawn,
 You'd not meet the like of my Bouchaleen Bawn.
3. The first time I saw my own Bouchaleen Bawn,
 'Twas a midsummer eve on the fair green of Bawn,
 He danced at the "Baal-fire"—as light as a fawn,
 And away went my heart with my Bouchaleen Bawn.
4. I loved him as dear as I loved my own life;
 And he vowed on his knees he would make me his wife,
 I looked in his eyes, flashing bright as the dawn,
 And drank love from the lips of my Bouchaleen Bawn.

5. But, Christ save the hearers ! his angel forsook him—
My curse on the Queen of the fairies—she took him !
• Last All-Hallow's Eve as he came by Knock-awn,
She saw—loved, and “struck” my poor Bouchaleen Bawn.

6. Like the primrose, when April her last sigh has breathed,
My Bouchaleen drooped and his young beauty faded ;
He died—and his white limbs were stretched in Kilvawn,
And I wept by the grave of my Bouchaleen Bawn.

7. I said to myself, sure it cannot be harm,
To go to a wise man, and ask for a charm ;
'Twill cost but a crown, and my heart's blood I'd pawn
To purchase from bondage my Bouchaleen Bawn.

8. I went to the priest, and he spoke about heaven :
And said that my failings would not be forgiven,
If ever I'd cross the grey fairy-man's bawn,
And try his weird spells for my Bouchaleen Bawn.

9. I'll take his advice, tho' God knows my heart's breaking,
I start in my sleep and I weep when I'm waking,
Oh, I long for the blush of eternity's dawn
When again I shall meet my Bouchaleen Bawn !

JOHN KEEGAN.

This is a tender charming air and ballad. They are linked for the first time.

KATE O' BELASHANNY.

KEY F.

{ : .l | s .,d : m .,d | s .,d : f .,l }
 { Seek | up and down, both fair and brown, We've }

{ | s .,d : m .,d | r .,m : f .,l }
 { | pur - ty lass - es ma - ny O ; But }

{ | s .,d : m .,d | m .,s : d^l .,s }
 { | brown or fair, one girl most rare, The }

{ | l .,f : r .,s | m .,d : d .s }
 { | Flow'r of Bel - a - shan - ny O. As }

{ | d^l .,s : m .,s | d^l .,s : m .,s }
 { | straight is she as pop - lar - tree, Tho' }

{ | d^l .,s : m .,s | f .,m : r .l,t }
 { | not as ai - sy sha - ken O, And }

{ | d^l .,t : l .,s | l .,t : d^l .,l }
 { | walks so proud a - mong the crowd, For }

{ | s .,f : m .,r | m .,d : d . }
 { | queen she might be ta - ken O. ||

CHORUS—

{ : .l | s .,d : m .,d | s .,d : f .,l }
 { From | top to toe, wher - e'er you go, The }

{ | s .,d : m .,d | r .,m : f .,l }
 { | love - liest girl of a - ny O, — O - }

{ | s .,d : m .,d | m .,s : d^l .,s }
 { | chone ! your mind I find un - kind, Sweet }

{ | l .,f : r .,s | m .,d : d . }
 { | Kate of Bel - a - shan - ny O ! ||

2. One summer day the banks were gay,
 The Erne in sunshine glancin' there,
 The big cascade its music played
 And set the salmon dancin' there.
 Along the green my joy was seen;
 Some goddess bright I thought her there;
 The fishes, too, swam close, to view
 Her image in the water there.

CHORUS.

3. My dear, give ear!—the river's near,
 And if you think I'm shammin' now,
 To end my grief I'll seek relief
 Among the trout and salmon, now;
 For shrimps and sharks to make their marks,
 And other watery vermin there;
 Unless a mermaid saves my life,—
 My wife, and me her merman there.

CHORUS.

4. 'Tis all in vain that I complain;
 No use to coax or chide her there;
 As far away from me as Spain,
 Although I stand beside her there.
 O cruel Kate! since that's my fate,
 I'll look for love no more in you;
 The seagull's screech as soon would reach
 Your heart, as me implorin' you.

CHORUS.

Tho' fair you are, and rare you are,
 The loveliest flow'r of any O,—
 Too proud and high,—good-bye, say I,
 To Kate o' Belashanny O!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FEAGH MAC HUGH.

KEY E \flat . *Lively.*

	:m	m	:r	:d	d	:l,	:d	d	:l,	:s,	
{ 1.	Feagh		Mac	-	Hugh	of	the	moun	-	tain,	}
{ 2. Or	seek	you	the	Lif	-	fey	or	Dod	-	der,	}

	m	:r	:d	d	:l,	:d	r	:-	:r	r	
{	Feagh		Mac	-	Hugh	of	the	glen—		Who's not	}
{	Ask	in	the	bawns	of	the	Pale,				}

	m	:r	:d	d	:l,	:d	d	:r	:m		
{	heard	of	the	Glen	-	ma	-	lure	Chief	And	the
{	Ask	them	whose	cat	-	tle	they	fod	-	der,	Who

	f	:m	:r	r	:d	:l,	s,	:-	f	
{	feats	of	his	hard	-	rid	-	ing	men?	Or
{	drinks	with	-	out	fee	of	their	ale.	From	

	m	:s	:s	s	:l	:s	s	:m	:d				
{	came	you	the	sea	-	side	from	Car	-	men,	Or		
{	Ard	-	da	-	mine	north	to	Kil	-	main	-	ham,	He

	m	:s	:s	l	:s	:m	r	:-	:r	r	
{	crossed	you	the	plains	from	the	west—		No		
{	rules,	like	a	king,	of	few	words,		And	the	

	m	:s	:s	s	:l	:s	s	:m	:d			
{	rhym	-	er	you	met	but	could	tell	you,	Of		
{	March	-	men	of	sev	-	en	score	cas	-	ties	Keep

	f	:m	:r	r	:d	:l,	s,	:-		
{	Lein	-	ster	men,	who	is	the	best.		
{	watch	for	the	sheen	of	his	swords.			

CHORUS—

{	m : r	: d	d	: l,	: l,	l,	: s,	:	}
	Feagh	Mac	-	Hugh	of	the	moun	-	tain,
{	m : r	: d	d	: l,	: d	r	: -	: r . r	}
	Feagh	Mac	-	Hugh	of	the	glen—	Who's not	
{	m : r	: d	d	: l,	: d	d	: r	: m	}
	heard of	the	Glen	-	ma	-	lure	chief	And the
			<i>rit.</i>						
{	f : m	: r	r	: d	: l,	s,	: -		
	feats of	his	hard	-	rid	-	ing	men ?	

3. The vales of Kilmantan are spacious—
 The hills of Kilmantan are high—
 But the horn of the Chieftain finds echoes,
 From the waterside up to the sky.
 The lakes of Kilmantan are gloomy,
 Yet bright rivers stream from them all—
 So dark is our Chieftain in battle,
 So gay in the camp or the hall.

CHORUS.

4. The plains of Clan Saxon are fertile,
 Their Chiefs and their Tanists are brave,
 But the first step they take o'er the border,
 Just measures the length of a grave ;
 Thirty score of them forayed to Arklow,
 Southampton and Essex their van—
 Our Chief crossed their way, and he left of
 Each score of them, living a man.

CHORUS.

5. Oh, many the tales that they cherish,
 In the glens of Kilmantan to-day,
 And though church, rath, and native speech perish,
 His glory's untouched by decay ;
 Feagh MacHugh of the mountain,
 Feagh MacHugh of the glen—
 Who has not heard of the Glenmalure Chief
 And the feats of his hard-riding men ?

CHORUS.

T. D. M'GEE

Kilmantan is the Irish name for Wicklow. Feagh MacHugh was a celebrated Wicklow Chief of the sixteenth century.

THE WEXFORD INSURGENT.

KEY D. *Boldly.*

{ :d^l | s :-m:m | m :r :m | s :s :m | m :- :d^l d^l }
 { The | he - roes of Wex-ford have | burst thro' their chains, And the }

{ s :- m:m | m :r :m | d :- l₁ : l₁ | l₁ :- :d^l }
 { voice of the free-man is | loud o'er the plains, The }

{ s :- m:m | m :r :m | s :s :m | m :- :d^l d^l }
 { Sas-nachs are bro-ken, their | horse-men have fled, And the }

{ s :m :m | m :r :m | d : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ :- :t }
 { pride of their host on the | moun-tain lie dead. For }

{ d^l :d^l :d^l | r^l :d^l :r^l | m^l :d^l :l | s :m :d }
 { roused is the blood of the | bold Shil-ma-leer, The }

{ d^l :- t:d^l | r^l :d^l :r^l | m^l :d^l :l | l :- :d^l r^l }
 { pride of the con-flict when | foe-men are near; And the }

{ m^l :- r^l:d^l | r^l :d^l :t | d^l :t :l | s :m :d d }
 { he-roes of Bar-gy and | Ban-try are there, In the }

{ r :- d:r | m :m :r | d : l₁ :- l₁ | l₁ :- ||
 { shock ev-er fore-most, in | flight in the rere. ||

2. Oh! soon will the hearths of the traitors be lone,
 And their halls but re-echo the shriek and the groan,
 And the red flame shall burst thro' their roofs to the sky,
 For the hour of our freedom and vengeance is nigh.
 The men of the mountain are down in the vale,
 And the flags of Shelburny are loose to the gale—
 And tho' gentle the Forth, yet her sons never slight,
 For the mildest in peace are oft boldest in fight.

3. The cold-blooded Sasnach is low on the hill,
Like red rock he presses, as lone and as chill—
There pulseless and cold, the pale beams of the moon
Show the deep-riven breast of the fallen dragoon.
And low lies his charger, his bosom all torn,
And from the dark helmet the horse-hair is shorn,
And the hearts of the great, and the brave, and the proud,
Have been trampled in death when the battle was loud.
4. Oh ! long in fair England each maiden may mourn—
The pride of her bosom will never return ;
His heart's blood is scattered—his last prayer is said—
And the dark raven flaps his wild wings o'er the dead.
Yes, long she may call him from battle in vain—
The sight of her lover she ne'er shall regain ;
All cold is his bosom, and crimson his brow,
And the night wind is sighing its dirge o'er him now.

THE O'S AND THE MAC'S.

KEY F. *Allegretto.*

Air: "The Priest in his Boots."

{ :d.r | m :m :m | m :-m:m | m :f :r | d :t₁ :l₁ }
 { They may | talk as they please of their | men cel - e - bra-ted, Whose }

{ | r :r :r | f :-m:r | d :l₁ :d | m :- :d.r }
 { | deeds are re - la - ted in | ev - er - y tongue, Whose }

{ | m :m :m | m :m :m | m :f :r | d :t₁ :l₁ }
 { | mer - its in - fla - ted and | worth ov - er - ra - ted In }

{ | r :m :r | f :s :l | s :m :d | r :- || f.s }
 { | sto - ries are told, and in | ep - ies are sung. || But }

{ | l :l :f | s :s :m | f :f :r | d :t₁ :l₁ }
 { | E - rin has sons who have | an - nals more fa - mous And }

{ | r :r :r | f :m :r | d :l₁ :d | m :- :f.s }
 { | rec - ords of deeds more sup - port - ed by facts, And }

{ | l :l :f | s :s :m | f :r :r | d :t₁ :l₁ }
 { | lit - tle the brag of the | a - lien need shame us, While }

{ | r : m:r | f :s :l | s :m :r | d :- ||
 { | proud - ly we boast of our | O's and our Mac's. || }

CHORUS—

{ :d.r | m :m :m | m :m :m | m :f :r | d :t₁ :l₁ }
 { Oh, hur - rah for the land that such | he - roes can nour-ish, God }

{ | r : r : r | f : - m : r | d : l : d | m : - : d r }
 { | send her the com - fort that | sad - ly she lacks, And }

{ | m : m : m | m : m : m | m : f : r | d : t : l : l }
 { | ne'er may the Mac's and the O's cease to flour-ish Till they }

{ | r : - m : r | f : s : l | s : m : r | d : - ||
 { | raise a new stock of the O's and the Mac's. ||

2. Their origin's lost in the midst of past ages;
 Their prowess the pages of history fills;
 They ranked high as poets and statesmen and sages,
 When Britons ran naked and wild on the hills.
 And when over Europe, by pagans victorious,
 Faith's light was put out like a taper of wax,
 Who made it once more shine unsullied and glorious
 But the monks and the nuns of the O's and the Mac's?

CHORUS.

3. When the nations bowed down to the Danish marauder,
 And groaned 'neath his taxes and shrank from his blows,
 In Erin alone he got little soft sawder,
 But sweeping hard knocks from the Mac's and the O's.
 And when the false Saxon would injure and scorn her,
 They routed his hosts, and repulsed his attacks,
 And for three hundred years crushed him up in a corner,
 To beg for bare life from the O's and the Mac's.

CHORUS.

4. Alas for poor Erin! 'twas trusting betrayed her,
 Or else they had made but short work of the foe,
 And never had stooped to a heartless invader,
 Whose reign has been ruin, whose smile has been woe.
 But shot down in valley, and hunted in highland,
 And thinned by the bullet, the gibbet, and axe,
 Still vainly 'twas sought from the homes of our island
 To root out the stock of the O's and the Mac's.

CHORUS.

5. And when cruel laws through the worldwide nations,
 As exiles and wanderers forced them to roam,
 Their genius soon won them the loftiest stations,
 And riches and honours denied them at home.
 And often in joy 'mid the cannon's loud rattle,
 They laid their old foes on the broad of their backs,
 While high o'er the rush and the roar of the battle
 Rang out the wild yell of the O's and the Mac's.

CHORUS.

6. They're scattered to-day to the ends of creation,
 But their faces are lifted, their hope soaring free—
 To raise the old land from her deep degradation,
 And crown her once more fairest queen of the sea.
 Oh! God speed the day when they'll meet the invader,
 And make him his grip of poor Erin relax;
 No longer to crush, and no more to degrade her,
 While lives the old stock of the O's and the Mac's.

CHORUS.

F. A. FAHY.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

KEY F. *Fairly quick.*

Air: "The Foggy Dew."

p
 { : l₁ . t₁ | d : d . r | m : d¹ . t | l : s . m | r }
 On Cor - rig Dhoun the heath is brown,
 And many a stream comes rush - ing down

D.C.

{ : d . r | m . r : m . d | l₁ . d : t₁ . r | d : d | d }
 The clouds are dark o'er Aurd na Lee,
 To swell the an - gry Ow - na - bwee.

cres.

{ : l . t | d¹ : d¹ . t | l : t . d¹ | r¹ . d¹ : t . l | s }
 The moan - ing blast is sweep - ing fast

dim.

{	: <u>m .se</u>		l	:	-	.t		<u>d' .t</u>	:	l .se		l	:	-		-	}
{	Thro'		many			a		leaf	-	less		tree,					}

p

{	: <u>l .t</u>		d	:	d .r		m	:	<u>d' .t</u>		l	:	s .m		r	}
{	And		I'm		a -		lone		for		he		is		gone	}

{	: <u>d .r</u>		<u>m .r</u>	:	<u>m .d</u>		<u>l .d</u>	:	<u>t .r</u>		d	:	d		d	
{	My		hawk		has		flown,		o -		chone		ma	-	chree.	

2. The heath was green on Corrig Dhoun,
 Bright shone the sun on Aurd na Lee,
 The dark green trees bent trembling down,
 To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee;
 That happy day, 'twas but last May,
 'Tis like a dream to me,
 When Dónal swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
 We'd part no more, asthore machree.

3. Soft April showers and bright May flow'rs
 Will bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back the hours
 I spent with my brave Dónal then?
 'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France
 To wear the fleur-de-lis;
 But I'll follow you, mo Dónal Dhu,
 For still I'm true to you, machree.

DENNY LANE.

We have Denny Lane's authority for the fact that he wrote this sweet song to the air of "The Foggy Dew," and to none other. It is hardly fair to sing his song to another air, when that other air is certainly much inferior in merit to "The Foggy Dew." I knew Denny Lane and his family very well, and I hope that by drawing attention to the above fact I may induce people to sing this pretty song to its correct air. The other air to which I refer may be found on page 124, wedded to a song which suits it very well.

AN OLD IRISH HILL IN THE MORNING.

KEY G. *Moderato.*

Air: "Cuiple mo Cpoite."

{ : s₁ s₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : ta₁ | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | d : t₁ : d | m : r }
 { I am | wea - ry and sick of the | sights of the town, }

{ : m | s : f : r | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : m₁ | m₁ : - }
 { Tho' | haugh-ty its man-sions and | high its re - nown, }

{ : f₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : ta₁ | s₁ : - . s₁ : s₁ | d : - . t₁ : d | m : r }
 { Oh, | if some good fai - ry would | but set me down }

{ : m m | s : f : r | d : t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - | s₁ : - ||
 { On an | old Ir - ish hill in the | morn - ing! ||

{ : d | r : m : f | r : s : s | s : - . f : m | m : r }
 { My | soul ev - er sighs for a | sight of the sea, }

{ : d | t₁ : d : r | f : r : t₁ | d : - . t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ }
 { By | dear old Kin - var - a, or | down by Kil - kee, }

{ : f₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : ta₁ | s₁ : - . s₁ : s₁ | d : - . t₁ : d | m : r }
 { Or | where Mo-her's cliffs in their | ma - jes-ty free }

{ : m | s : f : r | d : t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - | s₁ ||
 { Fling | back o - cean bil - lows in | scorn - ing. ||

CHORUS—

{ : d | r : m : f | r : s : s | s : - . f : m | m : r }
 { An | old Ir - ish hill where the | crag is so steep, }

{ :d | t₁ :d :r | f :r :t₁ | d :- .t₁:s₁ | f₁ :m₁ }
 { The | air is so sweet, and the | hea - ther so deep, }

{ :f₁ | s₁ :- .l₁:ta₁ | s₁ :- .s₁:s₁ | d :- .t₁:d | m₁ :r }
 { Oh, | glad - ly I'd la - bour and | sound - ly I'd sleep }

{ :m.m | s :f :r | d :t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :- | s₁ :- ||
 { On an | old Ir - ish hill in the | morn - ing! ||

These Saxons are hard, and their senses are cold,
 And all that they care for, or think of, is gold,
 What will cover their backs, or their stomachs will hold,
 Or what their shrunk shanks is adorning.
 I miss the glad look and the grip of the hand,
 The heart on the lips, and the welcome so bland,
 The *Céad míle fáilte*, and best in the land,
 On an old Irish hill in the morning.

CHORUS—

An old Irish hill where the torrents that leap
 Are types of the hearts that a vigil there keep—
 Oh, light be their labour, and sound be their sleep
 On an old Irish hill in the morning!

3. Some day when the summer-clouds swim in the sky,
 I'll bid the stiff Saxon a merry good-bye,
 And blithe over ocean and land I shall fly,
 To the green pleasant land I was born in;
 I'll give the go-by to all sorrow and strife,
 I'll take from the valley a rosy-cheeked wife,
 And whistle "Moll Roe" for the rest of my life,
 On an old Irish hill in the morning.

CHORUS—

An old Irish hill where the dreamy mists creep,
 A cabin of love 'mid the heather to peep—
 Oh, gladly I'd labour and soundly I'd sleep
 On an old Irish hill in the morning!

4. But if the day come for the bold mountaineer
 To strike for the hearths and the homes we hold dear,
 And ringing on high on the startled air clear,
 The blast of the bugle gives warning—
 Oh, where could our boys make a sturdier stand,
 To strike a stout blow for the cause of our land,
 Than massed in their might on the sides green and grand
 Of an old Irish hill in the morning !

CHORUS—

From an old Irish hill—oh ! like eagles we'd sweep,
 And chase the false foe through the valley like sheep,—
 Oh, a harvest of hope for our Erin we'd reap,
 On an old Irish hill in the morning !

F. A. FAHY.

AT EARLY DAWN.

KEY F.

Air: "Fáinne Seol an tae."

{ : .d,r | m .m : m .r,m | s .s : l .s,m | d .r : d .d }
 { At | ear-ly , dawn I | once h'd been Where | Lene's b'ue wa-ters }

{ d : .s | l .s : l .d' | m .r : d .m }
 { flow, When | sum-mer b'ed the | groves be green, The }

{ s .m : d' .m | r : .s | l .s : l .d' }
 { lamp of light to | glow— As | on by bower, and }

{ m .r : d .m | s .m : d' .m | r : .d,r }
 { town, and tower, And | wide-spread fields I | stray, I }

{ m .m : m .r,m | s .s : l .s,m | d .r : d .d }
 { met a maid in the | green-wood shade, At the | dawn-ing of the }

{ d : .|| }
 { day ! }

2. Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
 No mantle fair she wore,
 But down her waist fell golden hair
 That swept the tall grass o'er;
 With milking-pail she sought the vale,
 And bright her charms' display,
 Outshining far the morning star,
 At the dawning of the day !
3. Beside me sat that maid divine,
 Where grassy banks outspread—
 "Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
 Dear maid," I sportive said.
 "False man, for shame, why bring me blame ?"
 She cried, and burst away—
 The sun's first light pursued her flight,
 At the dawning of the day !

EDWARD WALSH.

THE ROVER.

KEY D. *Pretty quick.*

Air: "An Spailpín fánað."

{	<u>: d^l ., t</u>		<u>l ., t : l . s</u>		m	:	<u>r . f</u>		m	:	d		l ₁	}
	No		more — no		more		in		Cash		- el		town	

{	: t ₁		<u>d . t₁ : l₁ . t₁</u>		<u>d . r</u>	:	<u>m . f</u>		s	:	-		<u>î</u>	}
	I'll		sell my		health		a -		rak		-		ing,	

{	: d ^l ., t		<u>l ., t : l . s</u>		m	:	<u>r . f</u>		m	:	d		l ₁	}
	Nor on		days of		fairs		rove		up		and		down,	

{	<u>: d . r</u>		m	:	m		r	:	r		d	:	-		d	}
	Nor		join		the		mer - ry		ma		-				king.	

{	<u>: d . r</u>		m	:	- : m		d ^l	:	<u>d^l . t</u>		l	:	<u>l . s</u>		m	}
	There,		mount		- ed		farm -		ers		came		in		throngs	

{	: s		l	:	<u>l . s</u>		l	:	<u>r^l</u>		d ^l	:	-		t	}
	To		seek		and		hire		me		o		-		ver,	

{	<u>: d^l ., t</u>		<u>l ., t : l . s</u>		m	:	<u>r . f</u>		m	:	d		l ₁	}
	But		now I'm		hired,		and my		jour -		ney's		long,	

{	<u>: d . r</u>		m	:	m		r ^l	:	r		d	:	-		d	}
	The		jour -		ney		of		the		Ro		-		ver!	

2. I've found, what Rovers often do,
 I trod my health down fairly ;
 And that wand'ring out on morning dew
 Will gather fevers early.
 No more shall flail swing o'er my head,
 Nor my hand a spade-shaft cover,
 But the Banner of France will float, instead,
 And the Pike stand by the Rover !

3. When to Callan once, with hook in hand,
 I'd go for early shearing,
 Or to Dublin town—the news was grand
 That the "Rover gay" was nearing.
 And soon with good gold home I'd go,
 And my mother's field dig over,
 But no more—no more this land shall know
 My name as the "Merry Rover !"

4. Five hundred farewells to Fatherland !
 To my loved and lovely Island !
 And to Culach boys—they'd better stand
 Her guards by glen and highland.
 But now that I am poor and lone,
 A wand'rer—not in clover—
 My heart it sinks with bitter moan
 To have ever lived a Rover.

5. In pleasant Kerry lives a girl,
 A girl whom I love dearly ;
 Her cheek's a rose, her brow's a pearl,
 And her blue eyes shine so clearly !
 Her long fair locks fall curling down
 O'er a breast untouched by lover—
 More dear than dames with a hundred poun^d
 Is she unto the Rover !

6. Ah, well I mind, my own men drove
 My cattle in no small way ;
 With cows, with sheep, with calves, they'd move,
 With steeds, too, west to Galway.

Heaven willed I'd lose each horse and cow,
 And my health but half recover—
 It breaks my heart, for *her* sake, now
 That I'm only a sorry Rover.

7. But when once the French come o'er the main,
 With stout camps in each valley,
 With Buck O'Grady back again,
 And poor brave Tadhg O'Dálaigh—
 Oh, the Royal Barracks in dust shall lie,
 The yeomen we'll chase over ;
 And the English clan be forced to fly—
 'Tis the sole hope of the Rover !

Peasant Ballad, 1797.

Translated by DR. GEO. SIGERSON.

This version of the air is, I think, the best. It was taken down by Jer. O'Connor, Cork, from the singing of O'Connor Kelly, a native speaker and an excellent tenor traditional singer from Ballyvourney, Co. Cork.

THE RED LUSMORE.*

KEY D. *Lively.*

Air: "The Blooming Meadows."

{	: s ₁	s ₁ :- : d	d :- : r	m :- : s	f : r : d	}
	The	snow	is on	the	moun - tain high,	The
{	t ₁ :- : s ₁	s ₁ : l ₁ :	s ₁	t ₁ :- :-	t ₁ : l ₁ :	s ₁
	bloom	is on	the	hea - -	ther;	But
{	s ₁ : d : d	d :- : r	m : r : d	r : m : f	}	
	laugh - ing	Spring	will	soon . be	nigh, And	
{	s :- : m	f : r : t ₁	d :- :-	d :- : d ¹	}	
	Sum - mer's	gold - en	wea - -	ther. Then		
{	d ¹ :- : s	s : l : t	d ¹ :- : r ¹	m ¹ : r ¹ : d ¹	}	
	man - y a	vale we'd	wan - der	o'er Whose		
{	t :- : s	s : l : s	t :- : d ¹	r ¹ : t : s	}	
	streams leap	glad and	fleet - ly,	And		
{	d ¹ :- : s	s : l : t	d ¹ :- : r ¹	m ¹ : r ¹ : d ¹	}	
	man - y a	glen of	red lus - more	That		
{	t : l : s	f : r : t ₁	d :- :-	d :-		
	shines in	June so	sweet - ly.			

2. What makes me love the lusmore gay,
 With all their bright bells round them ?
 My dear one's lips are red as they,
 And sweet as bee o'er found them ;
 And, oh ! it shines by torrents hoar,
 In haunts of sprite and fairy,
 Where many an hour in days of yore,
 I dreamt of one like Mary.
3. While purple decks its gorgeous bells
 I'll never seek a new love ;
 In Summertime, where'er it dwells,
 I'll wander with my true love ;
 And I will tell her o'er and o'er
 Of vows, my fond vows, meetly,
 In fairy glens of red lusmore,
 That shines in June so sweetly.

* Foxglove.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

KEY D.

Air: "Cailín deap cniúóte na mbó."

p.

{	<u>r .m</u>		<u>f</u>	: <u>l</u>	: <u>f</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>s</u>	: <u>m</u>		<u>r</u>	: <u>d</u>	}
{	'Twas		eve,	and	the		stars	be -	gan		peep -	ing,	}

{	<u>r .m</u>		<u>f</u>	: <u>l</u>	: <u>f</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>s</u>	: <u>m</u>		<u>r</u>	: -	}
{	Though		sun -	set	still		crim -	soned	the		west,	}	

{	<u>r .m</u>		<u>f</u>	: <u>l</u>	: <u>f</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>s .f</u>	: <u>m .,r</u>		<u>r</u>	: <u>d</u>	}
{	When		sounds	through	the		hushed	a r	came		creep -	ing,	}

{	<u>l, s</u>		<u>f</u>	: -	<u>m : r</u>		<u>l</u>	: <u>r</u>	: <u>r .m</u>		<u>r</u>	: -	}
{	That		ruf -	fled	the		peace	of	my		breast.	}	

cres.

{	<u>r .m</u>		<u>f</u>	: <u>s</u>	: <u>l .t</u>		<u>d^l</u>	: <u>l</u>	: <u>d^l</u>		<u>r^l</u>	: <u>r</u>	}
{	My		form	in	the		twi -	light	con -		ceal -	ing	}

{	<u>r .m</u>		<u>f</u>	: <u>s</u>	: <u>l .t</u>		<u>d^l</u>	: <u>l</u>	: <u>d^l</u>		<u>r^l</u>	: -	}
{	I		sat	my -	self		down	on	my		plough,	}	

{	<u>m^l r^l</u>		<u>d^l</u>	: <u>l .t</u>	: <u>d^l</u>		<u>f</u>	: <u>s .,f</u>	: <u>m .,r</u>		<u>r</u>	: <u>d</u>	}
{	While		sang,	full	of		sad -	ness	and		feel -	ing,	}

{	<u>l, s</u>		<u>f</u>	: -	<u>m : r</u>		<u>l</u>	: <u>r</u>	: <u>r .m</u>		<u>r</u>	: -	
{	A		pret -	ty	girl		milk -	ing	her		cow.		

2. "Sweet land, that my forefathers bled for,
 When strangers to trample thee thought;
 Ah! what was their valiant blood shed for?
 Far better they never had fought.
 Thy sons think no more on thy glory,
 Like slaves to the tyrants they bow;
 And I can but weep at thy story,
 And sing it while milking my cow.
3. "It is not that riches I sigh for—
 I only repine at thy shame—
 Thy glory and freedom I'd die for,
 And smile upon Death as he came.
 I'd prize the bold hand that would right thee,
 And spurn him with diadem'd brow
 Whose base heart would injure and slight thee,
 Though a poor maiden milking her cow.
4. "Oh! blest be the sons of the stranger,
 Who, nursed on thy beautiful breast,
 With thine shared the strife and the danger
 For thee, bleeding isle of the west!
 When the child of thy foe would befriend thee
 Nor wrong to thy bosom allow,
 Why should not the blessing attend thee,
 Of the poor girl milking her cow?"
5. She ceased as the shadows fell deeper,
 And homeward returned with her pail,
 But I felt like some strangely-waked sleeper
 At the tones of that eloquent wail.
 Oh! sure if thy sons but relented
 Sweet land, 'twere not late, even now,
 To wash out the woes so lamented
 By the fair maiden milking her cow.

M. J. BARRY.

COLLEEN DHAS CROOTHE NA MÓ.

KEY D.

p
 { r . m | f : l : f | m : s : m | r : d : r . m }
 { The | gold rain of | eve was de - | scend - ing; Bright }

{ f : l : f | m : s : m | r : - : r . m }
 { pur - ple robed | moun - tain and | tree, As }

{ f : l : f | m : s . f : m . r | r : d : l . s }
 { I through Glen | Mor - neen was | wend - ing, A }

cres.
 { f : - m : r | l : r : r . m | r : - : r . m }
 { wan - d'r'er from | o'er the blue | sea. 'Twas the }

{ f : s : l . t | d^l : l : d^l | r^l : r : r . m }
 { lap of a | west - look - ing | moun - tain, Its }

f
 { f : s : l . t | d^l : l : d^l | r^l : - : m^l . r^l }
 { wood - y slope | bright with the | glow, Where }

{ d^l : l . t : d^l | f : s . f : m . r | r : d : l . s }
 { sang by a | mur - mur - ing | foun - tain An }

{ f : - m : r | l : r : r . m | r : - : ||
 { col - leen dhas | croo - the na | mó. || }

2. Dark clouds where a gold tinge reposes
 But picture her brown wavy hair;
 And her teeth looked as if in a rose's
 Red bosom a snowflake gleamed fair.

A LEGEND OF THE SHANNON.

KEY D.

Air : " Cold and rough the North Wind blows."

{ :s|l :- :l |s :- :l |f :- :r |d :- :d }
 On|Shan - non's fair ma-jest - ic tide Tho

{ r :- :r |d :t| :d |r :- :- |f :- :s }
 moon with queen - ly splen - - dour, Looks

{ l :- :l |s :- :l |f :- :r |d :- :d }
 down in her me-rid - ian pride, While

{ r :- :r |d :t| :d |r :- :- |r :- :l| }
 vas - sal stars at - tend her ; Light

{ r :- :m |f :- :s |l :- :s |f :- :s }
 ze - phyr's danc - ing o'er the wave Scarce

{ l :- :r^l |r^l :m^l :d^l |r^l :- :- |l :- :d^l }
 break its peace - ful slum - bers, While

{ r^l :- :l |s :- :l |f :- :r |d :- :d }
 E - - cho from each rock and cave Sings

{ r :- :r |d :t| :d |r :- :- |r :- ||
 forth her mag - ic num - - bers. ||

2 But why doth yon frail shallop bear
 Across the Shannon water,
 At such an hour, Teresa fair,
 De Burgo's only daughter ?

Why flies she thus, alone and free;
 From home and kindred speeding ?
 Why seeing, sigh, yet, sigh to see
 Portumna's tower receding ?

3. Ah ! sure 'tis love alone could teach
 The maiden thus to wander ;
 Yes ! see upon the moonlit beach
 A youth awaits her yonder ;
 With bounding heart and eager glance
 He views Clanrickarde's daughter
 Like some aerial being dance
 Across the rippling water.

4. The brave O'Carroll, he for years
 Had dared the Saxon power,
 And taught the force of Irish spears
 On battlefield and tower ;
 But one sad day saw fall his best
 And bravest kerns around him—
 Insatiate for revenge, the next
 'Mid Burgo's clansmen found him

5. 'Twas then Teresa's soft blue eye
 First wrought its magic power ;
 Teresa's love now bids them fly
 For aye from yonder tower.
 "Now, hie thee, love," O'Carroll cried,
 "By yon fair moon I swear thee,
 Far, far away from Shannon's tide
 This faithful steed shall bear thee."

6. "For this I braved thy father's wrath,
 He swore my heart should sheen thee ;
 But I had plighted thee my troth
 And I had died or won thee.
 Then hie"—but, hark ! Teresa fair,
 What peril now hath found her ?
 Oh ! see, 'mid shrieks of wild despair,
 The waters close around her.

7. As to the serpent's witching eye
The victim bird is borne—
Quick as from out the warring sky
The lightning flash is torn,
So dashed into the dark cold wave
Teresa's frantic lover ;
But while with hands outstretched to save
The tide rose calm above her !
8. Though Time has since flown fast away
The Shannon rolls as ever ;
And oft upon a moonlit bay
That hems the noble river,
The midnight wanderer has espied
A steed, while o'er the water
The tiny bark is seen to glide
That wafted Burgo's daughter.

B. C.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

{	s		d' : s		l : t		d' :-		s : l	}
{	One		ev' - ning		walk - ing		out,		I o'er -	}

{	d' ta : l		s : f		r : d		- : s . d'	}
{	took a		mo - dest		col - leen,		When the	}

{	d' : s		l : t		d' :-		s : l	}
{	wind was		blow - ing		cool,		And the	}

{	d' ta : l		s : f		r : d		- : s . d'	}
{	har - vest		leaves were		fall - ing :		"Is our	}

{	d' : s		l : t		d' :-		s : l	}
{	way by		chance the		same ?		Might we	}

{	d' ta : l		s : f		r : d		- : m . f	}
{	tra - vel		on to -		ge - ther ? "		"Oh, I	}

{	s : -.l		s : m		s :-		d : m	}
{	keep the		moun - tain		side,"		She re -	}

{	r : m		f : s		m : d		-	
{	plied, "a -		mong the		hea - ther."			

At the request of Mrs. W. Allingham I give above the air as found in William Allingham's published book, *Irish Songs and Poems*. I prefer the *traditional version, which I give on next page. It is a very pretty air. Singers can take their choice.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

KEY C. *Pleasantly.*

{ : .m | r .l :l .t | d^l :m .r }
 One ev' - ning walk - ing out, I o'er - }

{ | d .t^l :d .m | s .m :r .d }
 took a mod - est col - leen, When the }

{ | r .l :l .t | d^l :d^l .r^l }
 wind was blow - ing cool And the }

{ | m^l .r^l :d^l .l | t .l :s .s }
 har - vest leaves were fall - ing; "Is our }

{ | s .s :s .l ,t | d^l :l .s }
 way by chance the same? Might we }

{ | l .r^l :r^l .m^l | r^l .d^l :l .s }
 tra - vel on to - geth - er? "O, I }

{ | m .d^l :t .d^l | l :s .m }
 keep the moun - tain side," She re - }

{ | r .l :s .l | m .r : }
 plied, "a - mong the hea - ther." ||

2. "Your mountain air is sweet
 When the days are long and sunny,
 When the grass grows round the rocks,
 And the whin-bloom smells like honey;

But the winter's coming fast,
 With its foggy, snowy weather,
 And you'll find it bleak and chill
 On your hill, among the heather."

3. She praised her mountain home,
 And I'll praise it, too, with reason,
 For where Molly is, there's sunshine
 And flow'rs at every season,
 Be the moorland black or white,
 Does it signify a feather,
 Now I know the way by heart,
 Every part, among the heather !

4. The sun goes down in haste,
 And the night falls thick and stormy ;
 Yet I'd travel twenty miles
 To the welcome that's before me ;
 Singing hi for Eskydun,
 In the teeth of wind and weather !
 Love'll warm me as I go
 Through the snow among the heather.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

The above air, which is very sweet and beautiful, was taken down from the singing of Kate Coakly, who lives at Rahalisk, five miles from Macroom.

FINEEN O'DRISCOLL THE ROVER.

KEY C.

Air: "The Groves of Blackpool."

{ :d^l | s :l :f | m :f :r | d :r :m }
 { An | old cas - tle towers o'er the bil - lows That }

{ | s :m :d | d :m :s | l :- :d^l }
 { | thun - der by Clee - na's green land, And }

{ | s :l :f | m :f :r | d :r :m }
 { | there dwelt as gal - lant a ro - ver As }

{ | s :m :d | d :m :s | l :- :t }
 { | ev - er grasp'd hilt in the hand. }

{ | d^l :t :d^l | r^l :d^l :t | l :s :m }
 { | Eight state - ly tow'rs of the wa - ters Lie }

{ | d^l :t :d^l | r^l :d^l :t | l :- :d^l.r^l }
 { | an - chor'd in Bal - ti - more Bay, And }

{ | m^l :d^l :m^l | r^l :d^l :t | l .d^l :- :l }
 { | o - ver their twen - ty score sailors Bold }

{ | s :m :d | d :m :s | l :- ||
 { | Fin - een the Ro - ver held sway. }

CHORUS—

{ :d^l | s :l :f | m :f :r | d :r :m }
 { Then | ho ! for Fin - een the Ro - ver! }

{ s : m : d | d : m : s | l : - : d^l }
 { Finn - een O' Dris - coll the free, As }

{ s : l : f | m : f : r | d : r : m }
 { straight as the mast of his gal - ley And }

{ s : m : d | d : m : s | l : - ||
 { strong as a wave of the sea! ||

2. The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
 They harried his lands with their powers ;
 He gave them a taste of his cannon,
 And drove them like wolves from his towers ;
 The men of Clan London brought over
 Their strong fleet to make him a slave ;
 They met him by Mizen's wild headland,
 And the sharks gnawed their bones 'neath the wave.
 Then ho ! for Fineen the Rover !
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free ;
 With step like the red stag of Beara,
 And voice like the bold-sounding sea !

3. Long time in that old battered castle,
 Or out on the waves with his clan,
 He feasted and ventured and conquered,
 But ne'er struck his colours to man.
 In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country
 He died as a brave man should die,
 And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
 Where the waves sing his cooime to the sky.
 Then ho ! for Fineen the Rover !
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free ;
 With eye like the osprey's at morning,
 And smile like the sun on the sea !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

KEY E.

Air: "Coir Laoi na Speab."

{ :l₁ | l₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :r | m :- :l | l :- :t }
 The Sum - mer sun is fall - ing soft On }

{ | l :- :s | m :- :r | m : l₁ :- | - :- :t₁ }
 Car - bry's hun - dred | isles. The }

{ | d :- :t₁ | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :r }
 Sum - mer sun is gleam - ing still Thro' }

{ | r : d : t₁ t₁ | d :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :r }
 Ga-briel's rough de-files. Old In - ish - er - kin's }

{ | m :- :l | l :- :t | l :- :s | m :- :r }
 crum - bled fane Looks like a moult - ing }

{ | m : l₁ :- | - :- :t₁ | d :- :t₁ | d :- :r }
 bird ; And in a calm and }

{ | m :- :f | m :- :r | r : d : t₁ t₁ | d :- :s }
 sleep - y swell The o - cean tide is heard. || The }

{ | l :- :s | l :- :t | d' :- :t | t :- :d' t }
 hook - ers lie up - on the beach ; The }

{ | l :- :t | d' :- :t | l : m :- | - :- :s }
 chil - dren cease their play ; The }

{ | l :- : s | l :- : t | d' :- : t | t :- : t }
 { | gos - sips leav' their | lit - tle inn, The }

{ | t :- : l | l :- : s | l :- : - | - :- : s }
 { | house - holds kneel to pray— And }

{ | l :- : s | l :- : t | d' :- : t | t :- : l }
 { | full of love, and peace, and rest— Its }

{ | s :- : l | m :- : r | m :- : l | :- : - : t | }
 { | dai - ly la - bour | o'er— Up }

{ | d :- : t | d :- : r | m :- : f | m :- : r }
 { | on that co - sy creek there lay The }

{ | r : d : t, t | d :- : ||
 { | town of Bal-ti-more. ||

2. A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
 No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
 The massive capes and ruined towers, seem conscious of the calm ;
 The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
 So still the night, these two long barques round Dunashad that glide,
 Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide ;
 Oh ! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
 They bring some lover to his bride who sighs in Baltimore !
3. All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
 And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
 A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! " the roof is in a flame " !
 From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid and sire and dame
 And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre fall,
 And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
 The yell of " Allah ! " breaks above the pray'r, and shriek, and roar—
 O blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

WINNY.

KEY G.

Air: "Moll Roe."

{ : s₁ | d : - . d : d | r : m : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { Her | blue eyes they beam and they twin - kle, Her }

{ | m : - . d : d | f : r : m | f : - : l }
 { | lips they make smi - ling more fair; On }

{ | m : - . d : d | r : m : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | check and on brow there's no wrin kle, But }

{ | m : - . m : m | f : r : t₁ | d : - : s }
 { | thou - sands of curls in her hair. She's }

{ | s : - . m : m | f : r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | lit - tle, you don't wish her tall - er, Just }

{ | s : - . m : m | f : r . m | f : - : l }
 { | half thro' her teens is her age; And }

{ | s : - . m : m | f : - . r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | la - dy or ba - by to call her, Were }

{ | m : m : m | f : r : t₁ | d : - : }
 { | some - thing to puz - zle a sage. }

2. Her walk is far better than dancing;
 She speaks as another might sing:
 And all by an innocent chancing,
 Like lambkins and birds in the Spring.

Unskill'd in the airs of the city
 She's perfect in natural grace;
 She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
 And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

3. Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
 As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—
 And, oh! when she comes, in a minute,
 Like sunbeams she brightens the room.
 As taking in mind as in feature,
 How many will sigh for her sake!
 I wonder, the sweet little creature,
 What sort of a wife she would make.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

On giving me permission to use her husband's copyright songs, Mrs. William Allingham requested me to use the airs which he published with them. I have done so. In one case, namely, in the song, "Among the Heather" (p. 174) I have given an alternative version, as I considered it a better one than William Allingham's. For the song "Winny" I would have preferred to use the air "An t-*gathain* *geal bán*," which is found on p. 86 of this series.

THE CONVICT OF CLONMEL.

KEY F.

{ s₁d₁t₁ | d :d :- .s₁ | t₁.d :- :r | m :- :d.r }
 How | hard is my | for-tune, And | vain my re-

{ | t₁ :s₁ : s₁d₁t₁ | d :d :- .s₁ | t₁ :d :- .r }
 pin - ing! The | strong rope of | fate For this }

{ | m :- :d.r | ^{mr}d :- :m.f | s :- .f :m }
 young neck is | twining, My | strength is de-

{ | f :s :- .f | m :r :- .drd | t₁ :s₁ : s₁d₁t₁ }
 part - ed, My | cheek sunk and | sal - low, While I }

{ | d :d :- .s₁ | t₁ : ŝ :- .f | m^fm :d :- .r }
 lan - guish in | chains In the | gaol of Cluain- }

{ | d :- ||
 meala. }

2. No boy in the village
 Was ever yet milder,
 I'd play with a child
 And my sport would be wilder.
 I'd dance without tiring
 From morning till even,
 And the goal-ball I'd strike
 To the lightning of Heaven.

3. At my bed-foot decaying,
 My hurlbat is lying,
 Through the boys of the village
 My goal-ball is flying ;
 My horse 'mong the neighbours
 Neglected may fallow,—
 While I pine in my chains
 In the gaol of Cluainmeala.

4. Next Sunday the "pattern"
 At home will be keeping,
 And the young active hurlers
 The field will be sweeping.
 With the dance of fair maidens
 The evening they'll hallow,
 While this heart, once so gay,
 Shall be cold in Cluainmeala.

J. J. CALLANAN.

Convicts have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland. They often suffered for faith and fatherland. This air is the one to which the song is wedded amongst the old singers in Co. Cork.

A FENIAN BALLAD.

KEY F. *Slow.*

{	:	.r		d	.t ₁	:	s ₁	.,l ₁		t ₁	.,d	:	r	.,t ₁	}
		Come		all	ye		brave	U -		ni -	ted		Men,	Who'd	

{		d	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.,s ₁		s ₁	:	. <td>}</td>	}
		right	your		oun -	try's		wrong;		I'll	

{		f	.,m	:	f	.,r		s	.f	:	r	.,t ₁	}
		sing	to		you	a		verse	or		two	which	

{		d	.,d	:	f	.,m		r	:	. <td>}</td>	}
		won't	de -		tain	you		long.		In	

{		f	.,m	:	f	.,r		s	.,f	:	r	.,t ₁	}
		old	Ive -		lea -	ry -		by -	the -		Hills	my	

{		d	.,d	:	f	.,m		r	:	.r	}
		youth -	ful		days	passed		by ;		The	

{		d	.t ₁	:	s ₁	.l ₁		t ₁	.,d	:	r	.,t ₁	}
		Fam -	ine		came	and		fills	the		Cills*—I		

{		d	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.,s ₁		s ₁	:		}
		saw	my		fa -	ther		die.			

2. The bailiff with the "notice" came—the bit of ground was gone—
 I saw the roof-tree in a flame—the crow-bar work was done.
 With neither house nor bed nor bread, the Workhouse was my doom,
 And on my jacket soon I read: "The Union of Macroomb."

* Cills, i.e., churchyards.

3. My mother died of broken heart ; my uncle from the town
Brought for her a horse and cart and buried her in Gleown.
I joined the " Red-Coats " then—*mo leir* ! what would my father say ?
And I was sent in one short year on service to Bombay.
4. I thought to be a pauper was the greatest human curse,
But fighting in a robber's cause—I felt it ten times worse :
I helped to plunder and enslave those tribes of India's sons,
And I spent many a sultry day blowing Sepoys from our guns.
5. I told those sins to Father Ned—the murder and the booty ;
They were no sins for me, he said, I only did my duty.
And when that " duty " here was done a journey home I made ;
I found my friends all dead and gone—I joined the Pope's Brigade.
6. I got but medals on my breast for serving in this campaign ;
And next—I'm found in the far West a soldiering again—
With famous Captain Billy O, I joined the Fenian band,
And swore, one day, to strike a blow to free my Native Land.
7. Back in this sinking isle again, where vultures drink our blood,
Friends are scattered, starved, or slain—I'm told I'm cursed by God,
That I could swear my life-long days to serve from Pole to Pole
In any other cause but this with safety to my soul.
How can it be by God's decree I'm cursed, outlawed, and banned
Because I swore, one day, to free my trampled Native Land ?

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

I link this excellent ballad to a very sweet variant of the air, " *RACA breá§ mo éinn.*" The ballad enshrines another " fact " of Irish history of the last century. The fifth and sixth lines of verse 7 may be sung to the same part of the air as the third and fourth lines. The air should be taken somewhat slowly.

EILEEN O BRIN

KEY Bb.

Air: "Τά μο ξράθ πο ἀρ ἀν δβαινην."

p
 { s₁ s₁ | s₁ : s₁ f₁ | m₁ f₁ : s₁ l₁ | ta₁ : l₁ l₁ | s₁ : m r }
 She is | gone, she is gone, where shall Der - mod find rest From the)

p
 { | d ta₁ : s₁ f₁ | m₁ f₁ : s₁ d | r : m r | d : s₁ s₁ }
 | grief of his | spir - it, the | rage of his breast? Since the)

p
 { | s₁ : s₁ f₁ | m₁ f₁ : s₁ l₁ | ta₁ : l₁ l₁ | s₁ : m r }
 | child of his | chief - tain no | more may he | view, As)

dim. *p*
 { | d ta₁ : s₁ f₁ | m₁ f₁ : s₁ t₁ d | r : m r | d : d d }
 | fair as the | morn - ing and | pure as its | dew. She is)

f *dim.*
 { | m r f : s f | m : r d | t₁ : s₁ fe | s₁ : m m }
 | gone! Now at eve, by the | Lif - fey's gay | tide, Who shall)

f
 { | m r f : s f | m : r d | t₁ d : r m | d : s₁ }
 | lead the aged | war - rior and | watch by his | side? Oh!)

p *f*
 { | s₁ : s₁ . f₁ | m₁ . f₁ : s₁ . l₁ | t a₁ : l₁ . f₁ | s₁ : m₁ . r₁ }
 { | hate to thee, | Tyr - rell, for | black is thy sin, | Who hast }

rall. *dim.* *p*
 { | d . t a₁ : s₁ . f₁ | m₁ . f₁ : s₁ . t₁ , d | r : m . , r | d }
 { | nipped in its | bloom-hood the | flow'r of O' Brin. | }

2. Young Armoric loved her, and once as she hung
 O'er her harp, and the wrongs of green Erin she sung,
 He vowed by her beauty, the strength of the land
 He would marshal for freedom, or forfeit her hand.
 Poor Eileen was silent; still trembling she played,
 While the tears in her dark eye her bosom betrayed:
 Ah, madd'ning the thought! that the foes of her kin,
 And her country, should rob us of Eileen O'Brin.

3. As here in the depths of the dark tangled wood,
 When the throstle, sweet bird, rears his promising brood,
 The spoiler, to mark them, is oft wont to come
 Ere he, merciless, plunders their moss-covered home;
 So Tyrrell, while ruin his heart had long planned,
 Watched Eileen, to see all her beauties expand,
 Then, fiend-like, that heart which he never could win
 He tore from the homestead of Torlogh O'Brin.

4. How smooth was the Liffey—how blooming the lawn!
 When she went forth as playful and light as a fawn;
 Young Armoric greets her—no more could he say,
 The ambush are on him—he falls—she's away!
 We missed her at twilight, and swift in her track
 Our kerns rush fiercely to conquer her back;
 But in vain—she's secured the strong castle within,
 And the accents of woe fill the home of O'Brin.

5. We trusted the stranger—we've dwelt on his plain;
 Our safeguard his honour—'tis black with a stain;
 Yet he recks not, but laughs in the face of our wail,
 For they wrong, then insult us, those lords of the Pale.

Glendalough ! Oh, thy deep sunny valleys for me,
 And thy mountains that watch o'er the homes of the free,
 Where chieftains as brave as e'er battle did win
 Would bow to the beauty of Eileen O'Brin.

6. But we've lost her—up Cuallane—thy warriors awake !
 Glenduff, send thy bravest to fight for her sake—
 O'Brin ! see your name is dishonoured—repay
 The tyrant whose minions forced Eileen away ;
 O'Tooles and O'Dempseys your weapons unsheath—
 Come down, let your war-cry be " Vengeance or death,"
 Nor cease ye one moment, when once ye begin,
 Till the life-blood of Tyrrell atone to O'Brin.

MIRO.

This air is taken from Petrie. He says of it : " It is a beautiful and most ancient melody." It is one of the fine airs which Petrie got from James Fogarty, an intelligent farmer, of more than ordinary cultivation of mind, who resided at Tibroughney, Co. Kilkenny, near Carrick-on-Suir. Fogarty said that the song sung to it was a beautiful love-song for a person crossing the seas. As he also believed that it had a political tinge ; in all probability it was a Jacobite ballad. Fogarty lived in Tibroughney up to 1852 when he had to emigrate. This beautiful song, to which I link it for the first time, will be found worthy of it. I do not know the author of it.

MY LOVE IS ON THE RIVER

Air: "Cá mo gráó ro ar an abainn."

1. Slíav Gua's highlands shade meadow and river
And guard the green islands of the golden Suir;
The Tur brightly sallies from their coombs, wild and fleet,
And sings thro' the valleys that bloom at their feet.
More bright to-day than they e'er shone before,
Shine castle grey, and green heights, and shore—
Oh! the splendours that quiver o'er wildwood and lea,
While my love is on the river in his light boat with me.

2. Swift as foot of the beagle from the hills doth he hie;
Bright as glance of the eagle, the glance of his eye;
When the Green Flag's unfurled he is straight as the tree;
Never heart in the world could be fonder of me.
Outlawed and lone lived he many a day,
In his cold cave of stone 'mid the hills far away;
But truth conquers ever and my love he is free
On the Suir's golden river in his light boat with me.

3. Sweet songs are ringing from the birds of the grove,
But sweeter the singing of my own gallant love;
Oh! his brave words first found in me sadness and pain,
But they soon strewed around me bright flowers again.
And he never more from my arms shall be torn:
The fair chapel door shall receive us next morn;
And the green woods shall quiver to our bridal bell's glee,
For my love is on the river in his light boat with me.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

For air see previous song, p. 186, the title of which is also the title of this song. R. D. Joyce wrote the song for this air.

THOU ART NOT CONQUERED YET.

KEY E♭. *Passionately.*

Air: From Petrie.

p
 { : s₁ | d ., r : m . f | s : f . r | d . t₁ : s₁ | s₁ }
 Thou | art not con - quered | yet, dear land, }

{ : s₁ | d ., r : m . f | s . l : f . r | d : - | - }
 Though | pale thy once - bright | cheek, }

{ : s₁ | d ., r : m . f | s : f . r | d . t₁ : s₁ | s₁ }
 Al - | though thy lips of | gold - en song }

{ : s₁ | d ., r : m . f | s . l : f . r | d : - | - }
 Now | mourn - ful - ly do | speak. }

cres.
 { : m . f | s : s . l | ta : ta . d¹ | ta : s . m | f }
 Al - | though thine eyes have | dimmed their hue, }

f
 { : m . f | s : d¹ | d¹ ., m¹ : r¹ . t | d¹ : - . t | s }
 And | with cold tears are | wet, }

mf *dim.*
 { : s . l | ta : ta . d¹ | ta : l . s | f : r ., d | t₁ }
 Yes, | mo - ther, thy heart beats | proud - ly still; }

p
 { : s₁ | d ., r : m . f | s . l : f . r | d : - | - ||
 Thou | art not con - quered | yet. ||

2. Thy limbs are bound in fetters strong,
 Thy heart is beating fast ;
 For, oh ! the gloomy pall of death
 Is ever round thee cast.
 The stars bring thee no light, *asthore*,
 Thy glorious sun is set ;
 Yet, darling, hold thy flagstaff firm :
 Thou art not conquered yet.

3. Seven centuries a stranger's hoof
 Has trod thy beauty down,
 His hand has torn with ruffian grasp
 From thy fair head its crown.
 But crownless as thou art to-day,
 Yet never can forget
 How bravely you have borne the past
 Thou art not conquered yet.

4. The poet brought unto thy feet
 His gift of precious song,
 And round thee in a haloed ring
 How thick thy martyrs throng.
 Two nations at thy fallen throne
 In bonds of love have met,
 Thy flashing eyes unto them speak :
 Thou art not conquered yet.

5. Now, in thy proud mute eloquence
 The wide earth well may know,
 The river of thy centuried thought,
 Its caravel of woe.
 But we who cling to thee, dear love,
 No tears our eyelids wet—
 We only swear, before high Heaven,
 Thou art not conquered yet.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO")

This fine air from Petrie is full of pathos and passion. Its strains find fit expression in "Leo's" splendid ballad.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

KEY A. *Lively.*

Air: "The Juice of the Barley."

{ s₁.f₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | d : - r : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ | }

{ One | mid-sum-mer's eve, when the ' Bol - fires were light - ed, }

{ m.f | s : m : s | f : m : f | m : - m : r | r : r | }

{ And the | bag - pi - per's tone call'd the | maid - ens de - light-ed, }

{ m.f | s : m : s | f : m : f | r : t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : m₁ | }

{ I | joined a gay group by the | Ar - a - gl'n's wa - ter }

{ .f | m : r : d | t₁ : d : r | d : s₁ : d | d : d | }

{ And | danced till the dawn with O' | Don - o - van's Daugh-ter }

2. Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry,
Have you mark'd on the Galtees the black whortleberry,
Or ceanabhan wave by the wells of Blackwater?
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's Daughter.
3. Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round mountain,
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain,
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's Daughter!
4. Have you marked in its flight the black wing of the raven,
The rosebuds that breathe in the summer breeze waven,
The pearls that lie under Lene's magic water?
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter!

5. Ere the Bel-fire was dimmed or the dancers departed,
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted.
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I taught her
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter.

6. God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that woos me,
God grant 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that pursues me,
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daughter!

7. If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's wide border;
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've besought her,
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's Daughter.

EDWARD WALSH.

THE MEN OF THE WEST.

KEY F. *Boldly and proudly.*

Air: "Eoġan cóip."

{ :s₁.s₁ | d : d : d | m : r : d | m : - : - | s : - : l }
 { While we | hon - our in song and in | sto - - ry The }

{ | s : m : d | d : r : m | l₁ : - : - | : : s₁ }
 { | names of our pa - tri - ot | men ; Whose }

{ | d : d : d | m : r : d | s : - : - | l : - : d¹ }
 { | val - our has cov - ered with | glo - - ry Full }

{ | s : m : d | r : d : r | d : - : - | : : s }
 { | man - y a moun - tain and | glen. For- }

CHORUS— I

{ | s : m : s | s : m : s | d¹ : - : l | d¹ : - : l }
 { | get not the boys of the | hea - - ther, Who }
 { | give you "The gal - lant old West," | boys, Where }

{ | s : m : d | d : r : m | l₁ : - : - | : : s₁ }
 { | mar-shalled their bra - vest and | best, When }
 { | ral - lied our bra - vest and best, When }

{ | d : d : d | m : r : d | s : - : - | l : - : d¹.l }
 { | Eir - e was bro - ken in | Wex - - ford, And }
 { | Ire - land was bro - ken and | bleed - - ing, Hur- }

{ | s : m : d | r : d : r | d : - : - | : : ||
 { | looked for re - venge to the | West !
 { | rah for the men of the | West ! }

2. The hill tops with glory were glowing,
 'Twas th' eve of a bright harvest day,
 When the ships we'd been wearily waiting,
 Sailed into Killala's broad bay ;
 And over the hills went the slogan ;
 To waken in every breast
 The fire that has never been quenched, boys,
 Among the true hearts of the West.

CHORUS.

3. Killala was ours ere the midnight,
 And high over Ballina town,
 Our banners in triumph were waving
 Before the next sun had gone down ;
 We gathered to speed the good work, boys,
 The true men anear and afar ;
 And history can tell how we routed
 The redcoats through old Castlebar.

CHORUS.

4. And pledge me, "The stout sons of France," boys,
 Bold Humbert and all his brave men,
 Whose tramp, like the trumpet of battle
 Brought hope to the drooping again.
 Since Eire has caught to her bosom
 On many a mountain and hill
 The gallants who fell so they're here, boys,
 To cheer us to victory still.

CHORUS.

5. Though all the bright dreamings we cherished
 Went down in disaster and woe,
 The spirit of old still is with us
 That never would bend to the foe ;
 And Connacht is ready whenever
 The loud rolling tuck of the drum
 Rings out to awaken the echoes
 And tell us—the morning has come.

CHORUS.

So here's to the gallant old West, boys,
 Which rallied her bravest and best,
 When Ireland was broken and bleeding,
 Hurrah, boys ! Hurrah for the West.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

If Rooney had left after him no song but this it would immortalize his name. It stamps him as a man of true poetic talent and patriotic soul. Words and air make a magnificent rallying song which every rising generation of Irish children ought to be taught. I believe I am correct in saying that the great John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, was fond of singing this air at every social gathering of his priests to Irish words, known as "Ceógan C61p."

THE SADDEST BREEZE.

KEY F. *Plaintively.*

{	<u>d</u> <u>r</u>	m	: s	<u>f</u> <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> <u>t</u>	<u>d</u> <u>t</u> : <u>s</u> <u>f</u>	s	: <u>s</u> <u>l</u>	}
	The		sad - dest	breeze in		all the land,	It	}
{	<u>ta</u> <u>s</u>	: <u>d</u> <u>t</u>	s	: s	s	: -		: <u>d</u> <u>r</u>
	blew	a -	cross the	sea ;				It
{	m	: s	<u>f</u> <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> <u>t</u>	<u>d</u> <u>t</u> : <u>s</u> <u>f</u>	s	: <u>s</u> <u>l</u>	}	
	drove	a	brave ship	from the	strand,	And	}	
{	<u>ta</u> <u>s</u>	: <u>d</u> <u>t</u>	s	: s	s	: -		: <u>s</u> <u>l</u>
	bore	my	Hugh from	me ;				And
{	<u>ta</u>	: - <u>s</u>	<u>ta</u> <u>d</u> : <u>r</u> <u>m</u>	<u>f</u> <u>m</u> : <u>d</u> <u>t</u>	d	: d	}	
	long	I	sat be -	side the	rill	To	}	
{	r	: s	<u>fe</u> <u>s</u> : <u>l</u> <u>fe</u>	s	: -		: <u>s</u> <u>f</u>	
	weep	my	fate a -	lone,			Till	
{	m	: - <u>d</u>	<u>f</u> <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> <u>t</u>	<u>d</u> <u>t</u> : <u>s</u> <u>f</u>	m	: <u>s</u> <u>l</u>	}	
	leaf	and	flower from	wood and	hill	With	}	
	<u>ta</u> <u>s</u>	: <u>d</u> <u>t</u>	s	: s	s	: -		
	sum -	mer	beams were	flown.				

2. The gladdest breeze e'er swept the vales
 To-day blew from the sea ;
 It swelled a good ship's snowy sails,
 And brought him back to me ;
 And now 'tis rushing wildly past
 With wintry sleet and rain,
 Yet e'en I love the cold, cold blast
 That brought my Hugh again !

BOLD PHELM BRADY, THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

KEY **B^b**. *Plaintively.*

{ :s₁ | d :m :- .d | r :s :- .f }
 { Oh ! | list to the lay of a }

{ |m :r :d | t₁ :s₁ :- .s₁ | d :m :- .d | r :s :- .f }
 { poor I - rish harp-er, And scorn not the strains of his }

{ |m :d :r | d :- :s₁.s₁ | d :m :- .d | r :s :- .f }
 { old with-ered hand, But re-mem-ber the fin - gers could }

{ |m :r :d | t₁ :s₁ :- .s₁ | d :m :d.d | r :s :- .f }
 { once move sharp-er To raise the merry strains of his }

{ |m :d :r | d :- :m.f | s.s:m :s | f :m :r }
 { dear na - tive land ; It was long be-fore the sham-rock our }

{ |d.m:- :r.d | t₁ :s₁ :- .s₁ | d :- .r.m.d | r :s :f.f }
 { green isle's loved em - blem Was crushed in its beau-ty 'neath the }

{ |m.m:d :r.m | f :- :m.f | s :- .m:s | f :m :r.r }
 { Saxon li - on's paw I was called by the col - leens of the }

{ |d :r :d | t₁ :s₁ : (s₁.s₁) | d :- :r.m.d | r :s :- .f }
 { vil - lage and val - ley Bold Phe-lim Bra-dy, the }

{ |m :d :r | d : ||
 { Bard of Ar - magh. ||

2. How I long for to muse on the days of my boyhood,
 Though four score and three years have flitted since then,
 Still it gives sweet reflections, as every young joy should,
 That merry-hearted boys make the best of old men.
 At a pattern or fair I could twist my shillela
 Or trip through a jig with my brogues bound with straw,
 Whilst all the pretty maidens around me assembled
 Loved bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

3. Although I have travelled this wide world over,
 Yet Erin's my home and a parent to me,
 Then oh, let the ground that my old bones shall cover
 Be cut from the soil that is trod by the free.
 And when sergeant death in his cold arms shall embrace me,
 O lull me to sleep with sweet Erin go bragh,
 By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife, O place me,
 Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

This lovely old ballad may be heard to-day on the streets of Dublin. It is a very sweet bit of music. It should be sung with feeling and smoothly and at moderate rate. The two notes in parenthesis are required for the last lines of second and third verses, i.e., the word *Loved* and the syllables *Then for*(-get).

THE FLAG THAT FLOATS ABOVE US.

KEY D. *Lightly.*

{ s . m | d : m . f | s : l . t | d^l . r^l : m^l . d^l | r^l : d^l . l }

The slave may bend in ab - ject fear, And }

{ s : s . l | s : m . s | s . l : d^l | - : s . m }

hug the chains that bind him The }

{ d : m . f | s : l . t | d^l . r^l : m^l . d^l | r^l : d^l . l }

cow - ard run his base ca - reer, Nor }

rall.

{ s : s . l | s : m . d | r : d^l | - : s . m }

light of free - dom find him. But }

{ s . l : d^l . r^l | m^l : r^l . m^l | f^l : m^l | r^l : d^l . r^l }

while a - bove us floats the flag of }

{ m^l : r^l | d^l . l : s . l | s . l : d^l | - : s . m }

green and or - ange blend - ed, No }

{ d : m . f | s : l . t | d^l . r^l : m^l . d^l | r^l : d^l . l }

ty - rant knave its folds shall drag, While }

rall.

{ s : s . l | s : m . d | r : d | - ||

our stout arms de - fend it.

2. We ask for nought but what's our own,
 From friend or foreign foeman,
 We're one in love, in blood or bone,
 And yield or bend to no man;

We fight the fight our fathers fought,
 Beneath the same old standard,
 They nobly died as brave men ought,
 While leading freedom's vanguard.

3. Gaze on our standard as it flies,
 By freemen's hands supported,
 A prouder yet 'neath heaven's skies,
 A fairer never floated ;
 It waved o'er Brian and O'Neill,
 O'er Sarsfield, Tone and Emmet,
 It oft has braved the foeman's steel,
 And foemen's blood begem it.

4. No hireling servile slaves are we,
 To bend with meek submission
 To the alien's grinding tyranny,
 Or despot's fierce ambition ;
 But for our own, our suffering land,
 Our foreign foes defying,
 We'll strike while we can raise a hand
 And keep that banner flying.

5. A living rampart round it throng,
 Ten thousand hands are ready
 To strike a blow for motherland,
 Calm, patient, firm and steady !
 Then shout it out to foe or friend,
 To those who hate or love us,
 While life remains we will defend
 The flag that floats above us.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

KEY F.

Air: "The Maid of Wicklow."

{ d .r | m : m .f : m .r | m : l : d .r }
 { "Come, | buy my nice, fresh I - vy, and my }

{ | m : m .f : m .r | r :- : d .r }
 { | Hol - ly sprigs so green; I }

{ | m : m .f : m .r | m : l : l .t }
 { | have the fin - est branch - es that }

{ | d' : t .l : s .t | l :- : l .t }
 { | ev - er yet were seen. Come }

{ | d' : t .l : s .t | l .s : m : l .t }
 { | buy from me, good Chris - tians, and }

{ | d' : t .l : s .t | l :- : l .t }
 { | let me home, I pray, And I'll }

{ | d' : t .l : s .t | l .s : m : d .r }
 { | wish you 'Mer-ry Christ-mas Times, and a }

{ | m : r .d : t, .d | l, | - ||
 { | Hap - py New Year's Day.' "

2. "Ah! won't you take my Ivy? the loveliest ever seen!
 Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs?—all you who love the Green.
 Do! take a little bunch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,
 That God may bless your Christmas, and be with you New Year's Day

3. "This wind is black and bitter, and the hailstones do not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff entangled hair ;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful I say—
So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's
Day."
4. 'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, whilst the cold hail rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town ;—
One stiff hand clutched her Ivy sprigs and Holly boughs so fair,
With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops from her hair.
5. So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death
Was lurking in her footsteps—whilst her hot, impeded breath
Too plainly told her early doom—though the burden of her lay
Was still of life, and Christmas joys, and a Happy New Year's Day.
6. 'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas Street, I heard the wanderer sing ;
I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged ring—
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts were far away,
Where I was, many a Christmas-tide, and Happy New Year's Day.
7. I dreamed of wanderings in the woods amongst the Holly green ;
I dreamed of my own native cot, and porch with Ivy screen ;
I dreamed of lights for ever dimmed—of hopes that can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires, that never more can burn.
8. The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to buy,
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did not heed her cry :
She uttered one low, piercing moan—then cast her boughs away—
And smiling, cried—"I'll rest with God before the New Year's Day."
9. On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new-made grave,
Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring wave :
The Minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven has winged her happy way,
And now enjoys, with sister-saints, an endless New Year's Day.

J. KEEGAN.

Keegan was born in Queen's Co., and died in 1849. His poems are thoroughly Irish in feeling and sentiment, as they are full of purity and tenderness (Hayes). The air is a sweet, tender bit of music.

TO-MORROW, COMRADES, WE.

KEY Eb.

{	:	.l ₁		r	.,d	:	r	.m		f	:	f	.,f	}
		To	-	mor	- row,		com	- rades,		we		On	the	}

{	m	,d	.-	:	d	.,d		d	:	t ₁	.,d	}
	battle				plain	must		be,		There	to	}

{	l ₁	.,r	:	r	.m		f	:	m	.,r	}
	con	-		quer	or		both			lie	}

{	l ₁	.	:	ta ₁		l ₁	:	.d ¹	}
	low,			lie		low!		The	}

{	d ¹	.,l	:	f	.l		d ¹	:	ta	.l	}
	morn	- ing		star	is		up,		But	there's	}

{	s	.,m	:	d	.m		s	:	f	.,s	}
	wine	still		in	the		cup,		And	we'll	}

{	l	.,f	:	s	,f	.-		l ₁	:	r	.d	}
	take	a	-	nother			quaff,		Ere	we	}	

{	r	:	m		f	:	f	.,s	}
	go,		boys,		go,		We'll		}

{	l	.,l	:	s	,f	.-		d ¹	:	d	.,d	}
	take	a	-	nother			quaff		Ere	we	}	

{	r	.	
	go.		

2. 'Tis true in manliest eyes a passing tear will rise,
 When we think on the friends we leave alone,
 But what can wailing do ! see, our goblet's weeping, too,
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boys, our own,
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.

3. But daylight stealing on—the last that o'er us shone,
 Saw our children around us play,
 The next—oh ! where will we and those rosy urchins be ?
 But no matter—grasp thy sword, and away, boys, away,
 But no matter—grasp thy sword and away.

4. Let those who brook the chain of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their fireside stay,
 One sigh to home be given, and one heartfelt prayer to Heaven,
 Then for Eire and her cause, boys, hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 Then for Eire and her cause, boy, hurrah !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE ENSIGN AND HIS BANNER.

KEY C.

Air: "Seólach na nGall na."

{ :r | l :l.,t | d' :l | s :m | d :r .m }
 { They said I was too young to seek For }

{ f :m .r | l .s :f .m | r :- .d | l :s }
 { fame or mar - tial glo - ry; They }

{ l :l .,t | d' :ta.l | s .f :m .r | d :r .m }
 { said I was too slight and weak To }

{ f :m .r | l .s :f .m | r :- | r :s }
 { brave the bat - tle go - ry; But }

{ l :l .d' | r' :- .m' | r' :- .d' | l :s }
 { years have passed, and I have got A }

{ l :l .r' | r' .d' :r' .m' | r' :- .d' | l :t }
 { sol - dier's mien and man - ner, And }

{ d' :d' | d' :l | s .f :s .m | d :r .m }
 { borne thro' man - y a storm of shot My }

{ f :m .r | l .s :f .m | r :- | r }
 { con - quering I - rish ban - ner. ||

2. The bloody breach of strong Namur,
 It was the first I mounted—
 And many a comrade's corse be sure
 Within that breach we counted;
 There placed we high the *Fleur de lys*,
 And Bill, th' old Dutch trepanner,
 As fast he fled, looked back on thee,
 Far higher still, my banner!

3. And since that mighty day of death,
 With honour still I've borne it :
 It waned in many a battle's breath,
 And many a shot has torn it :
 It saw on Steinkirk's fiery plain
 Brave Sarsfield beat the planner
 Of all our woe, Dutch Bill, again,
 My glorious Irish banner.

4. I had a sweetheart in Ireland
 Before I crossed the water :
 My comrades say some Saxon band
 Has drenched her home in slaughter ;
 Ah, cold she sleeps—God rest her soul !—
 Beside the Banks of Anner,
 And now I've naught, as seasons roll,
 To love, but my green banner.

5. And now where'er my banner wave,
 I'll think on that sad river,
 Where lies my true love's gory grave,
 And fight for vengeance ever ;—
 With Ireland's woes in memory,
 Some brave revenge I'll plan her,
 And when I fall, my shroud shall be
 My glorious Irish banner !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

DRIMAN DHOUN DHEELISH.

KEY C.

{ :m .,f | s .d^l :- : d^l.t | d^l.r^l :- : r^l.,t | d^l :- .t : s .l }

O | say, my brown | Drim-in, thou | silk of the }

{ | s :- : s .,l | t .,l : s :- .l | t :- d^l : r^l.,t }

kine, Where, where are thy strong ones, last }

{ | d^l.,t : s .f : m .,f | r :- : d^l.t | s :- l : r .,t₁ }

hope of thy line ? Too deep and too }

{ | d :r :- m | f :- .s : l | r :- : d^l.,r^l }

long is the slum - ber they take, At the }

{ | m^l :r^l.,d^l :m^l.r^l | d^l.,t : s .f : m .f | r :d :- .d }

loud call of free - dom why don't they a- }

{ | d :- ||

wake ? ||

2. My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
And since Louis no aid gives, I cannot arise.
3. O ! where art thou, Louis ? our eyes are on thee—
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea ?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

4. But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his Country to fight ;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from the mountains shout back to my cries.

5. When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The Isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

6. O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout ;
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

J. J. CALLANAN.

This magnificent rendering of the Irish song by Callanan is far more virile and enthusiastic than Ferguson's version. The fine air and words make a grand song. The Commissioners of "National" Education in Ireland were once asked to sanction for use in Irish schools my booklets, entitled "Fuinne na Smól." They refused, on account of this song. If this song were eliminated they promised their sanction. I refused to eliminate it. The Commissioners knew no Irish. I wonder who was their Mentor and Censor of Irish literature? Irish children evidently can't be trusted that they won't become rebels, if they are allowed to sing a Jacobite song in Irish.

GRÁ GAL MACHREE

KEY A.

Air: "Paddy's Green Island."

{ s, f | m : d : d | r : d : d | l, : d : l, | s, : m, : f, }
 { When | morn-ing dis - clo - ses its | light on the ro - ses, Up - }

{ s, : d : d | m : r : d | t, : r : r | r : s : - f }
 { on them re - po - ses the | sweet hon - ey dew; Like }

{ m : d : d | r : d : d | l, : - d : l, | s, : m, : f, }
 { buds of their fair - est, thy | lips, O, my dear - est, Have }

{ s, : s : m | r : d : - r | m : d : d | d : - || m, r }
 { hon - ey the ra - rest to | sweet - en them too. || Thine }

{ d : m : s | s : m : d | d : m : s | s : m : d }
 { eyes they are bright - er than | stars of the night, or Than }

{ f : s : l | s : m : d | t, : r : m | f : s, f : - }
 { A - pril skies' light, or than | gems of the sea; Thy }

{ m : d : d | r : d : d | l, d : - : l, | s, : m, : f, }
 { neck's like th' il - lum - ing bright | lil - y as - sum - ing Its }

{ s, : s : m | r : d : - r | m : d : d | d : - ||
 { first ten - der bloom - ing, sweet | Grá Gal Ma - chree. || }

2. I went to the greenwood, where streamlets serene would
 Make music and sheen would enliven me more ;
 Sweet visions they wrought me, sweet mem'ries they brought me,
 Of thee who first taught me love's passion and lore.
 The birds round me winging, their carols were singing,
 Their voices outringing with rapture and glee ;
 My heart then enchanted, by dearer tones haunted,
 For thy loved words panted, sweet Grá Gal Machree.

3. O Love, I am thinking of thee from the blinking
 Of morn till the sinking of day in the west ;
 And thus each fair creature, each bright blooming feature
 And aspect of nature brings joy to my breast ;
 Each night through the airy sweet dreamland of fairy,
 My soul still unweary is wandering to thee ;
 And dream or reflection is one recollection
 Of thy fond affection, sweet Grá Gal Machree.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

I am indebted to Dr. P. W. Joyce's collection for this air. Air and words make a very sweet and pleasant song.

THE BRIGADE'S HURLING MATCH.

KEY F. *Lively.*Air : " The game played in Erin ζo $\flat\acute{a}\acute{t}.$ "

{ $\underline{r} \underline{r} \underline{r}$ | $\underline{m} : \underline{l}_1 : \underline{l}_1$ | $\underline{m} : \underline{s} : \underline{t}_1$ | $\underline{t}_1 : \underline{l}_1 : \underline{l}_1$ | $\underline{l}_1 : -$ }
 { In the | South's bloom-ing val - leys they | sing and they play }

{ $\underline{l} \underline{t}$ | $\underline{d}^1 : \underline{t} : \underline{l}$ | $\underline{t} : \underline{l} : \underline{s}$ | $\underline{m} : \underline{f} \underline{e} : \underline{s}$ | $\underline{l} : -$ }
 { By their | vine - sha-ded cots at the | close of the day :

{ $\underline{l} \underline{l}$ | $\underline{t} : \underline{l} : \underline{s}$ | $\underline{l} : \underline{s} : \underline{m}$ | $\underline{r} : \underline{d} : \underline{t}_1$ | $\underline{d} : -$ }
 { But a | game like our own the I - tal - ians ne'er saw— }

{ $\underline{r} \underline{r} \underline{r}$ | $\underline{m} : \underline{l}_1 : \underline{l}_1$ | $\underline{m} : \underline{s} : \underline{t}_1$ | $\underline{t}_1 : \underline{l}_1 : \underline{l}_1$ | $\underline{l}_1 : -$ } ||
 { The | wild sweep-ing hur - lings of | E - rin ζo $\flat\acute{a}\acute{t}.$ }

2. Our tents they were pitched upon Lombardy's plain ;
 Ten days nigh the foemen our army had lain ;
 But ne'er through their walls made we passage or flaw,
 Till we showed them the game played in Erin ζo $\flat\acute{a}\acute{t}.$
3. Our sabres were sharp and a forest was nigh ;
 There our hurleys we fashioned ere morning rose high ;
 With the goal ball young Mahon had brought from Dunlawe,
 We showed them the game played in Erin ζo $\flat\acute{a}\acute{t}.$
4. Our captain stood out with the ball in his hand ;
 Our colonel he gave us the word of command ;
 Then we dashed it and chased it o'er *eskir** and *scragh*†,
 While we showed them the game played in Erin ζo $\flat\acute{a}\acute{t}.$
5. The enemy stood on their walls high and strong,
 While we raced it and chased it and dashed it along ;
 They opened their gates as we nearer did draw,
 To see the wild game played in Erin ζo $\flat\acute{a}\acute{t}.$

* *Eskir*, a low little sand-hill.† *Scragh* [scraw], a grassy surface.

6. On a sudden we turned from the ball's swift career ;
And rushed through the gate with a grand ringing cheer ;
Ah, they ne'er through our bright dauntless stratagem saw,
While we showed them the game played in Erin go brácht.
7. Their swords clashed around us, their balls raked so sore,
But with hurleys we paid them in hard knocks galore ;
For their bullets and sabres we cared not a straw,
While we showed them the game played in Erin go brácht.
8. The fortress is taken ! our wild shouts arise ;
For our land and King Louis they swell to the skies.
Ah, he laughed as he told us a game he ne'er saw
Like the wild sweeping hurlings of Erin go brácht !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

"The story embodied in this ballad was told among the people of Cork and Limerick sixty years ago (1850 A.D.)—how a company of the Irish Brigade in the service of France captured a town in the manner related."—(Dr. Joyce). The above air is printed as I always heard it sung. It differs in two notes from Dr. Joyce's version.

I WOULD I WERE ON YONDER HILL.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "Siúbal a pún."

{	:d	d :-	:d	t ₁ :-	:t ₁	l ₁ :-	:m ₁	m ₁ :-	:s ₁	}
	I	would	I	were	on	yon -	der	hill,	'Tis	}

{	s ₁ :-	:m ₁	d :-	:t ₁	l ₁ :-	:r ₁	r ₁ :-	:r ₁	}
	there	I'd	sit	and	cry	my	fill,	And	}

{	m ₁ :-	:m ₁	m ₁ :-	:m ₁	l ₁ :-	:t ₁	d.r	m̂ :-	.f,m:r.m	}
	ev' -	ry	tear	would	turn	a	mill	Iss	go	}

{	d̂ :-	t ₁ :-	.l	d .m	s ₁ .t ₁	l ₁ :-	:-	- :-	
	dhé	thoo	ma-	voor	- neen	slaun.			

CHORUS.

{	d :-	:t ₁	l ₁ d	t ₁ :-	.l	s ₁ .t ₁	l ₁ :m ₁	:-	.m ₁	m ₁ :-	:-	}
	Shule,			Shule,			Shule	a-	roon			}

{	d :-	:r	m :m	:r.r	d :t ₁	:s ₁ .m ₁	r ₁ :-	:-	}
	Shule	go	suc -	cir	ag-us	shule	go	kewn,	}

{	m ₁ :-	.m ₁	m ₁	m ₁ :m ₁	m ₁	l ₁ :-	:t ₁	d.r	m̂ :-	.f,m:r.m	}
	Shule	go	dheen	dur -	rus 'gus	é -	lig	lium,	Iss	go	}

{	d̂ :-	t ₁ :-	.l	d .m	s ₁ .t ₁	l ₁ :-	:-	- :-	
	dhé	thoo	ma	voor	- neen	slaun.			

2. I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
 To buy for my love a sword of steel,
 Iss go dhé thoo mavourneen slaun.

CHORUS.

3. I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Iss go dhé thoo mavourneen slaun.

CHORUS.

4. I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Iss go dhé thoo mavourneen slaun.

CHORUS.

5. But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance ;
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
Iss go dhé thoo mavourneen slaun.

CHORUS.

This setting of the air is by Father Brennan, native of Cahirciveen ("Oisin"). Singers will please note the change of time in two passages, namely, in the 4th and 8th lines of the music. The song and air are both beautiful. What a contrast to the mawkishly sentimental songs of the modern concert hall ! Gavan Duffy says :—"The inexpressible tenderness of the air and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words have made the ballad a popular favourite."

OUR NATIVE LAND

KEY E^b.Air: "An bua^oda^l b^an'."

{ : l₁t₁ : d .t₁ | l₁.,t₁ : d .r : m_ab_as_e | l .d^l : t .l : s .l ,s₁ }

The day is dy - ing The eve is sigh-ing, Our barque is

{ | m .,r : d m : r , d , t₁ | l₁ : .l₁t₁:d .t₁ }

fly - ing be - fore the wind; The sun - set's

{ | l₁.,t₁ : d .r : m_ab_as_e | l .d^l : t .l ,s : m .r }

splen - dour Falls soft and ten - der Up - on the

{ | d .l₁ : t₁ .t₁d t₁: l₁ .l₁ | l₁ : .r : m_ab_as_e }

green hills we leave be - hind. Our tears are

{ | l .,d^l : t .l : l .s | l .d^l : t .l : s .l ,s }

flow - ing The while we're go - - ing, For love is

{ | m .r : d .r , m : r .t₁ | l₁ : .l₁t₁:d .t₁ }

show - ing the moun-tains grand; The glens and

{ | l₁.,t₁ : d .r : m_ab_as_e | l .d^l : t .l ,s : m .r }

mead - ows In lights and sha - dows And the plea-sant

{ | d .l₁ : t₁ .t₁d t₁: l₁ .l₁ | l₁ : - . ||

val - leys of our Na-tive Land.

2. Oh! skies, grow brighter!

Oh! winds, blow lighter!

Let not the night or the deep sea hide

From our fond vision

That dream Elysian

That flings its beauty across the tide.
 Ah ! poor hearts, beating,
 There's no retreating ;
 The winds are cheating with whispers bland ;
 The hills are sinking ;
 Our souls are drinking
 The last sweet vision of Our Native Land.

3. They say the gold land
 Is a brave and bold land—
 Alas ! the Old Land is sad and low—
 And the winds that fan her
 Bright starry banner
 Are never freighted with her children's woe.
 We've read her story
 Of light and glory
 'Neath ruins hoary, antique and grand ;
 And we will prove her
 That we can love her,
 And still be true to Our Native Land.

4. Each thought we knew, love,
 Was but for you, love,
 And so, old true love, a fond adieu ;
 While night is shading,
 We see thee fading,
 Like sea nymph dipping 'neath ocean blue.
 But love has painted
 Thy face, sweet, sainted,
 In hues all tinted with heaven's own hand ;
 And in our spirit
 We'll proudly wear it ;
 And so be true to Our Native Land.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

This version of the air was taken down from the singing of a traditional singer in Cork, Miss Lynch.

“IRELAND OVER ALL.”

KEY F. *Boldly and spiritedly.*

Air: “The Irish Champion.”

{	:	.s ₁		m ₁	.,s ₁	:	d	.,m		r	.,t ₁	:	s ₁	.l ₁	}
		Come		should-er,			boys,	to		should-er			now,	The	

{	t ₁	.r	:	d	.,t ₁		d	:		.d	}
	dawn	is		red	- d'ning		o'er			The	

{	m	.,r	:	m	.,f		s	.,m	:	f	.s	}
	hills	that		cir	- cle		Ire	- land's		brow,	The	

{	m	.d	:	t ₁	.,l ₁		s ₁	:		.s ₁	}
	seas	that		ring	her		shore.			And	

{	m	.,r	:	m	.,f		s	.,m	:	f	.s	}
	hark	from		out	the		death - less			past	Our	

{	m	.d	:	t ₁	.l ₁		s ₁	:		.s ₁	}
	fa	- thers'		voi	- ces		call—			For	

{	l ₁	.,l ₁	:	f	.s		r ₁	.,d	:	s ₁	.l ₁	}
	Ire	- land		first,	and		Ire	- land		last—	And	

{	t ₁	.r	:	d	.,t ₁		d	:		.	
	Ire	- land		o	- ver		all!				

2. Old Ireland claims our loyalty

And none but her alone

Will ever reign, will ever be

High crowned upon a throne.

Then send your slogan on the blast,

Whatever may befall,

“Here's Ireland first, and Ireland last—

And Ireland over all!”

3. For this dear land our fathers fought,
 For her our martyrs died,
 And could we gain the goal they sought
 We'd freely die with pride.
 Then what tho' skies be overcast
 Ring out your slogan call :
 " Old Ireland first, and Ireland last—
 And Ireland over all ! "

4. Oh, were Lord Edward here to-day,
 And Fearless Father John,*
 Their spirits to our souls would say—
 " Keep fighting, fighting on."
 Unfurl your banner to the blast
 And let your slogan call
 Be " Ireland first and Ireland last,
 And Ireland over all ! "

5. Then, shoulder, boys, to shoulder still
 As through the weary night,
 We'll stand till Freedom's banner will,
 In glory and in might,
 Float proudly in each mountain blast,
 Though we around it fall,
 Here's Ireland first, and Ireland last—
 And Ireland over all.

P. KEHOE.

The writer of this song, P. Kehoe, Riversdale, Enniscorthy, applies to Ireland the motto of the Americans : " America first, last, and all the time." The song is a very fine one. In spirit and poetic merit it brings us back to the Young Ireland period. We hope to soon see other productions from the author's pen. On the recommendation of friends whose musical and Irish taste is unquestioned I have wedded the song to one of our noble, spirited airs—one which is well-known. In singing it let the jiggy style be carefully avoided.

* Father John Murphy, who nobly and skilfully led the " Rebels " of 1798 to many a victory.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

KEY A.

Air: "Moll Roe."

{ : .s₁ | d :- .d : d | r :- .m : d | t₁ :- .d : r }
 A | shep - herd that lives on Slieve Gul - lion Came }

{ m :- .d : d | f :- .r : m | ḟ :- : r }
 | down to the Coun - ty Ty - rone, And }

{ d :- .d : d | r : m : d | t₁ : d :- .r }
 | told us how Red - mond O' Han - lon , Won't }

{ m :- .m : m | f : r : t₁ | d :- : .s }
 | let the rich Sax - ons a - lone ! He }

{ s :- .m : m | f :- .r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 | rides o - ver moor - land and moun - tain, By }

{ s :- .m : m | f :- .r : m | f :- : r . r }
 | night, till a stran - ger is found, Say-ing }

{ s :- .m : m | f :- .r : d | t₁ : d :- .r }
 | "Take your own choice to be lod - ging Right }

{ m :- .m : m | f :- .r : t₁ | d :- : . ||
 | o - ver, or un - der the ground ! }

2. If you whistle out Whoo ! like a native,
 He leaves you the way to go clear ;
 If you squeeze out a Hew ! like a Scotchman,
 You'll pay him a guinea a year.
 But if you cry Haw ! like a Saxon,
 Oeh, then, 'tis your life or your gold !
 By stages Count Redmond O'Hanlon
 Gets back what they pilfered of old !

3. Old Coote of Cootehill is heart-broken ;
 And Johnston beyond in the Fews
 Has wasted eight barrels of powder
 Upon him, but all to no use !
 Although there's four hundred pounds sterling
 If Redmond you'd put out of sight ;
 Mind, if the heart's dark in your body,
 'Tis Redmond will let in the light !
4. The great Duke of Ormond is frantic—
 His soldiers got up with the lark
 To catch this bold Redmond by daylight ;
 But Redmond caught them in the dark.
 Says he, when he stripped them and bound them—
 "Take back my best thanks to his Grace
 For all the fine pistols and powder
 He sent to this desolate place !"
5. Then here's to you, Redmond O'Hanlon !
 Long may your excellency reign,
 High ranger of woods and of rivers !
 Surveyor of mountains and plain !
 Examiner-chief of all traitors !
 Protector of all that are true—
 Henceforward, King Charlie of England
 May take what he gets, after you !

P. J. McCall.

This is one of P. J. McCall's delightful folk-songs taken, by permission, from his *Songs of Erin*. I append the interesting note with which he prefaces this song in his little book : "Redmond O'Hanlon of Orior, for over a quarter of a century, kept the authorities of Ulster at bay. The titles enumerated in the concluding stanza were assumed by him in derision of those borne by the Duke of Ormond, who often proclaimed him. His degree of Count was a real one, having been conferred on him while serving in the armies of France, 1653-6. He was assassinated in 1681, having been shot through the heart when lying asleep."

LAMENT FOR THE MILESIAINS.

KEY. A \flat .*mf.*

{	<u>d.r</u>		<u>m</u>	: - .f : m.r		d : s	: - .m		r	: - .d : l ₁		s ₁	: -	}
{	Oh!		proud	were the chieftains		of	green		In- nis -		fail,			}

p

{	<u>m.r</u>		d	: - .t ₁ : l ₁		<u>s₁</u>	: m ₁	: s ₁		l ₁	: -	: -		l ₁	: -	}
{	Iss		throo - a	gon		eer	na		vor	-	-	-		ra!		}

mf.

{	<u>d.r</u>		<u>m</u>	: - .f : m.r		d	: - .s : m		r	: - .d : l ₁		s ₁	: -	}
{	The		stars	of our		sky	and the		salt	of our		soil,		}

{	<u>m.r</u>		d	: - .t ₁ : l ₁		<u>s₁</u>	: m ₁	: s ₁		l ₁	: -	: -		l ₁	: -	}
{	Iss		throo - a	gon		eer	na		vor	-	-	-		ra.		}

{	<u>l₁, t₁</u>		d	: - .t ₁ : l ₁		d	: r	: m		s	: - .l : s		m	: -	}
{	Their		hearts	were as		light as	a		child	in the		lap,		}	

mf.

{	<u>r</u>		d	: - .t ₁ : l ₁		d	: r	: m		<u>l</u>	: -	: -		<u>s</u>	: -	}
{	Yet		they were	"the men in		the		gap"	-							}

d m.

{	<u>m</u>		f	: - .f : f		<u>m</u>	: s	: m		r	: - .d : l ₁		s ₁	: -	}
{	And		now	that the		cold clay	their		limbs	doth en -		wrap.		}	

{	<u>m.r</u>		d	: - .t ₁ : l ₁		<u>s₁</u>	: m ₁	: s ₁		l ₁	: -	: -		l ₁	: -	
{	*Iss		throo - a	gon		eer	na		vor	-	-	-		ra!		

* ἢ τρυφεῖ γὰρ οὐδὲν 'να βραβυαὸ, i.e., What a pity there is no help of their company.

2. 'Gainst England long battling, at length they went down,
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 But they've left their deep tracks on the road of renown,
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 We are heirs of their fame, if we're not of their race,
 And deadlly and deep our disgrace,
 If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base,
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
3. Oh ! sweet were the minstrels of kind Innisfail !
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 Whose music nor ages nor sorrow can spoil ;
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 But their sad, stifled notes are like streams flowing hid,
 Their *caoine* and their *pibroch** were chid,
 And their language, "that welts unto music," forbid ;
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
4. How fair were the maidens of fair Innisfail !
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil,
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 Oh ! are not our maidens as fair and as pure ?
 Can our music no longer allure ?
 And can we but sob as such wrongs we endure ?
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
5. Their famous, their holy, their dear Innisfail !
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 Shall it still be a prey to the stranger to spoil ?
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 Sure, brave men would labour by night and by day,
 To banish that stranger away ;
 Or dying for Ireland, the future would say—
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !

* *pibroch*, i.e., *piob mheàich*, pipe-music.

6. Oh ! shame—for unchanged is the face of our isle ;
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 That taught them to battle, to sing, and to smile ;
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !
 We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,—
 Our sky and our mountains as grand—
 We are heirs—oh ! we're not—of their heart and their hand ;
 Iss throoa gon eer na vorra !

THOMAS DAVIS.

These words and air are grand and noble. It is one of those songs which enthuse a nation and inspire people with the spirit of sacrifice and emulation in showing their love for their native land.

THE WORK OF GOD.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

Air : "Cám-pe an an mbailé reo."

{	:	.d		d	.m	:	s, f	.m		f	.,r	:	s	.t ₁	}
		The		smile	that		breaks	up .		on	our		path	When	

{	r	.r	:	d	.d		d	:	.s	}
	all	the		world	is		drear,		When	

{	d ¹	.d ¹	:	l	.d ¹		t	.t	:	r .	.,m	}
	hope	goes		down	'neath		for -	tune's	frown,	And		

{	f .s . -	: t .d ^l t .l	s	:	.s	}
	nought	but wee seems	near ;		When	

{	d ^l	.d ^l	: l	.d ^l	t .,t	: r	.m	}
	from	a		grief - charged	heart we	sigh	For	

{	f	.s	: t d ^l t .l	s	: -	.d	}
	plea - sant	ways	we've	trod ;		That	

{	d	.,m	: s ,f	.m	f .,r	: s	.t _l	}
	smile from		some one		pass - ing	by. —	That	

{	r	.,r	: d	.,t _l	d	:	.	}
	is	the	work	of	God.			

2. That word so softly, gently said,
 That one wee word alone,
 When joys that shone in days long gone
 For evermore have flown ;
 When not a friend at all is nigh
 To break the scourging rod,
 That word from some one passing by—
 That is the Work of God.

3. And oh ! in every kindly deed
 His holy Hand has part,
 Each act we do to ease life's rue
 Makes g'ad His Sacred Heart :
 Then let us labour—you and I—
 As up the hill we plod
 To comfort some one passing by—
 And share the work of God.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

THE RETURN FROM FINGAL.

KEY C.

{ | m : d . t₁ | | l₁ . t₁ : d . r | m : d . t₁ | l₁ : - }

Moan ye winds, ye cav - erns call—

{ | r . d : t₁ . r | s : r | m : r | m . fe : s . l₁ }

“Or - ro, or - ro!” to our sor - row,

{ | m : d . t₁ | | l₁ . t₁ : d . r | m : d . t₁ | l₁ : - }

While we bear 'neath one black pall

{ | r . d : t₁ . r | s : r . t₁ | t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - }

Brian and Mur - rough from Fin - gal.

{ | t : - | l . l : s . fe | m : r | s : r }

Still, tho' wound-ed, wast - ed, wea - ry,

{ | m : r | s : r | m : r | m . fe : s . l₁ }

On, Dal - cass - ians! to your ey - rie,

{ | t : - | l . l : s . fe | m : r | s : - }

Ea - - gles, cry - ing from your crag,

{ | r . d : t₁ . r | s : t₁ | t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - ||

“We have rent the Ra - ven's flag.”

2. How O'Brien's banshee cried,
 Wailing, warning, ere that morning,
 When the Lochlan in his pride
 Whitened all the ocean side.

Sea-kings stern from Norway's highlands,
 Pirate chiefs from Orkney's Islands,
 Lords of Leinster, Britain, Wales,
 By the shore a thousand sails !

3. "On this day," great Brian cried
 To the foeman, "Jew and Roman,
 Christ, our Saviour, crucified.
 Hold we truce till Easter-tide !"
 Loud rang back their impious laughter,
 "Fight comes first, thanksgiving after !"
 "Perish then, with shameful loss,
 Howling fiends before the Cross !"

4. Plait and Donnell, brand to brand,
 First in raging wrath engaging,
 Heart pierced by each other's hand,
 Fell together on the strand.
 Then before the sword of Murrough
 Fled the Dane ; till to our sorrow,
 Anrud, Norman's champion dread,
 Murrough met—and both lay dead.

5. But our rallying cry awoke,
 "Kian, Kian, Desmond's lion !"
 And at Kian's dreadful stroke,
 Reeled the Lochlan ranks and broke.
 "Now with strains of martial glory
 To the King to tell our story,"
 But we found great Brian low ;
 Och, ochone ! och ullalo !

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

This is a fine air and song, as yet but little known. It is sure to become a prime favourite. The song is a splendid marching song, and should be sung in marching time. I am indebted to Mr. Graves for permission to include it in my collection.

A BALLAD OF IRISH FREEDOM.

KEY C. *Majestically.*

Air: "Cat céim an fíad."

{	: ṡ	.m		d	.r	:	d	.d		d	.d *	}
	I			sing	a		song	of		Thral - dom,		

{	:	.r		m	.s	:	l	.t		r ^l	.d ^l	}
	Of			men	in		sla -	v'ry		sleep -	ing;	

{	:	.l		s	.l	:	m	.m		r	.r *	}
	Of			a -	lien		rob -	bers		reap -	ing	

{	:	.m		s	.s	:	l	.m		ṡ	.l ṡ m	}
	The			harv -	est		of	the		years;		

{	:	.m		d	.r	:	d	.d		d , d -	*	}
	Of			plea -	sant		hearths de -	serted,				

{	:	.r		m	.s	:	l	.t		r ^l	.d ^l	}
	Of			ruins	a		vig -	il		keep -	ing;	

rall.

{	:	.l		s	.l	:	m	.r		m	.r *	}
	Of			grey -	haired		peo -	ple		weep -	ing,	

{	:	.r		d	.d	:	d	.d		d		
	And			chil -	dren		pale	with		fears.		

accel.

{	:	.s		s	.l	:	t	.d ^l	:	.l		t	.d ^l	}
	And			not	a		ray	to		break	their			

{ :r^l .t | d^l „l :t „s | l , t . d^l }
 grief, And | none to braid the raid - ing }

{ :r^l .t | d^l „l :t „s | l .l }
 thief, But | all pre - pared to crave re- }

a tempo
 { :t ,l .s ,m | s .l :t .r^l | d^l * }
 (lief From him who'd lash them in their chains. }

{ : | m „d :r .d | d .d * }
 | God for - give the bondslaves }

{ :r | m .s :l .t | r^l .r^l }
 Who | crouch be - neath the ty - rant's }

rall.
 { :d^l „l | s „l :m „r | m }
 heel, And | nev - er feel one free }

{ :r . | d „d :d .d | d ||
 Thrill | cours - ing through their veins. ||

*Where the traditional singer took breath.

2. I sing a song of Waking ;
 Of friends, long-severed, meeting ;
 Of baffled foes retreating
 In terror and amaze ;
 Of hands, long-parted, clasping ;
 Of voices raised in greeting ;
 Of hearts in concord beating
 With hope of future days.

Of men who strive as Brian strove,
 To place their Isle all strife above,
 Of men who bind their minds, their love,
 To her—their Mother and their Queen—
 Caitlin Ní Uallacháin—
 Who long has trod the ways of pain,
 But who shall reign as fair
 A one as eyes have ever seen !

3. I sing a song of Freedom—
 Of swords in battle clashing ;
 Of Gaels to victory dashing ;
 Of broken Saxon pride ;
 Of vengeance on the spoiler,
 The gleam of pikeheads flashing ;
 The shouts, like wild winds crashing,
 Of men too long defied.
 On they pour, with gory steel,
 The fire of old once more they feel ;
 A thundering roar !—the foemen reel,
 And then—the centuried War is o'er !
 Victory on the mountains !
 Victory in the valleys green !
 And Caitlin Ní Uallacháin
 Free for evermore !

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

This is a grand air, worthy of the magnificent Irish song composed by the famous West Cork poetess, Máire Uí Bhráda. This fine Anglo-Irish song was composed for it by Brian Na Banban. The strength, and spirit, and dignity of the air is very striking. The Irish song is to be found in “*Fuinne na Smól*,” No. 4. Brian Na Banban's song appears in *Signal Fires*, published by Messrs. Whelan & Son, Ormond Quay, Dublin, to whom I am very grateful for the permission given to use it for my collection. To Brian O'Higgins I here express my indebtedness for this and other songs of his which are to follow.

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL.

KEY E \flat . *Tenderly.*

{	: s . l , t	d ^l . t : l . s d ^l : - . l	s . m : r . d r	}
	{ There's a	col-leen fair as May,	For a year and for a day	}
{	: m . f	s . s : m . d f . m : r . , d	d : - -	}
	{ I have	sought by ev'ry way,	Her heart to gain.	}
{	: s . l , t	d ^l . t : l . s d ^l : - . l	s . m : r . d r	}
	{ There's no	art of tongue or eye,	Fond youths with maidens try,	}
{	: m . f	s . s : m . d f . m : r . , d	d : - -	}
	{ But I've	tried with ceaseless sigh,	Yet tried in vain.	}
{	: s . f	m . s : l . d ^l t : - . s	d ^l . t : l . , s s	}
	{ If to	France or far-off Spain,	She'd cross the wa-t'ry main,	}
{	: . s	l . t : d ^l . m ^l r ^l . d ^l : t . s	s : - -	}
	{ To	see her face a-gain,	The seas I'd brave;	}
{	: s . l , t	d ^l . t : l . s d ^l : - . l	s . m : r . d r	}
	{ And	if 'tis heaven's de-cree,	That mine she may not be,	}
{	: m . f	s . s : m . d f . m : r . , d	d : - -	
	{ May the	Son of Ma-ry me, In	mer-cy/ save.	

2. O thou blooming milk-white dove, But a kiss with welcome bland,
 To whom I've giv'n true love, And touch of thy fair hand,
 Do not ever thus reprove Are all that I demand—
 My constancy. Would'st thou not spurn.
 There are maidens would be mine, For if not mine, dear girl,
 With wealth in land and kine, Oh, Snowy-breasted Pearl!
 If my heart would but incline May I never from the Fair—
 To turn from thee. With life return.

THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

KEY D. *Lively.*

Air: "The Blooming Meadows."

{ s₁ | s₁ :- : d | d :- : r | m :- : s | f : r : d }
 { I am a Clad - dagh boat - man bold, And }

{ t₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | t₁ :- :- | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ }
 { hum - ble is my call - - ing; From }

{ s₁ : d : d | d :- : r | m : r : d | r : m : f }
 { morn to night, from dark to light, In }

{ s :- : m | f : r : t₁ | d :- :- | d :- : d¹ }
 { Gal - way Bay I'm traw - ling. I }

{ d¹ :- : s | s : l : t | d¹ :- : r¹ | m¹ : r¹ : d¹ }
 { care not for the great man's frown, I }

{ t :- : s | s : l : s | t :- : d¹ | r¹ : t : s }
 { ask not for his pi - ty; My }

{ d¹ :- : s | s : l : t | d¹ :- : r¹ | m¹ : r¹ : d¹ }
 { wants are few, my heart is true, I }

{ t : l : s | f : r : t₁ | d :- :- | d :- : ||
 { sing a boat - man's dit - ty. ||

2. I have a fair and gentle wife,
 Her name is Eily Holway ;
 With many a wile, and joke, and smile,
 I won the pride of Galway.
 For twenty years, 'mid hope and fears,
 With her I've faithful tarried ;
 Her heart to-night is young and light
 As when we first were married.

3. I have a son, a gallant boy,
 Unstained by spot or speckle ;
 He pulls and hawls, and mends the trawls,
 And minds the other tackle.
 His mother says the boy, like me,
 Loves truth and hates all blarney ;
 The neighbours swear in Galway Bay
 There's not the like of Barney.

4. Thank God, I have another child,
 Like Eily, lithe and slender ;
 She clasps my knee and kisses me
 With love so true and tender.
 Though oft will rage the howling blast
 Upon the angry water,
 I ne'er complain of wind or rain,
 For I think of my little daughter.

JEREMIAH J. DOWLING, M.D.

This is a bright air. Many a time I saw the lads and lasses knocking music out of the boards—"the stage"—to its measures. Over fifty years ago there was a trysting place for dancers near my native spot at the Bridge, Millvale, Carrick-on-Suir. For years, every Sunday, we looked on delighted at splendid dancers—Denny Foley, Norry Walsh, Hogan and others—who enthused us with their feats of Irish dancing. We had a grand old piper, Ned Hurley, who made us familiar with a big selection of Irish music. During a visit to my native place this year I was pleased to learn that Irish dancing and Irish music is as much to the fore, and the performers as good as ever, though the centre of attraction has been shifted to a neighbouring parish where the population is thicker.

TWILIGHT MUSIC.

KEY E \flat .

{ : s, f | m ., f : m . d | l, ., t : d . r | m . f : r ., t }
 { The win-ter moon is shin - ing, The pale blue air is }

{ d : . d, r | m ., f : m . r | m . l : l . t }
 { still, A bright-eyed star is peep - ing Be - }

{ d' . r' : t ., t | l : . d, r | m ., f : m . r }
 { yond lone Ar-dagh's hill, And from the far - off }

{ m . l : l . t | d' ., m' : r' d', t, d' | l ., t : d' . l }
 { dis - tance, A - cross the fros - ty lea, A }

{ s ., f : m, r . d, t | l ., t : d . r | m ., f : m, r . d, t }
 { strain of sil - v'ry mu - sic Floats hith - er - ward to }

{ d : . ||
 { me. ||

2. How softly, oh ! how softly,
 The memories wander on,
 Of faithful hearts long scattered,
 Young friendships dead and gone—
 Of eyes of laughing hazel,
 And cheeks of sunny sheen,
 The bright love of my boyhood,
 My dark-haired Kathaleen.

3. A pathway through the woodland
 Lit by the August moon,
 The long grass dancing softly,
 The river's whispering tune—

A form beside the trellis,
 Soft lips that welcome me,
 Now resting with the shadows
 Far down beneath the sea.

4. Float on, sweet twilight music !
 Calm as a meadow stream,
 You bear the withered flowers
 Of many a broken dream.
 Again the moon shines brightly,
 The sycamores are green,
 And I sit beside the doorway
 With dark-haired Kathaleen.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

This sweet Munster air has been published more than once. This version differs little from the others. It has a pathetic tone. I link it with "Leo's" sweet song.

UNFURLING THE FLAG.

KEY F.

Air: "mo p'lán éun carraig na gcael-pear."

{ (:s₁) | d : d : d | d : r : m | l : - : - | s : - : s }
 Dar - ling, in sor - row and mourn - ing, We've }

{ | m : f : s | l : l : s | l : - : - | - : : l₁ }
 wait-ed for year up - on year, With }

{ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | d : r : m | l : - : - | s : m : r }
 none to look down on our la - - - bour, With }

{ | m : d : r | d : d : t₁ | d : - : - | - : : s }
 none to - wipe off the dark tear. The }

{ | s : s : s | s : l : t | d' : - : - | t : - : t }
 still - ness of death was a - round thee, The }

{ | l : t : d' | l : l : s | l : - : - | - : l₁ : l₁ }
 grave-light en - cir - cled thy face, And the }

{ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | d : r : m | l : - : - | s : m : r }
 Flag in your hand draped in mourn - ing Could }

{ | m : d : r | d : d : t₁ | d : - : - | - : : ||
 tell the sad tale of our race. ||

2. And drifted away into silence
 The glorious passion of old,
 Till the pulse that was hot as the lava
 In weakness grew frozen and cold.
 Thy home was where urns were resting,
 Thy children were crying for bread,
 There was nought but the night cloud above thee,
 No sound but the tramp of the dead.
3. But God who looked forth from the heavens
 In pity smiled kindly at last,
 And the green land grew bright with His glory,
 Soft dew on thy bosom was cast ;
 A trumpet call gathered the scattered,
 The urns stood alone on the plain,
 By the sea wave with face turned Westward
 You lifted the banner again.
4. And called for the chains to be broken—
 Not quailing with cowardly fear,
 But proud in the power of defiance,
 And loud that the wide Earth might hear ;
 And the ends of the Earth, how they answered—
 Go ask of the tyrant and knave,
 Go ask of the dust that is lying
 All cold on the patriot's grave.
5. And we who are gathered around thee
 Are firm in the truth of our faith,
 And shall stand 'neath the folds of that banner,
 Nor care for the torture or scathe ;
 Though the scoffer may sneeringly mutter
 Thy beauty is now on the wane,
 The gauntlet flung down by our fathers,
 By Heavens ! we'll fling it again.
6. Not recklessly, aimlessly striving,
 Not lifting with weak strength the wand,
 But patiently biding the moment
 That shall give us a sweep for our hand.
 Wave proudly the Flag, dearest Mother,
 The true hearts are still by thy side,
 Till we deck thee in queenliest beauty,
 As Liberty's queenliest bride.

THE GREEN WOODS OF SLEW.

KEY F. *Slow and plaintive.*

{ :s₁.s₁ | d :d.r :m.s | l :l :d¹.l | s :s.m :r.m }
 { In the heart of the for - est a thrush 'gan to }

{ d :- :s₁.s₁ | d :d.r :m.s | l :l :s.m }
 { sing Of loss - es the sor - est, the }

{ l :l.s :m.s | l :- :s.l | d¹ :d¹.l :s.l }
 { death of a king! Soon to his bough }

{ m :m :r | d.s₁ :d.r :m.s | l :- :s₁ }
 { leaf - less, my sym - pa - thy flew; For }

{ d :d.r :m.s | l :l :d¹.l | s :s.m :r.m }
 { I, too, roamed chief - less in the Green Woods of }

{ d :- ||
 { Slew! }

2. He, high 'bove the heather, I, low 'mong the fern,
 Mourned sadly together—a bird and a kerne!
 Cried he, the sky-winger: "A hawking cuckoo
 Has slain the chief singer of the Green Woods of Slew!"

3. Like his, was my story: "Our glory is o'er,
 For dead lies young Rory—the valiant O'More.
 The scourge of the stranger, he chased the false crew,
 Like a wolfhound of danger, in the Green Woods of Slew!"

4. " My curse chill your castle, Gilla Patrick the base !
 No Saxon Queen's vassal was Rory of Leix !
 The Palesmen he vanquished : they parleyed with you ;
 And I am left anguished in the Green Woods of Slew ! "

5. " Smile, Sydney and Perrot !—the gold, that oft failed—
 Wise weasel, fierce ferret !—on the Gaelga prevailed :
 The friend of his bosom proved faint and untrue,
 And left me heart-woesome in the Green Woods of Slew ! "

6. To joy turned our singing ; for free from its nest,
 A fledgling came winging with many a rest :
 The gold its crest tins'ling, like dawn o'er the blue—
 Another plumed princeling for the Green Woods of Slew !

7. Away, sorrow blinding !—leave to women the dead—
 Far better be grinding the grey axe, instead :
 For soon, brave and bonny, from the hand of MacHugh,
 Shall fly little Owney, to the Green Woods of Slew !

P. J. M'CALL.

I am indebted to Mr. M'Call for this sweet, plaintive air, which, as far as he knows, has never been published till now. He tells me that he used to hear his mother sing it. The song, which is found in *Irish Noinins*, was written by him for the air. It is prefaced by the following note : "A lament for Rory Oge O'More, assassinated by MacGilla Patrick, June 30, 1578. Owney, mentioned in the concluding stanza, was Rory's son."

KATHALEEN MACHREE.

KEY G. *Slow and with expression.* Air: "Good Night and Joy be with you all."

{ : .m ,r | d .t₁ : l₁ .l₁ ,t₁ | d .d : r .d ,r }

Oh, | sweet-ly in St. John's old keep, At }

{ | m .m : m ,r .d ,r | m .s₁ : s₁ .m ,r }

mid - night sings the fai - ry choir Low }

{ | d .t₁ ,l₁ : l₁ .t₁ | d .,m : r .d ,r }

mel - o - dies, that lull to sleep The }

{ | m .l : s ,m .r ,m | d .l₁ : l₁ .| m ,f }

wea - ry pea - sant by the fire ; || And }

{ | s .,l : s .m ,s | l ,s .m ,f : s .l ,s }

soft - ly as a lov - er's dream The }

{ | f .m : r .d ,r | m .s₁ : s₁ .m ,r }

Shan - non wakes a lay for me, But }

{ | d .t₁ ,l : l₁ .l₁ ,t₁ | d .,m : r .d ,r }

sweet - er, soft - er still I deem The }

{ | m .l : s ,m .r ,m | d .l₁ : l₁ .||

voice of Kath - a - leen Ma - chree. ||

2. Oh ! brightly falls the summer light
 Upon Roscommon's hills at eve,
 And wildly in the witching night
 Their golden web the moonbeams weave.
 And mountain berries cluster fair,
 And heather bells are sweet to see :
 But richer, brighter are the hair
 And lips of Kathaleen Machree.
3. Oh ! gently now the twilight breeze
 Wafts fragrance from the meadow side :
 But gentler waved the poplar trees
 The eve she said she'd be my bride.
 How wearily, from day to day
 The lagging moments come and flee !
 And how I long for sunny May
 To wed my Kathaleen Machree.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

KEY F.

Air : " The Groves of Blarney."

{ : .d : d .,r | m : d^l.t : l .,s | s : m .d : d .r }
 With deep af- fec - tion and re - col- lec - tion, I of - ten }

{ | m : s .m : r .,d | d : - .d : d .,r }
 think of those Shan-don bells, Whose sounds so }

{ | m : d^l .,d^l : l .,s | s : m .d : d .,r }
 wild would, in days of child - hood, Fling round my }

{ | m : s^f .m : r .,d | d : - .s : s .m }
 era - dle their mag - ic spells; On this I }

{ | d^l : d^l .t : l .s | s : m .s : l .m }
 pon - der, wher - e'er I wan - der, And thus grow }

{ | d^l : d^l .t : l .se | l .,t : d^l .d ,d : d .r }
 fond - er, sweet Cork, of thee; With thy bells of }

{ | m : d^l .d^l : t .l | s : m .d : d .r }
 Shan - don, that sound so grand on The plea - sant }

{ | m : s .m ,d : r .,d | d : .||
 wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee. ||

2. I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke not like thine.

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

3. I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

4. There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
 In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me—
 It's the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

"FATHER PROUT."

MY BOAT.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

Air: "Τάιμ-ρε αρ αν μβαίτε ρεο."

{ : .d | d .m : s, f .m | f .,r : s .t₁ | r .r : d .t₁ }
 My boat is like the sea-gull white That skims o'er strand and

{ | d : .s | d¹ .d¹ : l .d¹ | t .t : r .,m }
 swell It looks so bright and sails so light And

{ | f, s - : t^d t¹ l | s : .s | d¹ .d¹ : l .d¹ }
 stems the tide so well; The soft wild gale fills

{ | t .t : r .m | f .s : t^d t¹ l | s : - .d }
 out its sail And wafts it towards the sea, And

{ | d .,m : s, f .m | f .,r : s .t₁ | r .r : d .,t₁ }
 floats me down from Cork's fair town Up on the plea-sant

{ | d : .||
 Lee.

2. I sit within that bonnie boat

When love o'er me has power,

When sea-birds float with shrilly note

At sunset's golden hour;

Then from the shore green towering o'er

Love seems to pilot me,

To muse alone on my loved one

Upon the pleasant Lee.

3. When first my boat upon the tide
 A thing of life out came,
 With conscious pride upon its side
 I placed my true love's name ;
 And since, each day, that name the spray
 Has washed full wild and free,
 But still each line undimmed doth shine,
 Upon the pleasant Lee.
4. A trim new sail my boat shall have
 When summer's days come on,
 And swift and brave she'll walk the wave,
 More stately than the swan ;
 For then my bloom-bright maid shall come
 With love and joy to me,
 And side by side we oft shall glide
 Upon the pleasant Lee.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This is a very sweet, pleasant air sent to me by Miss O'Reilly, of Macroom. It is another proof of the claim of the district to be called a home of Irish melody. I wed it to Dr. Joyce's pleasant song.

WHEN COOL WINDS ARE BLOWING.

KEY E \flat . *Cheerfully.*

Air from Petrie,

{ s.f | m : r : m | d : r : m | f : m : f | s.s :- : d^l }
 { When | cool winds are blowing, I | love to be rowing My }

{ | f : f : r | m : m : d | f : f : r | r :- : s.f }
 { | mer - ry boat down to where | sweet Gra - cie dwells, When the }

{ | m : r : m | d : r : m | f : m : f | s.s :- : d^l }
 { | for - ests are ring - ing with | laughter and singing, And }

{ | t :- .t : s | f : f : r | m :- .d : d | d :- : m.r }
 { | sweet bri - ers scent Bal - ly - mul - vy's lone dells. The }

{ | d : m : s | d^l : t : d^l | r^l : d^l : t | d^l :- : l }
 { | blue leap - ing riv - er I'd | sail on for ever To }

{ | s : s : f | m : r : m | f : f : r | r :- : s.f }
 { | catch the fresh light of my | Col - leen's young face, And }

{ | m : r : m | d : r : m | f : m : f | s.s :- : d^l }
 { | yel - low locks shin - ing, with | white lil - ies twining, Their }

{ | t : t : s | f : f : r | m :- .d : d | d :- : ||
 { | splen - dour en - crown - ing with beau - ty and grace. ||

2. How pleasant to meet her, how joyous to greet her,
 Her lips blushing soft as she welcomes me in ;
 The wheel ever humming soon stops at my coming,
 For Gracie gets weary of trying to spin.

We sit in the bower beside the grey tower,

Where the tall beechen trees whisper tales to the moon.
Such bright dreams they bring me, the sweet lays she sings me,
That my poor throbbing heart beats in time to the tune.

3. A-down the blue river my boat's sailing ever,

Since we lit the *bealtin* on the eve of St. John.
We joined in the sporting, the dancing and courting—
My young heart was stolen, and Gracie's I won.
That night I was dreaming, with fairy-like seeming,
I sat on the grey walls by Inny's green side :
The music was sounding, the dancers were bounding,
And Gracie beside me, my own wedded bride.

4. Oh ! if some kind fairy, on winds free and airy,

Would steal her away to my home on the hill,
I'd hide in my bosom my tender young blossom,
As the ash-tree the violet by Shaskan's dark rill.
When the evening shades quiver, we'd sail down the river,
By the old mossy weir where flossy crests run,
And the gloom of the winter no longer could enter
The hearth that was blessed by my *Colleen Dhas Dhun*.

J. K. CASEY.

MY CARROLL BAWN.

KEY D.

{ : d | r : - . r | r : - . m | s : - | d : - . m }
 { 'Twas | in the town of | Wex - ford they }

{ r : - . r | d : - . t₁ | d : - | - : r }
 { sen - tenced him to | die, 'I was }

{ m : - . m | m : - . m | m : d¹ | - : l }
 { in the town of | Wex - ford they }

{ s : - . m | r : d | r : - | - : r }
 { built the gal - lows | high And }

{ m : - . m | m : m | m : d¹ | - : l }
 { there one sum - mer | morn - ing when }

{ s : - . m | r : - . d | r : - | - : d }
 { beamed the gen - tle | dawn Up - }

{ r : - . r | r : m | s : l | - : t₁ }
 { on that cur - sed | gal - lows they }

{ r : - . r | d : t₁ | d : - | - ||
 { hung my Car - roll | Bawn. }

2. Oh ! he was true and loyal,
 Oh ! he was proud and fair,
 And only nineteen summers
 Shone on his golden hair ;
 And when his gallant brothers
 Had grasped the pike in hand,
 Where the green flag streamed the fairest,
 He stood for native land.

3. I saw him cross the heather
 With his bold companie,
 And from the rising hill-side
 He waved his hand to me ;
 Then on my wild heart settled
 A load of woe and pain
 mavróne ! its throbbings told me
 We'd never meet again.
4. They fought the Saxon foemen
 By Slaney's glancing wave ;
 But brutal strength o'erpowered
 The gallant and the brave.
 And in the flight which followed
 That day of misery
 Sore wounded he was taken,
 My Carroll Bawn Machree.
5. Oh, foreer gair ! that ever
 I saw the dreadful sight,
 His locks all damply hanging,
 His cheeks so deadly white.
 What wonder if my ringlets
 Were changed from dark to grey,
 Or if the blessed hand of God
 Had ta'en my life away.
6. 'Twas in the town of Wexford
 They sentenced him to die ;
 'Twas in the town of Wexford
 They built the gallows high.
 With form erect and manly,
 And look of scornful pride,
 For Ireland's faith and freedom
 My true love nobly died.
7. The meadow path is lonely,
 The hearth is cold and dim,
 And the silent churchyard blossom
 Blooms softly over him ;
 And my heart is ever yearning
 For the calm rest coming on,
 When its weary pulse lies sleeping
 Beside my Carroll Bawn.

J. K. CASEY.

This is the air to which the song is sung in the South of Ireland. It is a simple, sweet air in the "gapped scale" and two-strain form.

THE MOUNTAINS OF POMEROY.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

{ s :m | s .f :m .r | d :- .r | l₁ :d .l₁ }
 { The morn was break - ing | bright and fair, The }

{ s₁ :l₁ .d | d :r .m | f :- | :m .f }
 { lark sang in the sky, When the }

{ s :m | s .f :m .r | d :r | l₁ :d .l₁ }
 { maid she bound her gold - en hair, With a }

{ s₁ :l₁ .d | d :- .d | d :- | :d .r }
 { blithe glance in her eye; For }

{ m :- .r | d :r .m | f :s | s :d¹ .l₁ }
 { who, be - yond the gay green - wood, Was a - }

{ s :m | d :r .m | f :- | :m .f }
 { wait - ing her with joy? Oh, }

{ s :m .m | s .f :m .r | d :r | l₁ :d .l₁ }
 { who but her gal - lant Ren - ar - dine On the }

CHORUS.

{ s₁ :l₁ .l₁ | d :- .d | d :- | || d .r }
 { moun - tains of Pom - e - roy! || An }

{ m :r | d :r .m | f :s | s :d¹ .l₁ }
 { out - lawed man in a land for - lorn, He }

{ s :- .m | d :r .m | f :- | :m .f }
 { scorned to turn and fly But }

{ s :m | s .f :m .r | d :r | l₁ :d .l₁ }
 { kept the cause of free - dom safe Up - }

{ s₁ :- .l₁ | d :d | d :- | || }
 { on the moun - tains high. || }

2. Full often in the dawning hour,
 Full often in the twilight brown,
 He met the maid in the woodland bow'r,
 Where the stream comes foaming down.
 For they were faithful in a love
 No wars could e'er destroy ;
 No tyrant's law touched Renardine,
 On the mountains of Pomeroy !

CHORUS.

3. "Dear love," she said, "I'm sore afraid,
 For the foeman's force and you !
 They've tracked you in the lowland plain,
 And all the valley through.
 My kinsmen frown when you are named,
 Your life they would destroy !
 'Beware,' they say, 'of Renardine,'
 On the mountains of Pomeroy.'"

CHORUS.

4. "Fear not, fear not, sweetheart !" he cried,
 "Fear not the foe for me !
 No chain shall fall, whate'er betide,
 On the arm which will be free !
 Oh, leave your cruel kin, and come,
 When the lark is in the sky ;
 And it's with my gun I'll guard you,
 On the mountains of Pomeroy."

CHORUS.

5. The morn has come, she rose and fled
 From her cruel kin and home ;
 And bright the wood, and rosy red,
 And the tumbling torrent's foam.
 But the mist came down, and the tempest roared,
 And did all around destroy ;
 And a pale, drowned bride met Renardine,
 On the mountains of Pomeroy.

CHORUS.

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

THE DARK MAID OF THE VALLEY.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

Air: "bean Dub a' gleanna."

{ : d .,r | m .,r : r .,d | r m : d .d | r .,m : s .,l | d' }
 { On the | hill I have a cow, And have | herded it till now, }

{ : r' .,d' | l : s .m | m : - .,r | r : d | }
 { Since a | fair maiden stole my | rea - son. }

{ : d .r | m .,r : r .,d | r m : - .d | r .,m : s .,l | d' }
 { I | led her to and fro, Where- | ev - er winds blow, }

{ : r' .d' | l : s .,s | r .m : - .,r | r : r | }
 { Till the | sun shines at noon-tide in | sea - son. ||

{ : l .t | d' .,l : l .,r' | r' m' t : t | d' .,t : l .s .,l | d' }
 { I | glance a-bove a-far, Where my | true love shines a star— }

{ : .s | l : - .s | m m : - .,r | r : d | }
 { My | spir - it sinks, hard - ly to | ral - ly }

{ : .r | m .r : r .,d | r m : - .d | r .,m : s .,l | d' }
 { O, | mighty King and Lord, Thy | help to me ac - cord, }

{ : r' .d' | l .,l : s | - .r : m .,r | r : r | }
 { To | win the dark maid of the | val - ley! ||

2. Dark Maiden, first and best,
 Who hast robbed me of my rest,
 O, maiden, most beautiful and tender;

With swan-like neck so bright,
 With bosom snowy white,
 With waist so delicate and slender,—
 Not a youth from Dublin town
 Unto Galway of renown,
 Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden
 On steeds bounding free,
 With love-gifts to thee,
 My loveliest, my Dark own Maiden !

3. In Momonia I could find
 Many damsels to my mind,
 And in Leinster—nay, England, a many,
 One from Georgey, without art,
 Who would clasp me to her heart,
 And a beauty is the lass among many.
 The daughter of the Earl,
 Who walks in silk and pearl,
 Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet,
 But could I have my choice,
 How much would I rejoice
 To wed thee, my Dark Maiden, of all yet !
4. My hut may stand unseen,
 But 'tis thatched with rushes green,
 And around it the bee is a hummer,
 And it shines day by day,
 In the glory and the ray
 Of the Eire-loving sunlight of Summer.
 But when maidens grow old,
 They are viewed with glances cold,
 And we choose, then, the gay and youthful-hearted.
 Thou hast left me, blooming flower,
 In a dark and evil hour,
 But I mourn thee as one who has departed.

This song is remarkable for its simplicity of style and composition. The translation is excellent. The air is the best traditional version I have seen and is a great favourite.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

KEY F. *Slow and sad.*

{	r	.m		f	.,m	:	f	.s	:	f	.m	}
{	I	've		seen,	full		man -	y a		May -	time,	}

{	r	.,d	:	r	.m	:	f	.m	}
{	Suns	lead		on	the		day -	time,	}

{	l ₁	.,t ₁	:	d	.l ₁	:	r	.,d	.l ₁	.,fe ₁	}
{	Horns	ring		in	that		gay	time	With	}	

{	s ₁	.,t ₁	:	l ₁	.l ₁	:	l ₁	.(r	.,m)	}
{	birds			mel -	low		call,			}

{	f	.,m	:	f	.s	:	f	.m	}
{	Bad -	gers		flee	be -		fore	us,	}

{	r	.,d	:	r	.m	:	f	.m	}
{	Wood -	cocks		star -	tle		o'er	us,	}

{	l ₁	.,t ₁	:	d	.l ₁	:	r	.,d	.l ₁	.,fe ₁	}
{	Guns	make		plea -	sant		cho -	rus,	A -	}	

{	s ₁	.,s ₁	:	l ₁	.l ₁	:	l ₁	l ₁ ,t ₁	}
{	mid	the		ech -	oes		all.	The	}

{	d	.,d	.,l ₁	:	d	.,r	.,m	.,fe	:	s	.m	}
{	fox	run		high	and		high -	er,		}		

{	l	.,l	:	l	.,s	.,fe	.,s	:	l	.,r	.,m	}
{	Horse -	men		shout -	ing		nigh -	er,	The	}		

{	f	.,s	:	l	.s	:	f	.,m	.,r	}
{	pea -	sant		mourn -	ing		by	her	}	

{	r	.,d	:	l ₁	.l ₁	:	l ₁	.,r	.,m	}
{	Fowl	that		man -	gled		be.		}	

{	f	.,s	: l	.s	: f	.m	}
	Now,	they	fell	the	wild -	wood,	
{	r	.d	: r	.m	: f	.m ,l ₁	}
	Fare -	well —	home	of	child -	hood, Ah,	
{	l ₁	.,t ₁	: d	.l ₁	: r .d	.l ₁ ,fe ₁	}
	Shaun	O'	Dwyer	an	Glean -	na,	
{	l ₁	.l ₁ ,l ₁ : l ₁	.l ₁				
	Joy	is	not for	thee.			

2. It is my sorrow sorest,
 Woe—the falling forest !
 The north wind gives me no rest,
 And death's in the sky ;
 My faithful hound's tied tightly,
 Never sporting lightly,
 Who once could, day or nightly,
 Win grief from the eye.
 The antlered, noble-hearted
 Stags are never started,
 Never chased nor parted
 From the furzy hills.
 If Peace came, but a small way,
 I'd journey down to Galway,
 And leave, tho' not for alway,
 My Erin of ills.

3. The Land of streamy valleys,
 Hath no Head nor rallies—
 In city, camp, or palace
 They never toast her name ;
 Alas ! no warrior column,
 From Cloyne to Stuaic naov Colam—
 O'er plains now waste and solemn,
 The hares may rove tame.
 Oh, when shall come the routing,
 The English flight and flouting,
 We hear no joyous shouting
 From the Blackbird yet,

But more warlike glooms the omen—
 Justice comes to no men,
 Priests must flee the foemen
 To hilly caves and wet.

4. It is my daily ruin,
 That a sinless death's undoing
 Came not, ere came the strewing
 Of all my bright hopes.
 Ah, many a pleasant day-time
 I've watched in Erin's May-time,
 The sweet fruits scent that gay time,
 And dew on oak and slopes.
 Now, my lands are plunder,
 Far my friends asunder,
 I must hide me under
 Heath and bramble screen.
 If soon I cannot save me
 By flight from foes that crave me,
 O Death! at last I'll seek thee,
 Our bitter foes between!

This version of the air is Dr. Joyce's. No song was more popular in Munster than this. The fine translation by Dr. Sigerson is most singable. The "Glen" is the Glen of Aherlow, Co. Tipperary. Shaun was a native chief who fought bravely against the Cromwellians. His deeds of bravery made the "Glen" famous. The song enshrines a "fact" of Irish history—the ruin that followed the attempted extermination of a noble and ancient race. Of the country before the eighteenth century, Lecky (*History of Ireland*, vol. i.) says: "The pictures of the condition of Ireland at this time are as terrible as anything in human history."

BLIND MARY.

KEY C *Slow.*

Air : "Blind Mary."

{ : .s | d^l : d^l .t | t .l : s .m, f | s ., l : s .m | r : - .m, f }
 There | flows from her spir - it such | love and de - light That the }

{ | s .m^l : m^l ., r^l | d^l .l : s .d., r | m ., f : m .r | d : - . || d^l, r^l }
 face | of blind Ma - ry is | ra - diant with light, As the }

{ | m^l ., f^l : m^l .l | r^l ., t : s .l, t | d^l ., d : d .r, m | r : - .s, f }
 gleam from a home - stead thro' | dark - ness will show, Or the }

{ | m ., f : s .m^l | m^l ., r^l : d^l .d, r | m ., f : m .r | d : - . ||
 moon glim - mer soft thro' the | fast fall - ing snow. }

2. Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,
 As an Indian might feel in our northerly climes !
 And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,
 And the starlight, as love, that nor changes nor ends.
3. Ah ! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,
 For the mountains that tower or the rivers that run—
 For beauty and grandeur, and glory, and light,
 Are seen by the spirit and not by the sight.
4. In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,
 In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade ;
 While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound
 Is one of the guardians, an Eden around !

THOMAS DAVIS,

SHE LIVED BESIDE THE ANNER.

KEY E \flat . *Slow and pathetic.*

{ : m . f | s . l : f . s , f | m . d : r . d | t , s , : d . d | d }
 { She | lived be-side the An-ner At the foot of Slieve-na-mon, }

{ : . , dr | m . f : s . l | ta . s : d[^] , ta | l . f : ta . l | s }
 { A | gen-tle Ir-ish col-leen With | mild eyes like the dawn; }

{ : . , dr | m . f : s . l | ta . s : d[^] , ta | l . f : ta . l | s }
 { Her | lips were dew-y rose-buds, Her teeth were pearls rare, }

{ : m . , f | s . l : f . s , f | m . d : r . d | t , s , : d . d | d }
 { And a | st-ow-drift 'neath a beechen bough Her | neck and nut-brown hair. || }

2. How pleasant 'twas to see her
 On a Sunday when the bell
 Was filling with its mellow tones
 Lone wood and grassy dell!
 And when at eve young maidens
 Strayed the river bank along,
 The widow's brown-haired daughter
 Was the loveliest of the throng.

3. O brave, brave Irish girls!
 We well may call you brave—
 Sure the least of all your perils
 Is the stormy ocean wave
 When you leave your quiet valleys,
 And cross th' Atlantic foam,
 To hoard your hard-won earnings
 For the helpless one at home.

4. "Write word to my own dear mother;
 Say we'll meet with God above;
 And tell my little brothers
 I send them all my love;
 May angels ever guard them
 Is their dying sister's prayer"—
 And folded in the letter
 Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

5. Ah, cold and well-nigh callous
 This weary heart has grown
 For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland
 And for sorrows of my own;
 Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
 When by the Anner side I stray,
 For the lily of the mountain foot
 That withered far away.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

Michael Doheny, who himself wrote two or three of our best and most splendid ballads, pronounced this ballad of Kickham's to be one of the best ever written. I have seen it stated that it remained without a musical setting until about thirteen years ago. That is not so. It has had from the time it was written the musical setting which I here give. It has been sung to other airs. One air which I have heard was modern and musical rubbish. Another air to which I saw the song wedded is a very pretty Munster air, which is found in this series, p. 234. I think the present musical setting suits the air best. Anyhow it is the one which has been for a long time current amongst the traditional singers in Munster. It feels like a bit of the sweet, enchanting music from *Tír na n-Óg*. Two friends supplied me simultaneously with a copy of the music—Miss S. Black, a musical member of the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League in Dublin, and Mr. Phil O'Neill, of Kinsale, an enthusiastic lover of Irish and of Irish songs and airs. The air, with Kickham's song, has been sung in Mr. O'Neill's family ever since the song was written.

THE THIEF OF THE WORLD.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

Air: "An Stáicín Oinnéan."

{ s.l.t | d'.r' : d'.t | l.m : m.r | m.d : l, .t, | d.r : m s }
 { What's the use of Govern - ment, and | what do we pay peblers for? }

{ l .d' : t .s | l .m : m .r | m .m : l , l | l : s .l .t }
 { What's the use of soldiers to be | standing at their ease? What }

{ d'.r' : d'.t | l .m : m .r | m .d : l, .t, | d .r : m .s }
 { do they seize po - teen stills and | hunt the highwaysquealer for, Wh'n }

{ l .d' : t .s | l .m : m .r | m .d : l, .t, | d || r .r }
 { rogues can roam the highroad and go | robbing all they please? Oh, the }

{ m .s : l .t | d' : l .t, d' | r' .d' : l .t | d' .r' : m' .f' }
 { thief of all the world! but | sure the sorrow mend my-self-The }

{ r' .t : d', l | s .m : m .r | m , l : l , l | l : s .l .t }
 { two blue, coaxing eyes of her, the | dimple on her chin! They }

{ d'.r' : d'.t | l .m : m .r | m .d : l, .t, | d .r : m .s }
 { stole the heart right out of me, be - | fore I could de-fend my-self—I }

{ l .d' : t .s | l .m : m .r | m .d : l, .t, | d ||
 { fell in - to that dimple and I | can't get out a - gain. }

2. She was sitting at the door, and nobody but the cat with her,
 When in I stepped to light my pipe and pass the time of day ;
 And I never felt the time while I talked of this and that with her,
 And sure 'twas mostly evening when I rose to go away.
 Oh, the thief of the world ! when up at last I got to go
 My heart was gone, my head was gone, my peace of mind likewise,
 But wasn't I the omadhaun, and she pretending not to know,
 And all the while the mischief in the corner of her eyes !
3. But I'll have her up to court, and I'll charge her with the felony,
 And if she pleads not guilty, 'twill be only waste of breath ;
 For I'll set my face against her, and condemn her for her villainy
 To be locked up in my arms till the day of her death.
 Oh, the thief of the world ! there's no use in being kind to her—
 Around my neck she'll have to hang until her dying day,
 As a warning to all schemers that the same way are inclined as her,
 To go about their business and not set poor boys astray.

F. A. FAHY.

My attention was directed to this song by a musical and poetic friend, several of whose pieces I have included in my collection. He is one who is no mean judge of the value of a fine song. He writes me as follows : "Get it into your book. It is one of Frank Fahy's happiest and Irishiest efforts. Don't let it escape your eye." Every one, I think, will endorse that encomium. I am much indebted to Mr. Fahy for sending me this and others of his songs. The above setting of the fine air is, in my opinion, the best and most singable. The three first notes of the music are required for the second and third verses.

KELLY OF KILLANN.

A '98 SONG.

KEY D. *Spirited.*

{ :d .,m | s :s .,s | d^l :d^l .l | s :m .,d | l₁ }

{ What's the news? What's the news? O my bold Shel-ma - lier, }

{ :d .r | m :r .m | s .m :r .d | d :- | - }

{ With your long, barrelled gun of the sea? }

{ :d .,m | s :s .,s | d^l :d^l .l | s :m .,d | l₁ }

{ Say what wind from the sun blows his mes - sen - ger here, }

{ :d .r | m :r .m | s .m :r .d | d :- | - }

{ With a hymn of the dawn for the free? "

{ :s .,s | l :f .,f | d^l :d^l .,l | s :d^l .,l | s }

{ " Good-ly news! Good-ly news, do I bring, Youth of Forth; }

{ :s .,s | l :f .,f | d^l :d^l .,l | s :- | - }

{ Good-ly news shall you hear, Bar-gy Man! }

{ :d .,m | s :s .,s | d^l :d^l .,l | s :m .,d | l₁ }

{ For the Boys march at morn from the South to the North, }

{ :d .,r | m :r .m | s .m :r .d | d :- | - }

{ Led by Kel - ly, the Boy from Kil-lann! "

2. " Tell me who is that giant with gold curling hair—
 He who rides at the head of your band?
 Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,
 And he looks like a king in command! "

" Ah, my lads, that's the Pride of the Bold Shelmaliers,
 'Mong our greatest of heroes, a Man !—
 Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
 For John Kelly, the Boy from Killann ! "

3. Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won,
 And the Barrow to-morrow we'll cross !
 On a hill o'er the Town we have planted a gun
 That will batter the gateways of Ross !
 All the Forth men and Bargo men march o'er the heath,
 With brave Harvey to lead on the van ;
 But the foremost of all in the grim gap of Death
 Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killann !
4. But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,
 And it set by the Slaney's red waves ;
 And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung high on a cross,
 And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves !
 Glory O ! Glory O ! to her brave sons who died
 For the cause of long down-trodden man !
 Glory O ! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride—
 Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killann !

P. J. M'CALL.

I draw the attention of our young Irishmen to this patriotic and splendid ballad. I venture to hope that it will be often heard from our concert platforms. It is taken, by permission, from the author's *Irish Fireside Songs* (Dublin: Gill & Son). Mr. M'Call also kindly supplied me with the air. He is of opinion that this version of the air has never before been published.

THE MOUNTAIN ALTAR.

KEY A. *Tenderly.*

Air: Old Traditional Air.

{ m₁ .s₁ | l₁ : l₁ .l₁ | l₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d : d | r }
 { A - | round it the furze - clad | hills a - rise }

{ d .r | m : r .d | l₁ : s₁ .m₁ | s₁ : - | }
 { Like | guar - dians strong and | brave, }

{ m₁ .s₁ | l₁ : l₁ .l₁ | l₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d : d | r }
 { As | if from the world's un - feel - ing hand }

{ d .r | m : r .d | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - | }
 { Its | sto - ry to shield and | save. }

{ m .m | s : m | m : r .d | r : r | r }
 { And they'll | guard it there, with a | king - ly pride, }

{ d .r | m : r .d | l₁ : s₁ .m₁ | s₁ : - | }
 { Tho' the | skies may smile or | weep, }

{ m₁ .s₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d : d | r }
 { Those | brave old hills with a | ten - der care }

{ d .r | m : r .d | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - | }
 { Their | vig - il of love will | keep. }

2. The ivy clings to the moss-grown stones
 With a loving, unchanging clasp,
 As if to shelter the friend of its youth
 From the plunderer's ruthless grasp;
 And it weaves a canopy o'erhead,
 Where the breeze in summer sighs,
 And the tender raindrops filter through,
 Like tears from the weeping skies.

3. When our Faith was banned by a tyrant law,
 And our Altars in ruin lay ;
 When the blighting gloom of the Penal night
 Fell dark over Freedom's day ;
 On this ledge the Sacred Host was laid,
 And the hunted *soggarth* here
 Offered up to Heaven the Holy Mass,
 While the hounds of the law were near.

4. There has it stood thro' the changing years,
 Unstirred by the howling gale ;
 Unbending, stern, and dark, and proud,
 Like a knight in his kingly mail ;
 Around it the wintry winds have swept,
 And the croon of the summer breeze
 Has often rustled its ivied robe :
 But 'tis little it cares for these.

5. It has conquered all that would crush it down
 In the reckless flight of years,
 Since first the moss on the soft, green sod
 Was moistened with sorrowing tears
 For the home destroyed and the Altar wrecked,
 And the true and the brave laid low
 By the iron hand of a bigot hate,
 In the days of a nation's woe.

6. In those grey old ruins of our native land,
 There are memories sad and proud ;
 They tell of the patriot's noble fight,
 And they speak of the martyr's shroud.
 Oh, guard them more from careless hands
 Than you would from the winter blast ;
 They were left to the children of Patrick's race
 To tell of a glorious past.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

This song is worthy of a foremost place even amongst the gems of this collection. I link it with a very sweet old melody, and hope that it will be often heard at Irish firesides.

THE FAIR-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F. *Tenderly and fairly quick.*

Air: "Dobbin's Flowery Vale."

{	: s . s	f . r : d . t ₁	d	: r . t ₁	d . r : f . s	ta	}
{	'Tis my	bit-ter	grief that we,	Love, to-	gether cannot	be	}

{	: s . l . t	d ¹ . , t : s . m	f . m	: r . d	ta ₁	: - . d	r	}
{	In some	green, leaf-y	isle	in Lough	E - -	er - ne,	}	

{	: d . t ₁	s ₁ . d : d . t ₁	d	: r . t ₁	d . r : f . s	ta	}
{	Or with-	in the dark wood's breast,	Where the	song-bird makes his nest			}

{	: s . l . t	d ¹ . , t : s . m	f . r	: t ₁ . r	d	: -	(d)	
{	And the	grouse whirrs a - loud	'mid the	fern.				

{	: d . r . m	f . m : f . s	ta	: s . t	d ¹ . , t : s . l	ta	}
{	Or by	some deep-bo-somed bay	Where the	cuckoo's merry	lay		}

{	: s . l . t	d ¹ . , t : s . m	f . m	: r . d	ta ₁	: - . d	r	}
{	Thrills all	day and the	sea	swells a	cho - -	rus,	}	

p

{	: d . t ₁	s ₁ . d : d . t ₁	d	: r . t ₁	d . r : f . s	ta	}
{	Side by	side to wander	on,	Till our	share of days are gone,		}

f

{	: s . d ¹	d ¹ . , t : s . m	f . r	: t ₁ . r	d	: -	d	
{	Love to	fill with lasting	joy the	time be-	fore		us.	

2. 'Tis my bitter grief that I
 Did not by my kindred lie
 Stiff and cold, or on some bleak height have my dwelling,
 Ere ever in my way
 Came your presence, bright as day,
 And your rowan-red lips love-compelling.

Alas ! that it is so !
 Woman's love is like the snow
 Or a gust of wind that comes to go for ever
 Oh ! a storheen, not for gold
 Let my soul's full trust be sold,
 Nor your own dear heart from happiness sever !

3. I have searched our island o'er
 From Cork's resounding shore
 To where the Reek looks o'er Clew's waters,
 And thence to the wild flow
 That sweeps o'er Assaroe
 In hope that I might find among the daughters
 Whose beauty crowns each place
 Some tidings of the face
 Of her whom every maid for Queen confesses,
 And to whom I bade adieu
 At the ford of Killaloe,
 She's the Girl of the Fair-Flowing Tresses !

WILLIAM ROONEY.

Dr. P. W. Joyce says of this air : " There are few tunes better known all over Munster ; and a number of songs are sung to it." The air is a charming one. The recurrence of the accented note *ta* gives the music a peculiar tenderness. I link the air with Rooney's fine translation of a celebrated old Munster ballad. Of the other songs that suit the air I mention specially P. J. M'Call's charming song, " Bouchaleen na Gruaga Dhowna " (*Songs of Erin*, p. 34).

I RAMBLED DOWN THE WOODLAND PATH.

KEY G. *Lively.*

Air: "Saddle the Pony."

{ :l₁.t₁ | d :- :- .d | d :r :m | r :m :r | r :d :r }
 { I | ram - bled down the | wood - land path One }

{ | m :- :r | m :f :s | l :- :- | l :- :t }
 { | Sun - day ev - e - ning | late - - ly, And }

{ | d¹ :- :l | t :l :s | l :- :s | m :- :r }
 { | I met there a | maid en fair, A }

{ | d :- :m | r :d :t₁ | l₁ :- :- | l₁ :- :l.t }
 { | maid - en proud and | state - - ly; So }

{ | d¹ :- :l | t :l :s | l :- :s | m :- :t }
 { | beau - ti - ful she | seemed to me, My }

{ | d¹ :- :l | t :r¹ :- .t | s :- :- | s :l :t }
 { | young heart throbbed right | joyful - ly; I }

{ | d¹ :- :l | t :l :s | l :- :s | m :- :r }
 { | called her my grá | bawn ma - chree, That }

{ | d :- :m | r :d :t₁ | l₁ :- :- | l₁ :- ||
 { | maid - en proud and | state - - ly. }

2. The May-wind kissed her flowing hair,
 Like summer sun-rays twining,
 And, oh ! her face of loving grace,
 An apple-blossom shining.

Her lips were red as Keenagh's rose,
 Her feet as light as mountain doe's,
 Her voice the fairy's song which flows
 When starlit eves are shining.

3. And many a time I've walked that path
 Those Sunday evenings lately,
 Still meeting there that maiden fair,
 With head erect and stately.
 She never gives a smile to me,
 But my young heart throbs joyfully,
 For she is my *grá gal machree*,
 That maiden proud and stately !

J. K. CASEY.

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

KEY D.

{ :l | s :f :m | s :f :m | s :f :m | s :- :l }
 { I've | roamed and I've ram-bled the | earth far and wide, Thro' }

{ s :f :m | s :f :m | f :r :m | f :- :l }
 { man-y - a man-sion and | pal - ace of pride, But }

{ s :f :m | s :f :m | s :f :m | s :l :t }
 { flies my fond heart to the | green is - land still, }

{ d^l :t :l | s :f :m | f :r :m | f :- :- }
 { Back to the lit - tle house | un - der the hill. }

{ d^l :m :m | s :m :m | d^l :m :m | s :- : - }
 { Hi for it! Ho for it! | Hi for it still! }

{ d^l :m :m | s :m :m | f :r :m | f :- : (s) }
 { Hi for the lit - tle house | un - der the hill! }

{ d^l :m :m | s :m :m | d^l :m :m | s :l :t }
 { Had I the way now, as | I have the will, I'd }

{ d^l :l.t :d^l.l | s :f :m | f :r :m | f :- }
 { fly to the lit - tle house | un - der the hill. }

2. Oh, how the little house comes to my mind—
 Face to the sunlight and back to the wind!
 The hum of the bee and the ripple of rill
 Made glee for the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still!
 Hi for the little house under the hill!
 I listen in dreams while the thrush's wild thrill
 Wakes joy round the little house under the hill.

3. Humble the roof was and covered the thatch,
But stranger in vain never lifted the latch—
Greeting and welcome that care could not kill
Were found in the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 Hearts that not trouble or sorrow could chill
 Beat high in the little house under the hill.
4. 'Twas gay when the Spring came with flowers and leaves,
With buds on the bushes and birds on the eaves ;
And gayer when soft light of Summer would fill
Each nook in the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 Sweeter than roses that bloomed on the sill
 Lived love in the little house under the hill.
5. The fading of flowers, the fall of the leaf,
Never brought to the hearts in the little house grief,
For round the fireside when the Winter blew shrill
We drew, in the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 With song to enliven and story to thrill,
 We laughed in the little house under the hill.
6. Souls loving dear Erin and hating her foes,
Eyes gay for her gladness or weeping her woes,
Hearts willing their blood for her freeing to spill,
Found home in the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 For one day of daring our vows to fulfil
 We longed in the little house under the hill.
7. Hi for the little house under the hill !
And Hi for the true hearts that linger there still !
I'm praying for ever, through good and through ill,
To die in the little house under the hill,
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 Mad I the way now, as I have the will,
 I'd fly to the little house under the hill.

IRELAND'S HURLING MEN.

KEY A. *With spirit.*

Air: "Vive la."

{ .s₁, f₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | d .,r : d .s₁ }
 Who say our coun - try's soul has fled? Who }

{ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .m | f, m, r, d : l₁ .s₁, f₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .l₁ }
 say our coun - try's heart is dead? Come, let them hear the }

{ | d .,r : m .,f | s .d : l₁ .f | m .r : d .,r }
 marching tread Of twice five thousand Hurling Men, || They }

{ | m .s : r .m | d .,r : m .d | m .s : r .m }
 hold the hopes of by - gone years, They love the past—its }

{ | f, m, r, d : l₁ .d, r | m .s : r .m | d .,r : m .,f }
 smiles and tears; But qua - v'ring doubts and shrinking fears Are }

CHORUS.

{ | s .d : l₁ .f | m .r : d ., | m₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .,l₁ }
 far from Ire - land's Hurl - ing Men! || Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the }

{ | d .,r : d .s₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .m | f, m, r, d : l₁ .m₁ }
 stout Ca - mán, Not Seán - ín's steel can match its blow; Hur - }

{ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d .,r : m .,f | s .d : d .,f }
 rah! the arms of might and brawn, And hearts with Freedom's }

{ | m .r : d ., |
 flame a - glow! }

2. They sing the songs their fathers sung,
 When to the breeze the Green they flung—
 They speak their own sweet Gaelic tongue
 That fires the blood of fighting men.
 When all around was dark as night
 With scarce a gleam of cheering light,
 When traitors fled their country's fight—
 She still had hope in Hurling Men.

CHORUS.

3. On Irish fields when heroes died,
 And foemen thronged on every side,
 Our leaders' joy, their hope and pride,
 Were gleaming pikes—and Hurling Men!
 And if God wills that war's red train
 Shall sweep once more o'er hill and plain,
 Our land shall call—and not in vain—
 For fighting lines of Hurling Men.

CHORUS.

4. But, meanwhile, let each true heart toil
 The foeman's every plan to foil,
 And raise, like strong plants from the soil,
 New hosts of Irish Hurling Men.
 To guard their name and love their land,
 With her thro' gloom and joy to stand,
 And each one's gift—a heart and hand
 And will to strive with Irish Men.

CHORUS.

5. When comes the day—as come it must—
 That Seánín's rule of greed and lust
 Shall lie, all broken, in the dust,
 We'll still have Irish Hurling Men.
 Then here's to her, the land we love,
 Each grand old hill, and glen, and grove—
 Her plains below, her skies above—
 And, best of all, her Hurling Men!

CHORUS.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

ERIN ASTHORE.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "Top of Cork Road."

{ d : s₁ : m₁ | d₁ : m₁ : s₁ | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ }
 { Na - ture in man - y a | fa - voured lo - ca - li - ty }

{ d : t₁ : d | r : m : f | s : m : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ }
 { Scat - ters her trea - sures in | rich pro - di - ga - li - ty : }

{ d : s₁ : m₁ | d₁ : m₁ : s₁ | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ }
 { But I'll main - tain it, with - out par - ti - a - li - ty, }

{ d : t₁ : d | r : m : f | m : d : d | d : - : - ||
 { You have the pick of them, E - rin a - sthore! ||

{ m : d : m | m : d : m | r : t₁ : r | r : t₁ : r }
 { Moun - tains of pride where the | wild tor - rent falls; }

{ d : t₁ : d | l₁ : r : d | t₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - }
 { Val - leys of joy where the | mel - low thrush calls; }

{ l₁ : f₁ : l₁ | l₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | d₁ : m₁ : s₁ }
 { Woodland and ha - zel dell; | Rath's where the fai - ries dwell; }

{ d : t₁ : d | r : m : f | m : r : r | r : - : - }
 { Isles where the an - gels might | rest ev - er - more! }

CHORUS.

{ m : d : m | m : d : m | r : t₁ : r | r : t₁ : r }
 { Health and suc - cess to you, E - rin a - sthore! }

{ d : t, : d | l, : r : d | t, : s, : s, | s, :- :- }
 { Free-dom il - lu - mine your val - leys once more! }

{ l, : f, : l, | l, : d : l, | s, : m, : s, | d, : m, : s, }
 { Com - fort and ease to you, Pow-er and peace to you, }

{ d : t, : d | r : m : f | m : r : r | r :- :- }
 { Glo - ry in - crease to you, E - rin a - sthore! }

2. Sons you have, Erin, of strength and capacity,

Famed in all ages for wit and vivacity,

Beating the nations in deeds of audacity

In every land that lies under the sun;

Colleens whose souls in their love-lighting eyes

Shine pure as stars in thy midsummer skies;

True hearts unaltering;

Faith never faltering;

Céad míle fáilte for every one.

CHORUS.

3. Sad is your lot to be lying in slavery,

After long years of hard fighting and bravery,

Wrecked by oppression and plundered by knavery,

Crushed 'neath the yoke of the foreigner's laws;

But there are friends for you, Erin asthore,

Hopeful and wakeful the wide world o'er,

Spreading the light for you,

Striving for right for you,

Willing to fight for your long-stricken cause.

CHORUS.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

INISHOWEN.

KEY D. *Spiritedly.*

{ :d^l(.d^l) | s :-.m:m | m :r :m | s :s :m | m :- :d^l }
 { God | bless the grey moun-tains of | dark Don-e - gal, God }

{ | s :-.m:m | m :r :m | d :-l₁:l₁ | l₁ :- :d^l.d^l }
 { | bless Roy-al Ail-each, the | pride of them all; Forshe }

{ | s :-.m:m | m :r :m | s :s :m | m :- :d^l }
 { | sits ev - er - more like a | queen on her throne, And }

{ | s :m :m | m :r :m | d :l₁ :l₁ | l₁ : || t }
 { | smiles on the val - leys of | Green In - ish - owen. || And }

{ | d^l :d^l :d^l | r^l :d^l :r^l | m^l :d^l :l | s :m :d }
 { | fair are the val - leys of | Green In - ish - owen, And }

{ | d^l :-t:d^l | r^l :d^l :r^l | m^l :d^l :l | l :- :d^l.r^l }
 { | hard - y the fish - ers that | call them their own— A }

{ | m^l :-r^l:d^l | r^l :d^l :t | d^l :t :l | s :m :d }
 { | race that nor trait - or nor | cow - ard have known En - }

{ | r :-d:r | m :m :r | d :l₁ :-l₁ | l₁ :- ||
 { | joy the fair val - leys of | Green In - ish - owen. ||

2. Oh ! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
 Like the hills that with silence and nature they share;
 For our God, who hath planted their home near His own,
 Breath'd His spirit abroad upon fair Inishowen,

Then praise to our Father for wild Inishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Inishowen.

3. See the bountiful Couldah careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Inishowen.
God guard the kind homesteads of fair Inishowen,
Which manhood and virtue have chosen their own;
Not long shall that nation in slavery groan,
That rears the tall peasants of fair Inishowen.
4. Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own
Through the midnight of danger in true Inishowen.
Then shout for the glories of old Inishowen,
The stronghold that foemen have never o'erthrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Inishowen.
5. Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail;
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Inishowen.
Oh! flourish ye homesteads of kind Inishowen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Inishowen.
6. When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Inishowen.
Hurrah for the Spaemen of proud Inishowen!—
Long live the wild Seers of stout Inishowen!
May Mary, our Mother, be deaf to their moan,
Who love not the promise of proud Inishowen!

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE COLLEEN RUA.

KEY AB. *Smoothly and with feeling.*

{ : .s₁ : d .t₁ | l₁ : s₁ .l₁ : d .t₁ | l₁ : s₁ .f₁ : m₁ .s₁ }

{ When first I | sought her by Cash-in's | wa - ter, Fond love I }

{ | l₁ .f : m .r : d .t₁ | d :- .s₁ : d .t₁ }

{ brought her, fond love I | told; At days de - }

{ | l₁ : s₁ .l₁ : d .t₁ | l₁ : s₁ .f₁ : m₁ .s₁ }

{ cli - ning I found her | twi - ning Her bright locks }

{ | l₁ .f : m .r : d .t₁ | d :- .d , r : m .f }

{ shi - ning like red, red | gold. She raised her }

{ | s ., l : s .f : m .d | l₁ : s₁ ., f : s .m }

{ eyes then, in sweet sur- | prise then—Ah! how un - }

{ | d : t₁ .d : l₁ .l₁ | s₁ :- ., f : s .m }

{ wise then such eyes to | view! For free they }

{ | f .r : m , f .s , f : m .d | l₁ : s₁ ., f₁ : m₁ .s₁ }

{ found me, but fast they | bound me, Love's chains a - }

{ | l₁ .f : m ., r : d .t₁ | d :- ||

{ round me for my Col - leen | Rua. }

2. Fair flowers were blooming, the meads illuming,
 All fast assuming rich summer's pride,
 And we were roving, truth's rapture proving,
 Ah! fondly loving by Cashin's side;

Oh ! love may wander, but ne'er could sunder
 Our hearts that fonder each moment grew,
 Till friends delighted such love requited,
 And my hand was plighted to my *Colleen Rua*,

3. Ere May's bright weather o'er hill and heather,
 Sweet tuned together rang our bridal bell ;
 But at May's dying, on fate relying,
 Fate left us sighing by Cashin's dell ;
 Oh ! sadly perished the bliss we cherished !
 But far lands flourished o'er the ocean blue,
 So as June came burning I left Erin, mourning,
 No more returning with my *Colleen Rua*.
4. Our ship went sailing with course unfailing,
 But black clouds trailing lowered o'er the main,
 And its wild dirge singing, came the storm out springing,
 That good ship flinging back, back again !
 A sharp rock under tore her planks asunder,
 While the sea in thunder swallowed wreck and crew ;
 One dark wave bore me where the coast towered o'er me,
 But dead before me lay my *Colleen Rua* !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

WHEN THE PRATIES ARE DUG.

KEY G. *Brightly.*

Air : Old air of above title.

{ :s₁ :s₁ | d :-.r :m | r :-.d :-.l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :f₁ | m₁ :- :m₁ }
 { When the pra - ties are dug, and the frost is all o - ver, }

{ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | l₁ :r :r | r :- :s₁ }
 { When the trees bud, and seed - lings ad - vance, I'll }

{ | d :r :m | r :d :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :f₁ | m₁ :m₁ :m₁ }
 { take my old fid - dle from out of its cov - er, And }

{ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | l₁ :d :d | d :- || d }
 { send you all word of a song and a dance. || We'll }

{ | m :f :s | s :- .f :m | f :s :l | l :- .s :f }
 { sing of the Black-bird that whis - tled for Char - lie The }

{ | m :f :s | s :- .f :m | f :m :f | r :- :r }
 { Thrushin the Bush, and the Lark in the Air; The }

{ | m :f :s | s :- .f :m | f :s :l | l :- .s :s.f }
 { Hare in the Corn, and the Wind in the Bar - ley, And the }

{ | m :r :d | r :s :f | m :- .d :d | d :- ||
 { Girl that met Bar - ney at Ban - don Fair! ||

2. And when toe and heel impatient go tingling,
 With jig and reel we'll hammer the floor!
 Across and a-through we'll go mixing and mingling
 Till daylight's white arm shall open the door!

We'll dance Morgan Rattler, and Sweet Judy Brallaghan,
 Tatther Jack Walsh, and young Moll in the Wad,
 How are you now, Kitty ? and, Pat, won't you call again ?
 And end with the Humours of Ballinafad !

3. And faith won't I startle the larks in the morning,
 A-playing my fiddle right over their nest !
 Sure, the hen-bird will think that, without word of warning,
 The sun has dropped down with a choir on his breast !
 I'll play soft and easy the golden-haired Coolin,
 I'm now in my sleep, and the Brink of the Rocks ;
 The Little Black Rose, and the Sword of Cuchullin :
 And I'll leave them in peace with the Death of the Fox !

P. J. M'CALL.

This is the kind of charming folk-song which one would like to hear commonly sung by our Irish people. Mr. M'Call has given us quite a goodly number of these excellent songs. The air is a bright, taking one, which is sure to be popular.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

KEY E \flat . *Spiritedly.*

Air: "An Spailpín Fánasó."

{	: \hat{d}^1 .,t ₁	l .t	: l .s	m	: - .r	d	: t ₁	l ₁	}
	By	Will - iam		led		the Eng - lish		sped,	}

{	:	.,t ₁	d .t ₁	: l ₁ .t ₁	d .r	: m .f	s	: -	\hat{l}	}
	With	mus - ket,		sword,		and	can	-	non,	}

{	: \hat{d}^1 .,t	l .t	: l .s	m	: - .r	d	: t ₁	l ₁	}
	To	sweep	us	all		from	Lim - 'rick's	wall,	}

{	: d	m	: m	r	: r	d	: -	d	
	And	drown	us	in		the	Shan -	non.	

{	: d	m	: m	d ¹	: d ¹	t	: l	s	}
	But	we	be -	thought	how	well	they	fought,	}

{	: s	l	: d ¹	t	: s	l	: - .t	d ¹	}
	Our	fa -	thers	there	be -	fore		us;	}

{	: r ¹ .t	l .t	: l .s	m	: m .r	d	: t ₁	l ₁	}
	We	raised	on	high	our	charg - ing		cry	}

{	: d .r	m	: m	r	: r	d	: -	d	
	And	flung	our	green	flag	o'er		us.	

2. For days on days their cannon blaze
 Flashed by the blood-stained water ;
 The breach is done, and up they run,
 Five hundred to the slaughter ;
 They crossed the breach beyond our reach,
 New foes fresh work supply us—
 Our women brave, their homes to save,
 Soon slew them all inside us !

3. Though through the smoke their army broke,
 With cannons booming solemn,
 We would not flinch, but inch for inch
 Opposed each bristling column.
 Three times we dashed them back and smashed
 Their lines with shot and sabre,
 And nought had they at close of day
 But thinned ranks for their labour.

4. With angry word then said their lord,
 “ Our foes are better, braver ! ”
 Then fled he straight from Limerick's gate,
 For he could not enslave her ;
 Then raised we high our triumph cry,
 Where battle's chances found us,
 With corse and gun, and rent flags strewn
 And blood and ruin around us.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

I have wedded this fine song to the well-known and equally fine air, which must be sung with spirit. It is sung so by the people. I have heard it sung on a few occasions in a lachrymose sort of way, but I cannot agree that this is the proper way of rendering it.

MA STHÓREEN ÓGE.

KEY F. *Moderate and with feeling.*

Air: "Capaó an tSúgáin."

{ : .d | r, [^]m - : s .s : m .,d | l, .,d : d .,d : d .,s }
 { I | met her in a moun-tain | glen when skies were fair, Her }

{ | l, [^]l - : d' .l : s .drm | f .,r : m, r. d. l, : r .,s }
 { presence filled with light and | joy all Na - ture there. Her }

{ | l, [^]l - : d' .l : s .drm | f .,r : m, r. d. l, : s, .,d }
 { cheeks were brighter than the | bloom that scents the May, And }

{ | r .m : s .s : m .,d | l, .d : d .d : d . }
 { oh ! in bonds of love my | heart she bore a - way. ||

2. Oh ! maids there are in Dublin town and love to gain ;
 But all their arts have not availed my heart to chain ;
 For whispers of a far-off voice and many a warmer glow
 Recall the first sweet hour I met *ma sthóreen O* !
3. How happy for the little birds whose songs can rise
 From off one bough when ruddy dawn lights up the skies ;
 Not so can we, my loved of loves, our lot is grief and pain
 We ope our eyes and Ireland lies between us twain.
4. Yet tho' the winter clouds our hopes, *ma sthóreen díl*,
 Some rays of joy into my heart will often steal,
 And tell of evenings yet to be and fair as when
 I heard your first shy welcoming in Dowra's Glen.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

This is the traditional version of a beautiful air, as found in West Cork. It should be sung with feeling and sweetness. The air was taken down from the singing of Danny Warren and his wife—two of the best traditional singers I met.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

KEY D. *Boldly.*

Air: "Cruachán na Féinne."

{ :m | l : l . t : d^l . l | t : m^l : - . r^l | d^l : l : l }

{ A - | ven - ging and | bright falls the | swift sword of }

{ s :m :m | l : l . t : d^l . l | t : m^l : - . r^l }

{ E - rin, On | him, who the | brave sons of }

{ d^l : l : d^l t | l : - || t | d^l : d^l . r^l : m^l . d^l }

{ Uis - ne be - | trayed ! || For | ev - 'ry fond }

{ t : s :m | f : f . l : s . f | m : d : s }

{ eye which he | wa - kened a | tear in, A }

^f
{ d^l : d^l . r^l : m^l . d^l | t : s :m | f . m : r . d^l : d^l . t . l }

{ drop from his | heart - wounds shall | weep o'er her }

{ l : - ||

{ blade. ||

2. By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Uladh's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—
3. We swear to avenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head!
4. Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BLARISMOOR TRAGEDY.

KEY G.

{ : s₁ | d : - .r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - | s₁ : .s }
 { Ye | Muse, grant me di - rect - ion, To }

{ | s : - .m | l .s : f .r | m : - .d | l₁ : t₁ }
 { sing this foul trans- ac - - - tion Which }

{ | d : - .t₁ | d : r | m : d | l : s }
 { cau - ses sad re - flec - - - tion Late }

{ | f : m | d : r | d : - | : }
 { done at Blar - is - moor, }

{ | l : t .m | l : t | d¹ : - | s : d¹ }
 { By wick-ed Colo - nel Bar - - - ber, Should }

{ | t : d¹ .t | l .s : l .t | l : - .s | m : s }
 { I pro - ceed much far - - - ther And }

cres.

{ | l : m | l : t | d¹ : - | s : d¹ }
 { call his con - duct mur - - - der 'Twere }

p

{ | t : d¹ .t | l .s : l .t | l : - | || d . m . s }
 { trea - son I am sure. By }

{ | l : m | l .d¹ : t .r¹ | d¹ : - | s : d¹ .t }
 { wick - ed Colo - nel Bar - - - ber, Should }

{	l	: s	f	: m	m	: - .d	l	: t	}
	I	pro	-	ceed	much	far	-	ther	And

					<i>rit.</i>				
{	d	: - .t	d	: r	m	: d	l	: s	}
	call	his	con	-	duct	mur	-	der	'Twere

{	f	: m	d	: r	d	: -			}
	trea	-	son	I	am	sure.			

2. Belfast may well remember
 When tyrants in their splendour,
 In all their pomp and grandeur,
 They hoist them on a car;
 While cavalry were prancing
 And infantry advancing
 And glittering armour glancing
 All in the pomp of war.

3. They were of good behaviour,
 No heroes e'er were braver,
 But a perjured base deceiver
 He swore their lives away;
 For the sake of golden store
 This villain falsely swore,
 And the crime we now deplore
 In sorrow and dismay.

4. Amidst a hollow square
 Well guarded front and rere,
 With guns and bayonets there
 Their constancy to move—
 When they received their sentence
 Their hearts felt no relentings
 They bowed to each acquaintance
 And kneeled to God above.

5. Their foes held consultation
To find out combination,
And then this exhortation
 Curs'd Barber did propose—
 "Arise from your devotion,
Take pardon and promotion,
Or death will be your portion
 Unless you now disclose."
6. Some moments then they mused,
For their senses were confused
But, smiling, they refused
 And made him this reply—
 "We own we are United,
Of death we're not affrighted,
And hope to be requited
 By Him who rules on high."
7. The guns were then presented,
The balls their bosoms entered,
While multitudes lamented
 The shocking sight to see.
Those youthful martyrs four
Lay weltering in their gore,
And the plain besprinkled o'er
 With the blood of liberty.
8. In coffins they were hurried,
From Blarismoor were carried,
And hastily were buried,
 While thousands sank with grief,
Crying, "Grania, we much wonder
You rise not from your slumber,
With voice as loud as thunder
 To grant us some relief!"

A '98 ballad; author's name unknown. I got music and words from T. D. Sullivan. He wrote me thus: "I never heard the melody sung or played by any one except my father and his children, to whom he taught it." He told me that the last four lines of each verse should be repeated and sung in a thunderous voice. "You will find them very effective." The execution took place on 17th May, 1797. There is extant another poem on the subject, written by a Councillor Sampson Dr. Joyce has three other versions of the air.

THE DAWN IS IN THE SKY.

Air: "The Rising of the Moon."

1. O, the night was long and weary,
Looming o'er us cloud on cloud,
Closing round our faltering footsteps
Like a mighty, fearsome shroud.
But 'tis gone—pray God for ever,
And a brighter time is nigh:
We have left the gloom behind us,
And the dawn is in the sky!

CHORUS.

O, the dawn is in the sky;
Dry the tear and hide the sigh;
Let us climb the path to Freedom
While the dawn is in the sky!

2. Upward, upward, men of Erin,
Raise each drooping heart and head;
There's a mire for slaves to crawl in,
There's a path for men to tread.
Tho' there's many a frowning hill-crest
Out before ye, dark and high,
There is hope to cheer ye onward,
And the dawn is in the sky.

CHORUS.

O, the dawn is in the sky;
Dry the tear and hide the sigh;
There is hope to cheer ye onward,
And the dawn is in the sky!

3. Duty's ways are rough and thorny,
But our hearts are strong and brave;
There's a goal beyond the mountains,
There's a country's soul to save.
"Aí pon Éireann! Aí pon Éireann!"
Let it be no senseless cry;
There is work for men this morning
While the dawn is in the sky!

CHORUS.

O, the dawn is in the sky;
Dry the tear and hide the sigh;
And we'll climb the path to Freedom
While the dawn is in the sky!

BRIAN O HIGIN.

SONG OF GOLDEN-HEADED NIAV.

KEY D. *Brightly.*

Air: "bḡíroin mīna."

{ :s₁ | d :- :r | m :- :f | s :- :d^l | t :s :f }
 Oh | come - with me to | Tir - na - nóg, There }

{ s :l :s | s :- :f | m :- :s | f :r :t₁ }
 fruit and blos - soms | bend each tree, Red }

{ d :- :r | m :- :f | s :- :d^l | t :s :f }
 spar - kling wine and | ho - ney flow, And }

{ m :- :s | f :r :t₁ | d :r :d | d :- || d }
 beau - ty smiles from | sea to sea. || Your }

{ d^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :d^l | r^l :- :d^l | t :s :f }
 flow - ing locks will | ne'er turn grey, No }

{ s :l :s | s :- :f | m :- :s | f :r :d }
 wrin - kles on your | fore - head come; Nor }

{ d^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :d^l | r^l :- :d^l | t :s :f }
 burn - ing pain nor | grim de - cay, A- }

CHORUS

{ m :- :s | f :r :t₁ | d :- :d | d :- || m }
 cross the thres - hold | of your home. || So }

{ s :- :f | m :r :d | s :- :f | m :f :s }
 haste a - way to | Tir - na - nóg, My }

{ | l :t :d^l | s :f :m | r :m :r | r :- :f }
 { | white steed waits in | gold - en sheen; A }

{ | s :- :f | m :r :d | s :- :f | m :f :s }
 { | di - - a - dem shall crown thy brow, And }

{ | l :t :d^l | s :- :m | d :r :d | d :- ||
 { | I will be thy bri - - dal queen. ||

2. The feast is spread, within the hall
 Flash drinking cups with gold encrowned;
 The harp leans lightly 'gainst the wall
 To strike for thee the welcome sound.
 A hundred sword-blades for thy hand,
 A hundred of the swiftest steeds,
 A hundred hounds, a matchless band
 Where'er the hunted quarry leads.

CHORUS.

3. A hundred robes of precious silk,
 And gems from an enchanted mine;
 A hundred kine of sweetest milk,
 And armour of the brightest shine.
 And thou shalt wear that wondrous sword
 Of keenest edge, whose flash is death:
 The summer wind will hear thy word,
 And gently pour its tender breath.

CHORUS.

4. Young virgins, sweetest in the song,
 And beauteous as the morning sun,
 Around thy noble steps will throng
 To make thy path a joyous one.
 And heroes, in the combat stern,
 In speed and boldness unsurpassed,
 Before whose prowess Fionn would learn
 To bow his haughty head at last.

CHORUS.

5. O Oisín of the powerful hand !
 First in the chase, first in the war ;
 Over our sweet and glorious land
 Thy gallant deeds were borne afar.
 Loch Léin is deep, but deeper still
 In Niav's soul thy image dwells ;
 Then turn thee westward from this hill
 To where the sun-hued billow swells.

CHORUS—Oh ! haste, etc.

J. K. CASEY.

This is a beautiful air, and both air and song will be found to be something out of the ordinary run. There are some delightful turns in this air. Song and air transport us in spirit to *το ἄνδρ' ἡ-ν-ός*.

ON CNOC NA SÍOE.

KEY C. *Moderate.*

Air: "Cáim-re ar an mbáile roo."

{	:	.d		d .m	:	s.f.m		f .,r	:	s .t ₁		r .r	:	d .d	}
		In		dreams		it all comes		back to		me,		That		glorious, glad	some}

{	d	:	s .s		d ^l .d ^l	:	l .d ^l		t .t	:	r .,m	}
	day		On the		heath-clad		side of		Cnoc na		Síoe, A-	}

{	f,s.-	:	s : t ^d .l		s	:	s		d ^l .d ^l	:	l .d ^l	}
	bove		the sil - v'ry		bay;		The		earth so		fair be-	}

{	t .,t	:	r .m		f .s	:	t ^d .l		s	:	- .d	}
	neath		our feet,		The		sky a -		bove so		blue,	And }

{	d .,m	:	s,f.m		f .,r	:	s .t ₁ ,t ₁		r .,r	:	d .,t ₁	}
	one heart		find - ing		bliss com-plete		In the		sun - ny		smile of }	

{	d	:	- .	
	you.			

2. O ! for a day on Cnoc na Síoe,
 For another joyous day,
 To light the lonely heart of me,
 And chase its grief away ;
 Your hand again to clasp in mine,
 Your voice to thrill me through,
 And O, to see the love-light shine
 In the dreamy eyes of you.

3. O ! for a day on Cnoc na Síoe,
 And you beside me there,
 No cloud on earth, or sky, or sea,
 But all things bright and fair ;
 Ah ! then to whisper in your ear,
 To tell my story true,
 And, filled with holy joy, to hear
 One word of love from you.

HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

KEY G.

Old air as in title.

{ s₁ | s₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : -m | r : d : r | m : d : -l₁ }
 { I'd polished the pew - ther, I'd tidied the kitchen, My }

{ s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : -d : m₁ | m₁ : r₁ : r₁ | r₁ : - : s₁ }
 { dress - er looked white as a stack in the snow; And }

{ s₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : -m | r : d : r | m : d : -l₁ }
 { here by the win - dow my skirt I was stichin', For }

{ s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m : s : m | d : -r : d | d : - || s }
 { I'm ver - y neat with a nee - dle to sew. || Said }
 CHORUS—'Twas

{ s^{*} : -m : s | s : -m : s | l : -f : l | l : -f : l }
 { I, "What's the use o' me mend - in' my fi - ne - ry, }
 Haste to the Wed - din'; and Haste to the Wed - din', I

{ s : l : s | s : f : m | f : -m : f | r : -m : f }
 { Till it is fit for a queen on her throne? For it's }
 sang as I sat at the win - dow a - lone; Mo -

{ s : - : - | m : - : m | r : d : r | m : -d : l₁ }
 { oh, dear! there is - n't the sign o' me }
 vrone, O! 'twas oft I was dread - in' I'd

{ s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m : -s : -m | d : -r : d | d : - || }
 { Get - tin' a man and a place o' my own." || }
 not get a man with a place o' my own.

2. 'Twas nearly made up once between me and Larry,
 That lives o'er the Mountain o' Forth, by the bounds,
 With forty-five acres o' land and a quarry—
 He'd take me, and welcome, with ninety-five pounds.
 When he couldn't get it, he said we'd regret it,
 And then he got wed to a widow in town;
 And it's oh, dear, I lost Larry Petit,
 A sensible man with a house of his own.

CHORUS.

3. I found in my first cup o' tea the next Monday,
 A lucky red tea-leaf—some stranger to call;
 I tried seven times, and he travelled on Sunday,
 I wondered who was it was coming at all.
 Who was it but Lanty, last Sunday for Nancy—
 He buried his mother last May in Kilcone;
 And it's now, dear, I'll marry my fancy—
 The boy o' my heart with a place of his own.

CHORUS—

'Tis Haste to the Weddin'; and Haste to the Weddin',
 Not long I'll be sittin' and singin' alone;
 For soon, dear, with young Lanty Reddin,
 I'll reign like a queen in a house o' my own.

P. J. M'CALL.

This is one of Mr. M'Call's delightful songs, taken by permission from his *Songs of Erin*. With songs like this in our Irish repertoire it is amazing that Irish men and women can sit down in concert rooms to listen to worthless, aye, poisonous anglicising rubbish from low music halls, which ought to be hooted from Irish concerts. The above air is too well-known a favourite to call for any remark.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

KEY C. *Cheerily and animated.* Air: "The Groves of Blackpool."

{ :d^l | s :l :f | m :f :r | d :r :m }
 { Oh! | bright-ly the em - bers are blaz - ing, And }

{ | s :m :d | d :m :s | l :- :d^l }
 { | bright-ly the fes - tive cups shine; And }

{ | s :l :f | m :f :r | d :r :m }
 { | round the board soft eyes are gaz - ing, And }

{ | s :m :d | r :m :s | l :- || t }
 { | spark - ling and radi - ant as wine. || While }

{ | d^l :t :d^l | r^l :d^l :t | l :s :m }
 { | fa - ces long pale now are beam - ing, With }

{ | d^l :t :d^l | r^l :d^l :t | l̇ :- :d^l.r^l }
 { | laugh - ter and lov - ing de - light; And }

{ | m^l :d^l :m^l | r^l :d^l :t | l̇ .d^l :- :l }
 { | clouds long un - bro - ken are gleaming With }

{ | s :m :d | d :m :s | l :- || }
 { | flash - es of moon - light to - night. || }

CHORUS—

{ :t | d' :t :d' | r' :d' :t | l :s :m }
 { Here's céad mí - le fáil - the, old Christ-mas! While }

{ d' :t :d' | r' :d' :t | l̇ :- :d' .r' }
 { mer - ri - ly dings the wild chime; Here's }

{ m' :d' :m' | r' :d' :t | l̇ .d' :- :l }
 { Céad mí - le fáil - the, old Christmas! Hur - }

{ s :m :d | d :m :s | l :- ||
 { rah for the brave Christ - mas time! }

2. Yes—silent the mill-wheel of labour,
 And silent the office and mart—
 The soldier has sheathed his sabre,
 The student is merry at heart.
 And over the snow-misted heather
 The cottages mantle with light
 While we sit toasting together
 The pleasures and hopes of the night.

CHORUS.

3. Then here's to the brave men of Ireland,
 At home and in exile away;
 And here's to the hopes of our sireland,
 That never will rust in decay.
 To every brave, down-trodden nation
 Here's liberty, glorious and bright,
 But, oh! let our country's salvation
 Be toasted the warmest to-night.

CHORUS.

J. K. CASEY.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN.

KEY A. *Lively.*

{ : s₁ . s₁ | d : - . d : - . d | r : - . m : d | t₁ . d : - : r }
 (Did you | mark e'er a smoke- drift go sailing A }

{ | m : d : d | f : - . r : m | f : - : r . r }
 { | while a - go down by yon wood ? Did you }

{ | d : - . d : d | r : - . m : d | t₁ . d : - : r . r }
 { | hear in the glen the wind wailing Where a }

{ | m : m : m | f : - . r : t₁ | d : - || s . s }
 { | bar - rack a week a - go stood ? || Did you }

{ | s : m : m | f : - . r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | hear the Yeos boast - ing to trap us, And }

{ | s : m : m | f : r : m | s^f : - : r }
 { | hang us like dogs to a tree ? Why, }

{ | s : m : m | f : r : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { | then we're not stran - gers and may - be You'll }

{ | m : - . m : m | f : r : t₁ | d : - ||
 { | join in this cho - rus with me. ||

CHORUS—

{ : s₁ | d : - . d : d | r : - . m : d | t₁ : d : r }
 { Sing | ho ! for the boys of the Moun-tain And }

{ m : - . d : d | f : - . r : m | f : - : r }
 hey! for the boys of the Glen! Who }

{ d : d : d | r : - . m : d | t, : d : r }
 ne - ver show heel to the so - jers, Here's }

{ m : - . m : m | f : - . r : t, | d : - ||
 slaun - the to Dwyer and his men! ||

2. We're not given much to parading;
 There's not many guns in the throng;
 But he that comes spying our quarters
 Won't bother the world for a-long.
 The throopers come seeking us daily,
 To drive us to hell, so they say;
 But the road's a bit long, so we send them
 Before us to show us the way.

CHORUS.

3. There's many a white-livered villain
 That dreads to awaken our ire,
 And tries to be civil, for treason
 We visit with steel, lead, and fire.
 The people all bless us for many
 A cabin's left safe and secure
 For fear of the men of the mountain
 Whose guns are the guard of the poor.

CHORUS.

4. We laugh at their offers of money
 And scorn their power. If we fail
 It won't be the sojers or traitors
 Who'll bring us to grief I'll go bail.
 We're only a few, but the valleys
 And mountains are ours, every hill,
 And while God laves the strength in our sinews
 We'll keep the old cause living still.

CHORUS.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

KEY F.

Air: "Sly Patrick."

p
 { d.r | m : - r : d | r : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | l₁ : - : d }
 { Has | sor - row thy young days | sha - - - ded, As }

{ d : r : m | f : - : m | m : - : - | r : - : d.r }
 { clouds o'er the morn - ing | fleet Too }

{ m : - r : d | r : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | l₁ : - : d }
 { fast have those young days | fa - - - ded, That }

mf
 { d : - r : m | m.r : - : d | d : - : - | - : || m }
 { e - ven in sorrow were | sweet, || Does }

{ m : - f : s | s : l : t | d' : : | t : - : l }
 { Time, with his cold wing | wi - - - ther Each }

p
 { l : s : m | m : r : d | r : - : - | - : - : d.r }
 { feel - ing that once was | dear ? Then, }

{ m : - r : d | r : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | l₁ : - : d }
 { child of mis - for - tune, come | hi - - - ther, I'll }

rit.
 { d : - r : m | m : r : d | d : - : - | - : - ||
 { weep with thee tear for | tear. |

2. Has love to that seal, so tender,
 Been like a Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine ?

But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

3. Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee ?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away.

4. If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright ;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light ;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear :
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SUMMER IS COMING.

KEY A.

Air: "Paddy's Green Island."

{ s : f | m : d : d | r : d : d | l : d : l | s : m : f }
 { Oh ! | sum-mer is com-ing with sun-shine and glad-ness, With }

{ s : d : d | m : r : d | t : r : r | r : s : - f }
 { flowers for the mea-dows and light for the streams, When the }

{ m : d : d | r : d : d | l : - . d : l | s : m : f }
 { heart that pined long in a win-ter of sad-ness Shall }

{ s : s : m | r : d : - . r | m : d : d | d : || m . r }
 { know all the joy that it felt but in dreams: || For }

{ d : m : s | s : m : d | d : m : s | s : m : d }
 { then I'll be go-ing o'er bright wa-ters flow-ing To }

{ f : s : l | s : m : d | t : r : m | f : s : - f }
 { see the old land to my mem-o-ry dear—Oh, I'd }

{ m : d : d | r : d : d | l : - . d : l | s : m : f }
 { ra-ther live poor for one day in old Ire-land Than }

{ s : s : m | r : d : - . r | m : d : d | d : - ||
 { rich-es en-joy for a thou-sand years here. || }

2. 'Tis many long years since I saw the green island,
 And bade her farewell with a heart full of care,
 And far have I roamed since in valley and highland
 Where nature has lavished her favours most rare.

But gay as the bowers, and fair as the flowers,
 That bloom in strange lands where, an exile, I rove—
 Still dearest and rarest and nearest and fairest,
 Shall be the dear scenes of the land of my love.

3. I'll roam through the fields so endeared to my childhood,
 When life was all summer, and friends did not fail ;
 I'll hear the wild birds singing sweet in the wildwood,
 And lambs bleating low in the daisy-clad vale.
 I'll see her blue mountains, her bright, laughing fountains,
 And wander at eve by her ocean-kissed shore ;
 And kind friends will meet me and old friends will greet me,
 With a céao míle fáilte a thousand times o'er.

4. Oh, summer wind ! hasten o'er land and o'er ocean,
 And linger no longer where orange trees blow,
 But bring me the hour when with fervent devotion
 I'll seek the dear shores that I left long ago.
 Then farewell, ye bowers, ye fair English flowers,
 Though fragrant ye bloom in the noon of the year,
 I'd rather live poor for one day in old Ireland
 Than riches enjoy for a thousand years here.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

MARY'S SWEETHEART.

KEY D. *Pretty quick.*

{	:r ^l		l	:	s .m		r	:	m		d	:	- .r		m	:	s	}
{	The		first		time		that		I		saw		my		love,		I	}

{	l	:	s .m		r	:	r		r	:	-		:	s .m	}
{	knew		his		heart		was		mine,					The	}

{	r	:	r .m		s	:	l		r ^l	:	-		d ^l	:	r ^l	}
{	next		time		that		I		saw				him		I	}

{	m ^l	:	r ^l d ^l		l	:	r ^l		d ^l	:	-		:	s .m	}	
{	thought		he		was		di -		vine;					For	he	}

{	r	:	r .m		s	:	l		r ^l	:	-		d ^l	:	r ^l	}
{	said		he		was		no		ro		- -		ver,		and	}

{	m ^l	:	r ^l d ^l		l	:	r ^l		d ^l	:	-		:	r ^l	}
{	would		ne'er		leave		to		pine,					And	}

{	l	:	s .m		r	:	m		d	:	- .r		m	:	s	}
{	oh!		my		heart		is		hap		- -		py		With	}

{	l	:	s .m		r	:	r		r	:	-				
{	this		true		- love		of		mine.						

2. I met him at the "pattern" by St. Molagga's Tree,
 Where at the dance and hurling the boldest, best was he;
 Oh! my heart was very happy on that blissful holiday,
 And I learned to love him dearly while we danced the hours away.

3. My Brian Bawn is clothed in garments of the frieze ;
 But 'tis not costly garments or hoarded wealth I prize ;
 'Tis the truthful heart he gave me, 'tis the glance of his kind eyes,
 And the loving tales he tells me while the golden daylight dies.
4. A brave heart's in his bosom, yet he's gentle as a child :
 He tells me pleasant stories till with laughter I am wild ;
 He'll oft times change to sadness, and make me sob and cry,
 Then kiss my bitter tears away, till none so glad as I !
5. Oh ! he was scarce a stripling when he banded with the men
 That wanted Ireland's freedom, but could not get it then ;
 And long a gallant outlaw he kept the mountain glen ;
 But for old Ireland's freedom he'd venture more again.
6. And now he sits beside me in the greenest dell of dells,
 And the sweetest of all stories my fond, fond darling tells,
 That he loves me with a constant love, that never can decay,
 Till we sleep beneath the green grass in Molagga's churchyard
 grey !
7. On lands and money hoarded my father sets great store,
 Tho' 'gainst the poor and needy he never shut his door ;
 But my Brian owns a ploughland, and my father asks no more,
 So we are to be married when the Easter days are o'er !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D,

This is a very beautiful air in the "Ray" Mode—a perfect specimen of the very old, two-strain Irish melody in the "gapped" scale, having only five notes. It has neither "fah" nor "t." I link it for the first time with Dr. Joyce's fine ballad. The air is sometimes sung to the ballad, "Willy Reilly."

AS I WALKED ON THE ROAD TO SLIGO.

KEY C. *Playfully.*

{ :l,l,l | r :- :m,m | f :- :s | l :- :t | d^l :t :d^l }
 { As I | walked on the road to | Sli - go, }

{ r^l :- :r | s :- :f | m :s :m | d :- :l,l }
 { (Rise my heart, just | like the day!) I }

{ r :- :m | f :- :s | l :- :t | d^l :- :l }
 { lilt - ed up a | lov - er's lay I }

{ r^l :m^l :f^l | m^l :r^l :d^l | r^l :- :- | r^l : :r^l,m^l }
 { learn-ed from Trav-el - ling | Teigue O! And }

{ f^l :- :r^l | m^l :- :d^l | r^l :- :d^l | l :- :t }
 { like the May sun | mount - ing free, Och! }

{ d^l :- :l | s :- :f | m :s :m | d :- :l,l }
 { 'twas the top o' the | morn with me; My }

{ r :- :m | f :- :s | l :t :d^l | r^l :- :m^l,r^l }
 { heart climbed up Love's | ro - sy tree That }

{ d^l :t :l | s :- :m | r :- :- | r :- : ||
 { morn on the road to | Sli - - go! ||

2. As I came to the town of Sligo—

(Weep my heart, just like the day!)

The rain came down like ocean spray—

Och! why on earth did I go!

The little girl I hoped to meet
 I could not see on lane or street ;
 My heart and soul were drenched complete
 At noon in the town of Sligo !

3. As I roved through the town of Sligo—
 (Smile my heart, just like the day !)
 The sun let fall a sudden ray,
 Like wink from Mat Mulleigue O !
 And there, just at the end of town,
 I spied a head with tresses brown—
 My heart shone like a silver crown
 On the slippery streets of Sligo !

4. I flew to meet my girl in Sligo
 (Sink my heart, just like the day !)
 It was her sister cold as clay,
 And miserly husband, Poig O !
 So with the sun sunk in the west,
 And cranes and crows in watery nest,
 My heart lay bogged within my breast
 That night on the road from Sligo !

P. J. M'CALL.

This is a good specimen of a humorous song from P. J. M'Call's fine collection—*Irish Fireside Songs*. The air is playful and pretty.

A MESSAGE O'ER THE SEA.

KEY F. *Pretty quick—well marked.*

Air: "An cnuicín ppaoidé."

{ : f,s | l ., l : l .s | f : m .,m | r .,r : m .m }

{ The | fields are | fair in | E - rin, the | birds are sing-ing }

{ | r .,d : l .t | d .,r : d .,l | s | : l .d | r .,r : m .,m }

{ | gai - ly, But | O, my heart is | wail - ing for | one beyond the }

{ | r : f,s | l .,l : l .s | f : m .,m | r .,r : m .m }

{ | sea; | For 'tis on - ly you, a - vor - neen, can | stay the silent }

{ | r .,d : l .t | d .,r : d .l | s | : l .d | r : m .,m }

{ | burn - ing, Can | ease the end-less | mourn - ing, and | set sor-row }

{ | r || .l | r .,r : fe.s | l : l .s,s | l .,ta : l .s }

{ | free. || O, | come to me, come | home, love, o'er the | drear-y foam, }

{ | s : f .s | l .,ta : l .s | f : m .,m | r .d : l .s, l }

{ | love, The | brighter days shall | dawn yet for | you and for }

{ | d :- f,s | l .,l : l .s | f : m .,m | r .,r : m .,m }

{ | me; My | heart is al-ways | pray - ing, my | lips are always }

{ | r .,d : l .t | d .,r : d .,l | s | : l .,d | r : m .,m }

{ | say - ing "God send you safe to | E - rin, a - vor - neen, Ma }

{ | r : . | }

{ | chree ! " | }

2. Since we parted, 'sthoreen, that evening in the bohereen,
 My days have all been lonely, and sad for want of you ;
 The songs that used to cheer me, when world-worn and weary,
 Come only in my dreaming, like a rose 'mid the rue.
 O, come to me, come home, love, o'er the dreary foam, love,
 The brighter days shall dawn yet for you and for me ;
 My heart is always praying, my lips are always saying,
 "God send you safe to Erin, A voorneen Machree !"

3. The birds are calling sweetly, the winds are bearing fleetly
 A message o'er the sea-waves to you, Δ ξηρό, from me :
 To tell of hopes unfading, of joys that we'll be sharing,
 Of love that lives ι νέημι, and dear days to be.
 O, come to me, come home, love, o'er the dreary foam, love,
 The brighter days shall dawn yet for you and for me ;
 My heart is always praying, my lips are always saying,
 "God send you safe to Erin, A voorneen Machree !"

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

This fine air is well known all over the country, and was always a popular one amongst the people. This traditional version has a smooth, easy, swinging movement which makes it easy to sing and pleasant to listen to. The words are worthy of it and will command popularity. They are taken from the author's *At the Hill o' the Road*.

MAUREED BAWN.

KEY C. *Animated.*

Air: "The Old Astrologer."

{	<u>m .f</u>		s .s : s .f		s .m : d	.,d ^l		d ^l .t : s .m		f	}
	My		wild heart's love, my		woodland	dove, The		tender		and the true,	

{	<u>m .f</u>		s .s : s .f		s .l : t .s		s .d ^l : d ^l .d ^l		d ^l	}
	She		dwells be - side a		blue stream tide, That		bounds thro' wild Glen -		rua.	

{	: .s		s .f ^l : m ^l .r ^l		d ^l .t : s .,f		s .f ^l : m ^l .d ^l		r ^l	}
	Thro'		ev' - ry change her		love's the same, A		long bright summer		dawn,	

{	: .s		d ^l .d ^l : d ^l .t		d ^l .,r ^l : m ^l .d ^l		t .s : f .m		f	}
	A		gen - tle flame,—and O,		her name Is		love-ly		Mau-reed Bawn,	

{	: <u>m.f</u>		s .s : s .f		s .l : t .s		s .d ^l : d ^l .d ^l		d ^l	
	O,		joy, that on her		paths I came, My		love-ly		Mau-reed Bawn.	

2. When winter hoar comes freezing o'er
 The mountains wild and grey,
 Her neck is white as snow-wreaths bright
 Upon thy crags, Knockea;
 Her lips are red as roses sweet
 On Darra's flowery lawn;
 Her fairy feet are light and fleet,
 My gentle Maureed Bawn;
 And O, her steps I love to meet,
 My own dear Maureed Bawn!

3. When silence creeps o'er Houra's steeps,
 As blue eve ends its reign,
 Her long locks' fold is like the gold
 That gleams o'er sky and main.

My heart's dark sorrow fled away
 Like night before the dawn,
 When one spring day I went astray,
 And met my Maureed Bawn,
 And felt her blue eyes' witching ray,
 My lovely Maureed Bawn.

4. One summer noon, to hear the tune
 Of wild birds in the wood,
 Where murmuring streams flashed back the beams,
 All rapt in bliss I stood ;
 The birds sang from the fairy moat,
 From greenwood, brake, and lawn ;
 But never throat could chant a note
 So sweet as Maureed Bawn,
 As through the vales her wild songs float,
 My lovely Maureed Bawn.
5. O, would that we for love could flee
 To some far valley green,
 Where never more by rock, or shore,
 Dark sorrow could be seen.
 I know a valley, wildly fair,
 From strife far, far withdrawn ;
 And ever there the loving air
 Of gentle Maureed Bawn
 Would keep this fond heart free from care,
 My lovely Maureed Bawn.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This is a lively, catching song which ought soon to become a favourite on concert platforms. I am indebted to Dr. Joyce's collection—*Ancient Irish Music*—for the air.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

KEY E \flat .

Air: "The Coolin."

{ s .l, t | d^l : d^l : r^l ., t | d^l : m : d, m, s }
 { Tho' the | last glimpse of | E - rin with }

dim.
 { | d^l ., t : d^l, r^l, m^l : r^l ., d^l | d^l : t : d^l ., t }
 { | sor - row I | see, Yet wher- }

{ | l : - .t, d^l : r^l, d^l.t, l | s : m .s : d^l .s }
 { | ev - - - er thou | art shall seem }

p
 { | t, l .s, f : m ., d : r ., d | d : - : s ., f }
 { | E - rin to | me. In }
quicker *cres.*

{ | m ., r : d ., r : m ., fe | s ., fe : s ., l : t ., s }
 { | ex - ile thy | bo - som shall }

dim.
 { | d^l ., t : d^l .r^l, m^l : r^l ., d^l | d^l : t : d^l ., t }
 { | still be my | home And thine }

{ | l : - .t, d^l : r^l, d^l.t, l | s : m .s : d^l .s }
 { | eyes make my | cli - mate wher - }

dim. *rall.*
 { | t, l .s, f : m ., d : r ., d | d : - || }
 { | e - ver we | roam. }

2. To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coolin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind :
3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

THOMAS MOORE.

MA VANNACHT LATH (mo beannaict leat).

KEY E.

Air: "The Eagle's Whistle."

{ .d | m .m : s,m .r,d | m .m : s,m .r,d | m .r : r .m,d }

{ A - | long the ways that you have gone, My thoughts are al - ways }

{ | m .r : r .m,d | m .m : s,m .r,d | m .m : s,m .r,d }

{ | go - ing; The love-light in your eyes that shone In }

{ | l, .d : d .r | l, .d : d .s | l,s .l,t : l .s,m }

{ | all my dreams is glow - ing. To you in ev' - ry }

{ | s,m .s,d^l : s .m,r | s .d^l : s,m .r,d | m .r : r .m,d }

{ | thoughtless throng, My heart is ev - er | turn - ing, One }

{ | l,s .l,t : l .s,m | s,m .s,d^l : s .m,r | m .d^l,l : s,m .r,d }

{ | prayer I pray, the whole day long, "Ma van-nacht lath, a }

{ | l, .d : d ., |

{ | voor - neen ! " }

2. Ashore Machree! my light of life!

When other lights are paling,

My comrade in the stress and strife,

My love, my friend, unfailing;

O, may God grant that soon I'll see

The hour of your returning,

And, till that time, where'er you be—

Ma vannacht lath, a vourneen!

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

This sweet simple song is taken by permission from the author's little book, *At the Hill o' the Road*, published by M. H. Gill & Son. The air is said to have been the marching tune of the O'Donovan's of the County Limerick—chiefs of the territory lying west of the River Maig. The legend tells us that the tune is the one with which the eagle whistles his young to rest. Words and air match admirably, and make a very pretty song.

THE GREEN LINNET.

KEY G. *Slowly and feelingly.* Air: "ῥάτα βρεάξ ἀερὰν ἀν ἐθείλ."

{ : s₁ d₁ t₁ | d₁ ., r : m₁ ., t₁ | r₁ ., t₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ ., t₁ : r₁ ., m₁ | f : s₁ ., d₁ }
 { Cu - ri - os - it - y led a young | na - tive of E - rin To }

{ | t₁ : s₁ ., t₁ | l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : - | : s₁ ., l₁ ., t₁ }
 { view the gay banks of the Rhine, Where an }

{ | d₁ ., r : m₁ ., t₁ | r₁ ., t₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ ., t₁ : r₁ ., m₁ | f : s₁ : - ., d₁ }
 { em - press he saw, and the robe she was wearing All }

{ | t₁ : s₁ ., t₁ | l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : - | : r₁ }
 { o - ver with dia - monds did shine; No }

{ | r₁ ., m₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ ., m₁ : r₁ ., t₁ | r₁ ., m₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., l₁ ., t₁ }
 { god - dess in splen - dour was ev - er yet seen To }

{ | d₁ ., r : m₁ ., m₁ | m₁ ., r : r₁ ., t₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ., l₁ ., t₁ }
 { o - qual this fair maid so mild and se - rene, In soft }

{ | d₁ ., r : m₁ ., t₁ | r₁ ., t₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ ., t₁ : r₁ ., m₁ | f₁ ., s₁ : - ., d₁ }
 { mur - murs she cried, "O my Lin - net so green, Sweet }

{ | t₁ : s₁ ., t₁ | l₁ : s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : - | ||
 { Boney, will I ne'er see you more ? " }

2. "The cold frosty Alps you freely passed over,
 Which nature had placed in your way;
 At Marengo Bellona around you did hover;
 All Paris rejoiced the next day.

It grieved me the hardships that you did undergo,
 The mountains you traversed all covered with snow,
 And the balance of power your courage laid low :
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ? ”

3. “ The crowned heads of Europe they were in great splendour,
 And swore they would have you submit ;
 But the goddess of freedom soon made them surrender,
 And lowered their standards to your wit.
 Old Frederick's colours to France he did bring ;
 His offspring found shelter under your wing ;
 That year at Vienna you sweetly did sing :
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ? ”
4. “ What numbers of men there were eager to slay you !
 Their malice you viewed with a smile ;
 Their gold through all Europe was found to betray you ;
 They joined with the Mamelukes on the Nile.
 Like ravenous vultures their vile passions did burn ;
 The orphans they slew and caused widows to mourn ;
 But my Linnet is gone, and he ne'er will return :
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ? ”
5. “ I ranged through the deserts of wild Abyssinia,
 And could yet find no cure for my pain ;
 I will go and inquire at the isle of St. Helena,
 But soft murmurs whisper ‘ ’Tis vain ’ !
 Come, tell me, ye critics, come tell me in time,
 What nations I'll rove my green Linnet to find ;
 Was he slain at Waterloo, in Spain, or on the Rhine ?
 No, he's dead on St. Helena's bleak shore.”

Nearly a hundred years ago this ballad was very popular in Munster, where Bonaparte was a great favourite. I give it as a good specimen of old street ballads and for the sake of the air, which is extremely sweet and tender. I got this version of the air in West Cork.

SWEET GLENGARIFF'S WATER.

KEY D. *Pleasantly.*

{	.s		l	:-	:l		s	:-	:l		f	:-	:r		d	:-	:d	}		
{	Where		wild				fowl		swim		up-		on		the		lake		At	}
{	r	:	:	r		d	:	t	:	d		r	:-	:-		f	:-	:s	}	
{	morn	-	ing's		ear	-	ly		shi	-	-	ning,		I'm					}	
{	l	:-	:l		s	:-	:l		f	:-	:r		d	:-	:d	}				
{	sure,		I'm		sure		my		heart		will		break		With	}				
{	r	:-	:r		d	:	t	:	d		r	:-	:-		r	:-	:l	}		
{	sad	-	ness		and		re-		pin	-	-	ing,		As	}					
{	r	:-	:m		f	:-	:s		l	:-	:s		f	:-	:s	}				
{	I		went		out		one		morn	-	ing		sweet,		I	}				
{	l	:-	:r ^l		r ^l	:	m ^l	:	d ^l		r ^l	:-	:-		l	:-	:d ^l	}		
{	met		a		farm	-	er's		daugh	-	-	ter		With	}					
{	r ^l	:-	:l		s	:-	:l		f	:-	:r		d	:-	:d	}				
{	gown		of		blue		and		milk	-	white		feet,		By	}				
{	r	:-	:r		d	:	t	:	d		r	:-	:-		r	:-	:.	}		
{	sweet		Glen	-	gar	-	iff's		wa	-	-	ter.								

2. Her jet-black locks with wavy shine
 Fell sweetly on her shoulder,
 And, oh! they make my heart repine
 Till I again behold her;
 She smiled and passed me strangely by,
 Though fondly I besought her;
 And long I'll rue her laughing eye
 By sweet Glengariff's water.
3. Where wild-fowl swim upon the lake
 At morning's early splendour,
 Each day my lonely path I'll take,
 With thoughts full sad and tender;
 I'll greet my love, and sure she'll stay
 To hear the tale I've brought her—
 To marry me this merry May
 By sweet Glengariff's water.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

FADED HOPES.

KEY F. *Fairly Quick.*

Air: "The Foggy Dew."

{	<u>l₁ . t₁</u>		<u>d</u>	:	<u>d . r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d¹ . t</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s . m</u>		<u>r</u>	}
	A -		roon!		A -		roon!		the		hopes		and		dreams	}
{	<u>d . r</u>		<u>m . r</u>	:	<u>m . d</u>		<u>l₁ . d</u>	:	<u>t₁ . r</u>		<u>d</u>	:	<u>d</u>		<u>d</u>	}
	Of		by -		gone		days		are		end -		ed		now ;	}
{	<u>l₁ . t₁</u>		<u>d</u>	:	<u>d . r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d¹ . t</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s . m</u>		<u>r</u>	}
	And		stand -		ing		where		no		love -		light		gleams,	}
{	<u>d . r</u>		<u>m . r</u>	:	<u>m . d</u>		<u>l₁ . d</u>	:	<u>t₁ . r</u>		<u>d</u>	:	<u>d</u>		<u>d</u>	
	Be -		neath		my		grief		I		meek -		ly		bow.	
{	<u>l . t</u>		<u>d¹</u>	:	<u>d¹ . t</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>t . d¹</u>		<u>r¹ . d¹</u>	:	<u>t . l</u>		<u>s</u>	}
	Of		all		my		love,		but		God		a -		bove	}
{	<u>m . se</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>- . t</u>		<u>d¹ . t</u>	:	<u>l . se</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>-</u>		<u>-</u>	}
	And		I		shall		e -		ver		know,					}
	<i>p</i>															
{	<u>l₁ . t₁</u>		<u>d</u>	:	<u>d . r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d¹ . t</u>		<u>l</u>	:	<u>s . m</u>		<u>r</u>	}
	'Till		joys		a -		rise		for		wea -		ry		eyes,	}
{	<u>d . r</u>		<u>m . r</u>	:	<u>m . d</u>		<u>l₁ . d</u>	:	<u>t₁ . r</u>		<u>d</u>	:	<u>d</u>		<u>d</u>	
	Be -		yond		the		skies,		a		voor -		neen		O!	

2. Aroon! Aroon! when thoughts retrace
 The olden ways, the tears will start,
 And in the throng a smiling face
 May often hide an aching heart;
 But I shall pray, by night and day,
 God keep you free from woe
 Till joys arise for weary eyes,
 Beyond the skies, a voorneen O!

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

TWILIGHT ON A TIPPERARY HILLSIDE.

KEY C.

{ (: m .s | l : l | l :- .m,m | s : m .r | d :- .r) }
 { 'Twas a | balm - y eve in the | sweet Spring time, And }

{ | m : r .m | r : r | r :- | - : m .m }
 { | up on the moun - tain | side Not a }

{ | s :- .m | s : l .d^l | r^l : r^l | r^l : m^l .r^l }
 { | mur - mur rose o'er the | ho - ly calm, Save the }

{ | d^l :- .l,l | s :- .l | d^l :- | - : m .m }
 { | splash of the An - ner | tide; And the }

{ | s :- .m | s : l .d^l | r^l : r^l | r^l : m^l .r^l }
 { | lone - ly wail of a | wist - ful maid, Who }

{ | d^l :- .l,l | s :- .l | d^l :- | - : .,t }
 { | sat in the ev' - ning's | glow, And }

{ | l : l .l | l :- .m,m | s : m .r | d :- .r }
 { | poured from the depths of her | sor - rowing soul, One }

{ | m : r .m | r : r | r :- | - ||
 { | long lone tale of | woe. }

2. "Now Summer may come with its verdant blooms,
 And the forest's deep echoes ring
 With the blackbird's note and the cuckoo's call,
 And the flowers redundant spring;
 The apple-tree blossoms may peep from the glade,
 To meet the first kiss of day;
 But the sorrow now camped in my aching breast,
 Shall nevermore pass away.

3. "Cold, cold as the snows on an Alpine height,
And sad as the wild wind's moan,
And dark as the moon of the coal-black night,
This weary heart has grown ;
I had no hopes in the wide, wide world
But all that around him clung ;
I joyed to roam round the fairy raths,
And the hamlets of which he sung.
4. "And to think and think thro' the long dark night
Of the maid of the Anner's stream—
Of Tipperary's forests and breezy hills,
Or whate'er his fancy's theme.
Ah ! now I see nought in my midnight dreams,
But shackles his dungeon round,
And the felon's cords in one hundred coils
All over his white limbs wound.
5. "Ah ! my heart I know, 'neath this weight of woe ;
Will soon forget to beat ;
And my spirit will droop like a faded flower,
In the midst of the Summer heat ;
This shadowy form, once light and warm,
Shall soon in the churchyard sleep ;
And the winds shall rave 'round my early grave,
And the willow trees o'er it weep.
6. "Adieu ! adieu ! and a fond farewell
To all ye woods and streams,
Which Charles sang in the sweetening strains,
And saw in the brightest dreams ;
Some wandering minstrel yet may come,
With his harp in the eventide,
And tell of how Charles loved his land,
And how Annie, his sister, died ! "

JOHN LOCKE.

Written to commemorate the death of Miss Annie Kickham. The air is a very distinctive Irish air in the "Ray" mode. It has all the marks of a very old air—two-strain, gapped scale, and ending in the three-fold repetition of "Ray." It has not the "fah" note, whilst the note "t" occurs only once, and that in a passing, very rapid and un-accentuated way. I am indebted for the air to *Tomár Δξαρ* (Ashe), the Gaelic League Delegate to the United States in 1913. He is a fine exponent of Irish music, particularly Kerry songs.

FAIR KATE OF GLENANNER.

KEY A. *Slow and tender.*

{ l₁, t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : s₁ : m₁ | r₁, m₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : s₁ }

{ The | sun - light is | sleep - ing | on | Com - ragh's wild mountain, }

{ l₁, t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : m₁ : l₁, s₁ | m₁ : - : l₁, l₁ | l₁ : l₁ }

{ And | gay shine the blossoms | by | din - gle and fountain, }

{ l₁, t₁ | d, t₁ : d, r : m, fe | s : m : r | m, r : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - }

{ Sweet | mur - murs | the streams where the | soft breez - es | fan her, }

{ l₁, t₁ | d : r, d : t₁, l₁ | t₁ : m₁ : l₁, s₁ | m₁ : - : l₁, l₁ | l₁ : l₁ }

{ And | bright at | my side sits fair | Kate | of Glen - an - ner. }

2. The boughs of the elms in the cool breeze are swaying
With the clear waves beneath towards the wide ocean playing,
And the tall ferns wave like a green sunlit banner,
While I whisper my love to fair Kate of Glenanner.
3. She smiles as she points at the sunny wave near me,
And I wish for a boat with its white sail to bear me
From that spot, from the stream where the grey arches span her,
To some green isle of love with fair Kate of Glenanner.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This is a sweet, tender bit of music. It suits the above song which appeared in the first edition of the author's songs and ballads, published in Boston about sixty years ago,

WELCOME HOME TO YOU.

KEY F. *Andante.*

Air: "Lough Sheeling."

{ $\frac{m}{A}$.se | l : l .t : d^l .l | s : m : d r^m | f : f : m .r }
 hun - dred thou-sand | wel-comes, and 'tis | time for you to }

{ | m :- : m .se | l : l .t : d^l .l | s : m : d .d }
 | come From the | far land of the | for - eigner, to your }

{ | r :- .d : l₁ .se₁ | ' : - : m .r | d : d .r : m .d }
 | coun - try and your | home. Oh! | long as we are }

{ | r : d : d r^m | f : f : m .r | m :- : m .se }
 | part - ed, ev - er | since you went a - | way, I }

{ | l : l .t : d^l .l | s : m : d .d | r .d : l₁ : l₁ }
 | nev - er passed a | dream-less night, or | knew an ea - sy }

{ | l₁ :- ||
 | day. }

2. Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows that I bore?
 Sure the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once more—
 And there's nothing but the gladness and the love within my heart,
 And the hope, so sweet and certain, that again we'll never part.
3. You'll never part me, darling—there's a promise in your eye;
 I may tend you while I'm living—you will watch me when I die;
 And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
 What a hundred thousand welcomes shall await you in the sky!

MARY.

HERSELF AND MYSELF.

KEY F.

Air: "The Seasons."

{ m : f | s : f : s | m : d : m | s : f : m | r : t₁ : s₁ }
 { 'Twas be-yond at Ma - cred-din, at Ow - en Doyle's wed-ding, The }

{ d : t₁ : d | r : d : r | m : d : m | r : - m : f }
 { boys got the pair of us | out for a reel. Says }

{ s : f : s | m : d : m | s : f : m | r : t₁ : s₁ }
 { I, "Boys, ex - cuse us." Says they, "Don't re - fuse us." "I'll }

{ d : t₁ : d | r : m : f | m : s : m | d : - || s.f }
 { play nice an' ai - sy," says Lar - ry O'Neill. || So }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | m : s : f | m : r : d.m }
 { off we went trip - pin' it, | up and down step - pin' it—Her }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | m : s : m | d : - : s.f }
 { self and My - self on the | back of a doore; Till }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | m : s : f | m : r : d }
 { Mol - ly — God bless her!—fell | in - to the dresser, An' }

CHORUS

{ d¹ : s : m | r : m : f | m : s : m | d : - || s.f }
 { I tumbled o - ver a | child on the floore. || Says her }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | m : s : f | m : r : d : s.f }
 { self to My - self, "We're as | good as the best o' them," Says My }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | m : s : m | d : - : s.f }
 { self to Her-self, "Shure we're bet - ter than gold." Says Her- }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | m : s : f | m.r:d : s.f }
 { self to My - self, "We're as young as the rest o' them." Says My- }

{ m : f : m | r : m : f | s : l : t | d^l : - ||
 { self to Her-self, "Troth, we'll nev - er grow old." ||

2. As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin'
 As young as it was forty-five years ago.
 'Twas here in the boreen I first kissed my stóireen—
 A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.
 I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'
 As old as the hills, so I gave her a pogue—
 'Twas like our old courtin', half sarious, half sportin',
 When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.

When she'd say to Myself, "You can coort with the best o' them."
 When I'd say to Herself, "Sure I'm bettther than gold."
 When she'd say to Myself, "You're as wild as the rest o' them."
 And I'd say to Herself, "Troth, I'm time enough old."

P. J. MCCALL.

In sending me this air Mr. McCall informed me that he took it down from the singing of a Wexford labourer over 30 years ago. It should become very popular. The song, like many of the author's, is delightfully racy of the soil.

SONG OF SARSFIELD'S TROOPER.

KEY F.—*Bold.*

Air: "Ye Natives of this Nation."

{ : .s,m | d .d : d .d | d .,r : m .f | s .s : d^l .l | s : - .m }
 { The | night fell dark on Limerick and | all the land was still, As }

{ f .,f : f .f | m .s : f .m | m .,r : r .r | m s : m .r }
 { for the foe in am - bush we | lay be - side the hill; Long im- }

{ d : d .d | d .,r : m .f | s .s : d^l .l | s : - .m }
 { patient - ly we wait - ed to | rush up - on our prey, With }

{ f .s : l .f | m .s : m .d | f .r : d .t_i | d : .s }
 { no-ble Sarsfield at our head be- | fore the break of day. From }

{ l .,s : s .s | l^t : d^l .l | l .s : s .,s | s : - .t }
 { Dublin came the foe - man, with | deadly warlike store — Huge }

{ d^l .t : l .s | m .s : f .m | r .,d : r .m | m s.,f : m .r }
 { guns with tons of pow - der and | thund'ring balls go leóp : But }

{ d .d : d .d | d .,r : m .f | s .s : d^l .l | s : - .m }
 { little was he dream - ing that | there to work his bale, We'd }

{ f .s : l .f | m .s : m .d | f .r : d .t_i | d : - . }
 { come with our com - mander bold from | dark Sliav Felim's Vale. }

At the lonely hour of midnight each man leaped on his steed,
 Down moor and vale to Cullen we dashed with lightning speed;
 Then eagerly we galloped to Ballyneety's wall,
 Where lay our foe's encampment with guns and stores and all.

"Give the word!"—"The word is Sarsfield and Sarsfield is the man :
And here I am!" our General cried, as down on them we ran ;
Then God he cleared the firmament, the moon and stars gave light,
And for the battle of the Boyne we had revenge that night.

3. When the convoy all were scattered we took their mighty store,
Pontoons and carts and powder casks and cannons by the score ;
And hastily with eager hands we piled them up on high,
Laid down the fuse—applied the match—and blew them to the sky !
How pleasant laughed our General as fast we rode away ;
And many a health we drank to him in Limerick next day ;
Here's another health to Sarsfield, who in that midnight hour,
Destroyed the foe's artillery by Ballyneety's tower.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This is a fine, bold air, and, needless to say, a grand song, whose subject matter will fire the blood of everyone who deserves the name of Irishman and is proud of the deeds of Sarsfield. I am indebted to Dr. Joyce's collection of Irish Folk Music for the air.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.

KEY C. *Modérato.*Air : “*Ἀν ῥεῖσιν ὄρναν.*”

{	: s . l . t	d' . r' : d' . t	l . m : m . r	m . d : l , t ,	d . r }
{	Oh, 'tis	lit - tle Ma-ry	Cas-si - dy's the	cause of all my mis - e -	}

{	: m . s	l . d' : t . s	l . m : m . r	m . m : l . , l l	}
{	ry, The	rai-son that I	am not now the	boy I used to be ;	}

{	: s . l . t	d' . r' : d' . t	l . m : m . r	m . d : l , t ,	d . r }
{	Oh, she	bates the beau-ties all	that we	read a - bout in	his - to - }

{	: m . s	l . d' : t' . s	l . m : m . r	m . d : l , t ,	d	
{	ry, Sure	half the coun - try	side is as	lost for her as	me.	

{	: r . r	m . s : l . t	d' : l . t , d'	r' . d' : l . t	d' . r' }
{	Trav-el	Ire-land up and	down - hill,	vil-lage, vale and	town— }

{	: m' . f'	r' . t : d' . , l	s . m : m . r	m . , l : l . , l l	}
{	Fairer	than the Col-leen	Dhoun you'll be	look-ing for in	vain ; }

{	: s . l . t	d' . r' : d' . t	l . m : m . r	m . d : l , t ,	d . r }
{	Oh, I'd	ra-ther live in	pov-er - ty with	lit-tle Ma - ry Cas-si -	}

{	: m . s	l . d' : t . s	l . m : m . r	m . d : l , t ,	d	
{	dy Than	em - per - or with - out	her be o'er	Ger-ma - ny, or	Spain.	

2. 'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
 And heard hersing the *Uaighneán Donn*, till the tears came in my eyes,
 And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of her ;
 The devil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.

Checks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
 Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my mind ;
 Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
 'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

3. What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight about,
 To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her eye ?
 Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right
 about,
 If I thought the curly head of her would be resting there by-an'-bye.
 Take all I own to-day—kith, kin, and care away,
 Ship them across the say, or to the frozen zone ;
 Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,
 I never would feel lonely with the two of us alone.

F. A. FAHY.

This version of the air is that taken down from Paddy Conneely, the famous Galway piper. It is found in the Forde collection and is pronounced by Dr. Joyce to be finest of all the versions. With Frank Fahy's words it makes a beautiful song.

BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.

KEY G. *Lightly.*

p.
 { m : m : r : d | d : l : d | d : l : s }
 { You may | speak of the land where the toil - er Can }

{ m : r : d | d : l : d | r : - : r . r }
 { build up a free hap - py home, The }

{ m : r : d | d : l : d | d : r : m . m }
 { land ne - ver cursed by the spoil - er, }

{ f : m : r | r : d : l | s : - || f }
 { O - ver the white o - cean foam. || Oh, }

{ m : s : s | s : l : s | s : m : d }
 { dear - est to me is my sire - land The }

{ m : s : s | l : s : m | r : - : r }
 { em - a - rald gem of the sea, My }

{ m : s : s | s : l : s | s : m : d }
 { beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Ire - land, Oh! }

{ f : m : r | r : d : l | s : - ||
 { would, would that Ire - land was free. ||

CHORUS.

{ m : r : d | d : l : d | d : l : s }
 { Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Ire - land, My }

{ m : r : d | d : l, : d | r :- : }

heart it beats on - ly for thee,

{ m : r : d | d : l, : d | d : r : m }

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Ire - land, Oh ! }

{ f : m : r | r : d : l, | s, :- ||

will, will it ev - er be free ?

2. Ah, where is the land can compare her ?

Oh ! show me her lakes or her strands,
You may travel the world thro' and show me
A more beauteous and lovelier land.

Oh ! dearest to me is my sireland

The emerald gem of the sea ;

I'll cling to my home in old Ireland,

Oh ! would, would that Ireland was free !

CHORUS.

3. They say that they're going to free her

Although her heart it lies low,
Ah, see how her enemies greet her,
Run down and oppressed by her foe.

My beautiful, beautiful Ireland,

My heart it beats only for thee,

I'll cling to my home in old Ireland,

And wish and pray Ireland were free !

CHORUS.

I link this song with the pretty, pleasant air above, which is well-known.
It will be found to be a very nice school song.

AN OLD IRISH JIG.

KEY D. *Lively.*

Air: "Drops of Brandy."

{ : .s | s : s : m | m : d : m | m : d : m }
 { My | bless - ing be on you, old E - rin, My }

{ s : s : m | m : d : m | f :- : r }
 { own land of fro - lic and fun, For }

{ mf s :- : m | m : d : m | m : d : m }
 { all sorts of mirth and di - ver - sion Your }

{ f : m : f | r :- : m . m | f :- : || m . r }
 { like is not un - der the sun Bo- }

CHORUS:—Then a

{ d : m : s | d^l : s : m | d^l : s : m }
 { he - mia may boast of her pol - ka, And }
 fig for your new - fash - ioned walt - zes, Im-

{ d : m : s | d^l : s : m | f :- : r }
 { Spain of her walt - zes talk big, Och, }
 port - ed from Spain and from France, And a

{ d : m : s | d^l : s : m | d^l : s : m }
 { sure they are no - thing but limp - ing Com- }
 fig for the thing called the pol - ka, Our

{ f : m : f | r :- : m . m | f :- : - . || }
 { pared to an old Irish jig. }
 own I - rish jig we will dance.

2. I've heard how the jig came in fashion,
 And believe that the story is true,
 By Adam and Eve 'twas invented,
 The reason was—partners were few.
 And though they could both dance the polka,
 Eve thought that it was not quite chaste,
 She preferred our old jig to be dancing,
 And faith I approve of her taste.

CHORUS.

3. The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
 Like the wild mountain deer, they can bound,
 Their feet never touch the Green Island
 But music is struck from the ground.
 And oft in the glens and green meadows,
 The old jig they dance with such grace,
 That even the daisies they tread on,
 Look up with delight in their face.

CHORUS.

4. An old Irish jig, too, was danced by
 Kings and by great men of yore,—
 King O'Toole, himself, could well foot it
 To a tune they call Rory O'More.
 And oft in the great hall of Tara,
 Our famous King Brian Boru,
 Danced an old Irish jig with his nobles,
 And played his own harp to them, too.

CHORUS.

JAMES McKEOWN.

This air and the song are as light-hearted as the daughters of Erin.
 It will be heard at many a concert and fireside. The "Kerry dances"
 won't be in it with it. I hope that between them they'll give a bad time
 to the polkas!

FAR AWAY.

KEY F. *Lively.*

Air: "Up the Heathery Mountain."

{ :r | r :- :r | r :d :r | f :- :- | f :- :s }
 { A - | long the wind - ing | riv - er The }

{ l :- :s | f :- :r | d :- :- | - :- :d }
 { win - try tem - pests | blow; The }

{ r :- :r | r :d :r | f :- :r | f :- :s }
 { sere leaves glance and | quiv - - er With- }

{ l :- :s | f :- :r | r :- :- | - :- :f.s }
 { in the wave be - | low; The }

{ l :- :r^l | r^l :- :d^l | l :- :d^l | l :- :f }
 { sun is red - ly | sink - ing Be- }

{ s :- :l | f :- :r | d :- :- | - :- :r }
 { yond the moun - tains grey, And }

{ r :- :r | r :d :r | f :- :r | f :- :s }
 { I am ev - er | think- ing of }

{ l :- :s | f :- :r | r :- :- | - :- ||
 { her that's far a - way. }

2. Her eyes are like the violets
 In some green summer dell;
 The rose of Lene's bright islets
 Her lips can ne'er excel—
 That wild lake of the mountain,
 Its depth no man can say;
 My love's as deep a fountain
 For her that's far away.
3. Oh! were I like the Earls
 That reigned o'er Desmond's towers,
 Her hair should shine with pearls
 Instead of fading flowers,
 And robes of queenly splendour
 Her fair form should array,
 My love's so true and tender
 For her that's far away.
4. Oh! would you see her golden
 Bright looks and form so fine,
 You'd think some goddess olden
 Had witched those eyes of thine;
 And while the sun is sinking,
 I'm spell-bound day by day,
 For oh! I'm ever thinking
 Of her that's far away.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

O'NEILL'S VOW.*

KEY C.

Air: "The Boyne Water."

{ :r | l : l .t | d^l : l | s : m | d : r .m }
 { How | man - y a year, in | fleet ca - reer, Has }

{ f : m .r | l .s : f .m | r : - .d | l₁ : s }
 { cir - cled o'er its black - ened strand, Since }

{ l : l .t | d^l : ta .l | s .f : m .r | d : r .m }
 { first that vow, for - got - ten now, Was }

{ f : m .r | l .s : f .m | r : r | r || s }
 { plight - ed to our na - tive land? || And }

{ l : l .d^l | r^l : - .m^l | r^l : - .d^l | l : s }
 { still the crimes of those dark times Are }

{ l : l .r^l | r^l .d^l : r^l .m^l | r^l : - .d^l | l : t }
 { per - pe - tra - ted | hour by hour, And }

{ d^l : d^l | d^l : l | s .f : s .m | d : r .m }
 { Sax - on fraud, by God un - awed, Goes }

{ f : m .r | l .s : f .m | r : r | r || }
 { hand in hand with Sax - on power! || }

* "Quamdiu vita aderit, ipsos impugnabimus pro nostri juris defensione."—*Letter of Domhnal O'Neill to Pope John XXII.* (ob. 1334). "So long as we shall live, we will fight them in defence of our rights."

2. This lesson stern thou'st left to learn,
 Oft baffled, but unyielding King,
 " In peace or strife, in death or life,
 The Saxon bears a poison'd sting.
 Then weal or woe, strike home the blow,
 And shun at least the coward's fate,
 And far on high your destiny
 Shall rank with stars of loftiest state.

3. Domhnal O'Neill swears on his steel
 While throbs one pulse, or heaves one breath,
 To meet thy hand with whetted brand,
 Invading brigand to the death.
 Nor length of years, nor blood, nor tears,
 Defeat, disaster, nor distress,
 Shall mar the word, pledged on the sword
 He clutches for the merciless."

MICHAEL DOHENY.

This, and another song of Doheny's. "A Cuishle Gal Machree," stamp him as a first-class song-writer. The author of *The Felon's Track* got his poetic inspiration, not in well-furnished drawing-rooms, but amidst Glengariff's wild and splendid mountain scenery, where he was "on his keep," after the failure of the Rebellion in 1848.

ASTHORE MACHREE.

KEY G. *Pretty quick.*

Air: "bpuac na campaige báine."

{ :l₁ | l₁ :- :l₁ | d.r :- :m | r :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ }

{ A - | sthore Ma - chree! when | you're far a - way From the }

{ | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | l₁ :- :- | l₁ :- :l₁ }

{ | home that you'll soon be | leav - - ing; 'Tis }

{ | l₁ :l₁ :l₁ | d.r :- :m.m | r :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ }

{ | man - y a time, thro' the night and the day, That your }

{ | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | l₁ :- :- | l₁ :- || l₁ }

{ | heart will be sore - ly griev - - ing. || The }

{ | l₁ :- :t₁ | d :r :m | s :l :- | l₁ :- :l₁ }

{ | stran - ger's land may be | bright and fair, And }

{ | l₁ :l₁ :l₁ | l₁.t₁ | d :r :m | l :- :- | s :- :l.l }

{ | rich in its trea - sures | gold - - en; But you'll }

{ | f :- :f | m :m :m | r :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ }

{ | pine, I know, for the | long a - go, And the }

{ | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | l₁ :- :- | l₁ :- ||

{ | love that was ne - ver | old - - en. ||

2. Asthore Machree! in the stranger's land
 There is plenty of wealth and wailing;
 Where gems adorn the great and grand,
 There are faces with hunger paling.

When the road is toilsome and hard to tread,
 When the lights of their cities blind you ;
 O, turn, Asthore, to the East'rn shore,
 And the ones that you leave behind you.

3. Asthore Machree ! when the evening mist
 O'er mountain and sea is falling ;
 Then turn away from the throng, and list,
 And maybe you'll hear me calling—
 For the sound of a voice that I'll sorely miss,
 For somebody's quick returning ;
 Aroon, aroon, O, come back soon,
 To the love that is always burning.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

This song is taken, by permission, from *The Voice of Banba*. I hope it will turn many an intending emigrant from his or her purpose of quitting their native land. The version of the air is the traditional one sent to me by Annie O'Reilly, Professor of Traditional Singing at Ballingeary Irish College.

OH, COME WITH ME MY IRISH GIRL.

KEY A. *Sweetly.*

{	:	.s ₁	d	:	- .r	m	:	s ₁		ta ₁	:	- .d	s ₁ .f ₁	:	m ₁ .f ₁	}
{		Oh,		come		with me,		my		I	-	-	rish,	girl	To	}
{	s ₁	:	l ₁ .,t ₁	d	:	d		d	:	-		:	r	}		}
{		climes		be -		yond		the		sea;			For	}		}
{	m	:	d	m	:	f		s	:	- .m	f	:	s .f	}		}
{		oh,		thou		art		the		bright -		est	pearl	In	}	
{	m	:	r	d .,t ₁	:	s ₁ .f ₁		s ₁	:	-		:	d .r	}		}
{		my		heart's		trea -		su -		ry.			I	}		}
{	m	:	d	m	:	f		s	:	s .m	f	:	s .f	}		}
{		may		re -		gret		my		na -		tive	isle,	And	}	
{	m	:	r	d .,t ₁	:	s ₁ .f ₁		s ₁	:	-		:	s ₁ .l ₁ .t ₁	}		}
{		ties		as		yet		un -		riven;			But	}		}
{	d	:	- .r	m	:	s ₁		ta ₁	:	d .,t ₁	s ₁ .f ₁	:	m ₁ .f ₁	}		}
{		oh,		wher -		e'er		thy		gra -		ces	smile	Shall	}	
{	s ₁	:	l ₁ .,t ₁	d	:	d		d	:	-		:		}		}
{		be		my		home,		my		heaven.				}		}

2. And thou wilt soothe me with thy sighs,
 Should sickness cloud my brow;
 And bless me with those angel eyes,
 Should fate my spirit bow.
 And I will cling till death to thee,
 In weal, or woe, or peril,
 And bless my lot, whate'er it be,
 With my sweet Irish girl.

ANONYMOUS.

The above is a beautiful and sweet air. Singers will notice what a peculiarly tender effect the prolonged and accented note *ta* lends to the first strain of the music.

THE SWEET WORDS SAID TO ME.

(For air see previous song, page 338.)

1. Sing on, O darling little bird
 Upon that shining spray;
 My heart is singing since I heard
 Some sweet, fond words to-day.
 Sing gaily on, O best of birds!
 Your glad notes seem to be
 The music of the happy words
 That late were said to me.

2. Bloom on beneath the summer skies,
 O bright and fragrant flower!
 Lit by the light of radiant eyes,
 So blooms my heart this hour.
 Sweet are the perfumed airs that rise
 From off your blossomed tree—
 As sweet the breath that spoke in sighs
 The fond words said to me.

3. O darling bird, the winter hoar
 Will hush your merry tune;
 O blooming leaves and fragrant core,
 You'll fade and drop too soon.
 But joy is mine for evermore—
 A life from sorrow free;
 For I shall hear them o'er and o'er—
 The sweet words said to me.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

KITTY NEIL.

KEY G. *Lively.*

Air: "Tatther Jack Walsh."

{ :m | m : r : m | d : m : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ : - : d.d }
 { "Ah, | sweet Kit - ty Neil, rise | up from that wheel — Your }

{ | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : d | m_s : - : s }
 { | neat lit - tle foot will be | wear - y with spinning; Come }

{ | m : r : m | d : m : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ : - : d.d }
 { | trip down with me to the syc - a - more tree, Half the }

{ | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : d || d }
 { | par - ish is there and the dance is be - gin - ning. The }

{ | d : m : s | s : m : d | d : m : s | s : - : s }
 { | sun is gone down, but the full har - vest moon Shines }

{ | f : f : f | m : r : d | t₁ : d : r | m : - : f }
 { | sweet-ly and cool in the dew - whi - tened valley; While }

{ | m : r : m | d : m : d | t₁ : s₁ : l₁ | ta₁ : - : d }
 { | all the air rings with the soft lov - ing things, Each }

{ | d : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : d ||
 { | lit - tle bird sings in the green sha - ded al - ley." }

2. With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
 So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.

And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing,
 And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
 Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

3. Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion ;
 With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground—
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
 Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
 Search the world around, from the sky to the ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing !

4. Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
 Beaming humidly through their dark lashes as mildly,—
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulse throb wildly ?
 Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
 “ *Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love.* ”

JOHN F. WALLER, LL.D.

This bright song and air should soon become favourites. The air is a traditional version, taken down from the singing of Danny Warren of Toames, near Macroom. In the second and sixth lines of music there is a grace note, on which should be sung *quickly* the first syllable of the word underneath.

THE LITTLE RED FOX.

KEY **E^b**. *Lively*.

{ s .m | d : m | s : s .s | s .l : s .m | s : s .s }
 { The | Little Red Fox is a | raid - er sly, In the }

{ | d : m | s : m | r : - | d : s .s }
 { mis - ty moon - light | creep - - ing; With a }

{ | d^l .d^l : d^l .d^l | t : - .l | s .l : s .m | r : d .l₁ }
 { mor-sel to his taste he | hurries off in haste, While the }

{ | d .r : m .d | r : r | d : - | d || s .m }
 { farm - yard's sound - ly | sleep - - ing. "A" }

CHORUS :—Oh !

{ | d .r : m .f | s : s | s .l : s .m | s : m .r }
 { "duck," says he, "has | charms for me, Like - }
 Lit-tle Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox, Oh ! }

{ | d .r : m .f | s : m .d | r : - | d : s .s }
 { wise a young cock | crow - - ing; But a }
 Lit-tle Red Fox, none bold - - er, Lit-tle }

{ | d^l : d^l .l | t : l | s .l : s .m | r : d .l₁ }
 { fine fat goose is | most of use, To a }
 Red Fox, creep - ing through the rocks, With a }

{ | d .r : m .d | r : - .r | d : - | d ||
 { fa-mi - ly young and | grow - - ing." ||
 fat goose o'er his should - er. }

2. The Little Red Fox is a family man,
 By his own fireside reposing,
 Till the cry of the hound shows his lair is found—
 There's no time left for dozing.
 "I'm off," says he, "don't wait for me,
 There's a long, long road before me,
 But home I'll be in time for tea,
 When I put this trial o'er me."

CHORUS—

Oh ! Little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
 Oh ! Little Red Fox, low keeping ;
 Little Red Fox, stealing through the rocks,
 And the tips of his two ears peeping.

3. The Little Red Fox is a hero bold,
 And he rates his foes but meanly,
 With a turn, twist and wind, they're left far behind,
 And he rests on the hill serenely.
 "I like," says he, "the breeze from the sea,
 And the view up here is glorious,"
 And sweet from below comes the merry "Tally-ho,"
 And the hounds' melodious chorus.

CHORUS—

Oh ! Little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
 Oh ! Little Red Fox, swift leaping ;
 Little Red Fox flying o'er the rocks,
 And his brush through the keen air sweeping.

4. The Little Red Fox is a gallant knight,
 "When the hour of stress has found him,
 He crouches at the feet of the beauty of the meet,
 While yelping foes surround him.
 "Fair maid," says he, "were it not for thee,
 Some sport I'd show them daily,
 But my brush I yield to the fairest of the field,
 And I die at her dear feet gaily."

CHORUS—

Oh ! Little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
 Oh ! Little Red Fox, low lying ;
 Little Red Fox taken 'mong the rocks,
 For the love of two bright eyes dying.

F. A. FAHY.

BOOCHALEEN BAWN.

KEY C.

{ d | m : - m : d | s : s : f | m : - d : d | d : - : d . d }
 { And | where are you go - ing ma | voo - cha - leen vawn, From }

{ r : - . r : r | r^l : - . r^l : r^l | r^l : - . l : l | l : - : s . s }
 { fa - ther and mo - ther so | ear - ly at dawn? Och ! }

{ d^l : - . d^l : d^l | d^l : t : l | s : - . f : m | f : - : s }
 { ra - ther run i - dle from | ev' - ning till morn Than }

{ l : - . l : l | l : d^l : m | m : - . r : r | r : - ||
 { dark - en their thres - hold ma | voo - cha - leen vawn ! ||

2. For there they would tell you, *ma voochaleen vawn*,
 That the mother whose milk to your heart you have drawn,
 And the father who prays for you, evening and dawn,
 Can never be heard for you, *boochaleen bawn*.
3. That the faith we have bled for, from father to son,
 Since first by a lie our fair valleys were won,
 And which oft in the desert, our knees to the sod,
 We kept from them all, for our sons and our God.
4. That this was idolatry, heartless and cold,
 And now grown more heartless because it is old;
 And for something that's newer they'd ask you to pawn
 The creed of your fathers, *ma voochaleen vawn* !
5. And now will you go to them, *boochaleen bawn*,
 From father and mother, so early at dawn ?
 Och ! the cloud from your mind let it never be drawn,
 But cross not *their* threshold, *ma voochaleen vawn* !

JOHN BANIM.

OVER THE MORNING DEW.

KEY G. *Pleasantly.*

Air: "11' tpuag̃ san peata'n m̃aoi1u agam."

{	:	.,s		m	.d	:	d	.r		m	.f	:	s	.,m		l	.f	:	s	.,m	}
		It		is	the		sweet-est		hour	for	love:		The		sun	is		o'er	the		}

{	f	.l	:	s	.,f		m	.d	:	d	.r		m	.f	:	s	.,m	}			
	eas	-	tern	grove,	And	nought	is	heard	but	coo	of	dove	And								}

CHORUS.

{	l	.f	:	s	.,m		f	:	s		d	:	t ₁	.s ₁	}
	wild	streams	in	the	green	-	wood;				O	-	ver	the	}

{	l ₁	.f ₁	:	f ₁		s ₁	.d	:	d	.r		m	.f	:	s	.,m	}
	morn-ing	dew,				O	-	ver	the	morn-ing	dew,						}

{	d	.d	:	t ₁	.s ₁		l ₁	.f ₁	:	f ₁	.,l ₁		s ₁	.l ₁	:	t ₁	.s ₁	}
	Come	with	me	young	Grā	Ma	-	chree,	Un-	to	the	leaf	-	y				}

{	d	:	d	.,	
	green	-	wood.		

2. With flowers that bloom so sweetly there
 I'll deck thy dress and golden hair,
 And thou hast never looked so fair,
 As there in that wild greenwood.

CHORUS.

3. There rears the Rath its lonely height,
 Where fairies dance at noon of night,
 And there my faith I'll fondly plight,
 To thee in that wild greenwood.

CHORUS.

4. Oh! fear not here to stay with me;
 You know me from your infancy;
 I'll ask but look of love from thee,
 And fond word in the greenwood.

CHORUS.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

KEY G. *With feeling.*

Air: "Cailín óg Δ róp." }

{ :s ₁ m : - : m.m m : - : r.m f : - : m r : - }	}
{ A voo - chal Ma-chree, on the moun - tain side,	}

{ :s ₁ .s ₁ r : - : r.r r : d : r m : f : m r : - }	}
{ You are ly - ing to - night — but not a - lone,	}

{ :s ₁ m : f : s s : - : m.d t ₁ : - : l ₁ l ₁ : - }	}
{ For round you are gathered the men who died,	}

{ :t ₁ .d s ₁ : - : d d : r : m r : d : r d : -	
{ And left us lone - ly, o - éón, o - éón.	

2. Your father fell at our cabin door,
I fled in fear from the brutal Yeos;
And you were gone with the rest, Asthore,
Where Eire called you to meet her foes.
3. And you fought—they told me—as heroes fight,
Who feel and know that their Cause is just;
And many a Sasanach pale with fright,
You paid full well for his greed and lust.
4. Sleep well, you're weary, avoorneen O,
Your young heart's blood has not flowed in vain;
The high and haughty shall yet be low,
The land you loved shall be free again.
5. A *voochal Machree* when I hear them tell,
Of Yeomen routed and battles won,
When tears are shed for the ones who fell.
'Tis I will be proud of my noble son.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS,

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

KEY F. *Martially.*

mf

{	s ₁		d	:	d	,r		m	:	m	,f		s	:	s		f	:	m	,f	}
	Let		E	-	rin	re	-	mem	-	ber	the		days		of		old		Ere	her	}

{

s	:	-	.l		m	:	d		r	:	-		d	:	s ₁	}
faith			less		sons		be	-	trayed				her,		When	}

{

d	:	d	.r		m	:	m	,f		s	.s	:	s		f	:	m	,f	}
Ma	-	la	-	chy	wore		the		col	-	lar		of		gold,		Which	he	}

{

s	:	s	.l		m	:	d		r	:	-		d	:	s	.s	}	
won			from		the		proud		in	-			va	-	-		der; When her	}

dim.

{

d ¹	:	d ¹		t	:	l	.s		l	:	s	.m		s	:	m	.r	}
kings			with		stan	-	dard	of	green		un	-	furl'd		Led	the	}	

f

{

d	:	r	.m		r	:	d		d	:	-		d	:	s	.s	}
Red		Branch			Knights		to		dan	-	-		ger,		Ere	the	}

dim.

{

d ¹	:	d ¹		t	:	l	.s		l	:	s	.m		s	:	m	.r	}
em'	-	rald			gem		of	the	west	-	ern		world		Was	}		

p

{

d	:	r	.m		r	:	d	.m		r	:	-		d			
set		in	the		crown		of	a	stran	-	-		ger.				

2. On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 And, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

THOMAS MOORE.

I remarked in a note elsewhere that this fine air is one of three which may justly claim to be selected as our Irish National Anthem. It has a grand, noble, martial swing about it.

“FOR GOD AND IRELAND.”

KEY C. *With spirit.*

Air: “The Boyne Water.”

{ : r | l : l ., t | d^l : l | s : m | d }
 { For | thee we stand, O | Na - tive Land, }

{ : r .m | f : m .r | l .s : f .m | r : - .d | l₁ }
 { To | thee we pledge de - | vo - tion: }

{ : s | l : l ., t | d^l : ta .l | s .f : m .r | d }
 { Our | love for thee will | ev - er be }

{ : r .m | f : m .r | l .s : f .m | r : - | r }
 { As | bound - less as the | o - - ceans; ||

{ : s | l : l .d^l | r^l : - .m^l | r^l : - .d^l | l }
 { For | a - ges past, with | voi - ces massed, }

CHORUS.—

Then, for - ward! for the hour is come

{ : s | l : l .r^l | r^l .d^l : r^l .m^l | r^l : - .d^l | l }
 { Have | po - ets hymned thy | sto - - ry }
 To free our fet - tered | sire - - land; }

{ : t | d^l : d^l | d^l : l | s .f : s .m | d }
 { But | sol - diers now, up - | on thy brow }
 To can - non boom and | roll of drum }

{ : r .m | f : m .r | l .s : f .m | r : - | r }
 { Shall | poise a crown of | glo - - ry. }
 We'll strike! For God and Ire - - land! ||

2. What matter if the foe be strong,
 Our country we'll defend, boys,
 What matter if the road be long
 We'll tread it to the end boys !
 The star of Hope illumines the way
 Our fathers trod before us :
 God send the sun of Freedom's Day
 To flame in splendour o'er us.

CHORUS.

3. Lo ! yonder leap the beacon fires
 That guide us from the valley ;
 Around us throng our martyred sires
 To hearten and to rally.
 Draw blade ! for God and Ireland now !
 Strike home ! for all we treasure !
 And if the foeman drink, we vow
 To give him brimming measure.

CHORUS.

P. KEHOE.

This song was specially written for this series and to this fine rousing air by the author of "Ireland over All," see page 218. The present song enhances still further the writer's reputation as a song-writer.

THE GREEN FLAG.

KEY A. *Spiritedly.*

Air: "Vive La."

{ : .s₁ ,f₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | d .,r : d .s₁ }
 { The | flag is raised, and | neath its fold The }

{ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .m | f ,m ,r ,d : l₁ .s₁ ,f₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .l₁ }
 { flash - ing hue of | green and gold, So | as our fa - thers }

{ | d .,r : m .,f | s .d : l₁ .f | m .r : d .,r }
 { stood we'll stand For | thee our own dear | mo - ther - land. || Stand }

{ | m .s : r .m | d .,r : m .d | m .s : r .m }
 { by that ban - ner | true and leal, 'Gainst fraud and force 'Gainst }

{ | f ,m ,r ,d : s .d ,r | m .s : r .m | d .,r : m .,f }
 { rope and steel, Stand | while a tat - ter | proudly flies Be - }

{ | s .d : l₁ .f | m .r : d .,r }
 { neath the light of | I - rish skies. || }

CHORUS:—

{ : .m₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | d .,r : d .s₁ }
 { The | flag is raised and | 'neath its fold The }

{ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .m | f ,m ,r ,d : l₁ .m₁ | m₁ .s₁ : s₁ .l₁ }
 { flash - ing hue of | green and gold ; So | as our fa - thers }

{ | d .,r : m .,f | s .d : d .,f | m .r : d .,r }
 { stood we'll stand For | thee our own dear | mo - ther - land. || }

2. We raised it up—no foot shall back
 A step upon the forward track,
 For 'tis not in the days of wrath;
 When woe and darkness haunt our path—
 It is not when the gallows tree
 Is decked with fruits of liberty—
 That we should bend the knee or pull
 Thee down, our banner beautiful.

CHORUS.

3. Blessings upon thee shining there,
 The storm is luring in the air,
 And faithful hearts are underneath
 To face the brunt unto the death.
 No faces pale with coward fear
 Because the treacherous foe is near,
 No hearts quail at the tempest strong,
 We've borne its deadly brunt too long.

CHORUS.

4. But now, thank God, from sea to sea,
 United in our strength are we—
 From West to East, from South to North,
 The millions rush in gladness forth.
 In power and strength a mighty host,
 To claim the rights their fathers lost,
 To win the gold for which they toil,
 To have and hold their native soil.

CHORUS.

5. Six centuries of wrong and hate
 Have left our island desolate;
 But year by year the seed was sown,
 Until the blossom true had blown.
 And now that blossoming has come
 We wait to bear the harvest home,
 And every hand and every heart
 Know how to act the reaper's part.

CHORUS.

6. Chained, trampled, weakened by the force
 Of treason's ancient deadly curse—
 We still can show a gallant face
 To fire the old heart of our race.
 And young and old will feel that fire,
 Whose burning flame can ne'er expire,
 Till strong and weak alike can claim
 An equal share, the patriot's name.

CHORUS.

7. Hurra! hurra! God bless the sword
 That rids us from this foreign horde—
 Hurra! hurra! the fields of France
 Are lit by Freedom's sunny glance.
 Old Tyranny has lost its sway,
 The lord who ruled must now obey—
 Man stands up in his dignity,
 And so, in time—by Heaven—shall we.

CHORUS.

J. K. CASEY ("LEO").

SLAUN BEÓ.

KEY F. *Slow.*

Air: "Slán beó."

{	<u>:d .r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>l</u>	:	<u>t</u>		<u>d</u>	:	-	:	<u>m .f</u>		<u>s</u>	:	-	:	<u>m .d</u>	}
	My		grief		and		my		woe!				I must		go				to some	

{	<u>r</u>	:	<u>d</u>	:	<u>d</u>		<u>d</u>	:	-	:	<u>d .r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d</u>	:	<u>r</u>	}
	far		dis		- tant		part,				A -		way		o'er		the	

{	<u>m d</u>	:	-	:	<u>t .d</u>		<u>l</u>	:	-	:	<u>l .s</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d</u>	:	<u>r</u>	}
	foam				from my		home				and the		wife		of		my	

{	<u>m</u>	:	-	:	<u>m .r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>m d</u>	:	-	:	<u>t .d</u>	}
	heart!				From the		chil - dren		I		love—						God a—	

{	<u>l</u>	:	-	:	<u>l .s</u>		<u>m</u>	:	<u>d</u>	:	<u>r</u>		<u>m</u>	:	-	:	<u>m .d</u>	}
	bove!				must I		bow		to		Thy		will;				If	

{	<u>r</u>	:	<u>l</u>	:	<u>t</u>		<u>d</u>	:	-	:	<u>r</u>	:	<u>m .f</u>		<u>s</u>	:	-	:	<u>m .d</u>	}
	so,		ere		I		go—				Slaun		Beó					with the		

{	<u>r</u>	:	<u>d</u>	:	<u>d</u>		<u>d</u>	:	-	
	House		on		the		Hill!			

2. As I gaze on the spot where my lot with my darling was cast,
 I think of the day hid away in the folds of the past,
 When the joy of my life, my young wife, passed in like the dawn—
 Once more, ere I go—Slaun Beó with thee, Vourineen Bawn!
3. How changed, och ochone! and how lone seems the same place to-day,
 A heart there is sad that was glad as the meadows in May!
 A heart there is dark where a lark ev'ry morning would trill!
 Once more, ere I go—Slaun Beó with the House on the Hill!

4. Take courage, my dear, do not fear, but be trusting and brave !
 With God's blessing above, soon, my love, I will cross o'er the wave,
 With silver and gold, and the old happy mornings will dawn—
 One kiss and I go—Slaun Beó with thee, Vourineen Bawn !

P. J. McCALL.

This is a beautiful old air and a sweet song. Mr. McCall gives us here one of his happiest and most Irish pieces in which he scores an admirable success by his imitation of the vowel assonance for which the Irish poets are so famous. I hope the song will be often heard. I have spelt the second last word of the song exactly as the notes require it.

DEIRDRE'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.

KEY **A \flat** . *Slow and with pathos.*

Air: "Slán beó leat."

{ m ., f | s : - . l : f . s | m : - : r | d : - . t : s . l }
 Fare - well to Al-ba's Isle— Its pleas - ant ports and }

{ | ta : - : d ., r | d : - . t : s . f | f : - : m . f }
 glens ! Sweet seat of Us-na's sons, Strong }

{ | s : - . d : d . r | m* : - : m ., f | s : - . l : f . s }
 hunt - ers o'er the benns ! I mind me of a }

{ | m : - : r | d : - . t : s ., l | ta : - ., d : d ., r }
 day They feast - ed in a lios. The Earl's }

{ | d : - . t : s . f | f : - : m . f | s : - . d : d . r }
 daught - er of the Doon Stole Nais - i's se-cret }

* or, doh.

piu moto

{ | d : - . | s₁ s₁ | d : - . r : m . f | s : - : f . f }
 { | kiss ! | He be- stowed a gen- tle fawn On the }

f

{ | s : - . l : s . f . m | f : - : m . f | s : - . l : s . m . r }
 { | maid for her ca- res ; And ling - ered in her }

A tempo

{ | m : - : r . r | d : - . t₁ : s₁ . f₁ | s₁ : - . : m . f }
 { | bow'r From the hosts of In- ver- ness ! When I }

{ | s : - . l : f . s | m : - : r | d : - . t₁ : s₁ . l₁ }
 { | heard this jealous tale, My heart was filled with }

rall

{ | ta₁ : - : d . r | d : - . t₁ : s₁ . f₁ . m₁ | f₁ : - : m₁ . f₁ }
 { | woe : I launched an oar- less boat On the }

{ | s₁ : - . d : d . r | d : - : }
 { | o - cean's west'ring flow ! }

2. Lo, Anna and Ardán swift followed on my track ;

And these hero brothers brought the lovelorn wand'rer back !
 My Naisi pledged his faith, thrice sworn, with whispered breath,
 I never should see grief till I saw his face in death.
 Earls' daughter could you know of Naisi 'neath the clay,
 You would weep as I shall weep for a twelve-month and a day !
 Farewell to Alba's hills—to days now past and gone,
 When Naisi's smile of love brought to my heart the dawn !

P. J. McCALL.

The above is a metrical rendering of an ancient Irish piece of poetry. It is on the whole fairly literal and retains the simplicity of the original. It was done by Mr. McCall at the request of the editor. The air was sent to me by Miss Annie O'Reilly, of Macroom, who wedded it to the old Irish lyric named at the top of the music. It was found in O'Neill's collection of Irish music, but we have changed the key, time, and some of the phrasing. I think those who are lovers of old traditional Irish music will agree with Miss O'Reilly's remark that the air is a gem of its kind. It is one of those airs that keep haunting the memory. Words and air make a very beautiful song.

MY FIRST LOVE.

KEY F. *Slow.*

{ :m.f.se | l :- .t | d' :t | l :- .s | m :r .t | }
 { Where | towers the rock a - | bove the trees, With }

{ | l :- .t | d :r | m :- | - :m }
 { heath - bells bloom - ing | o'er, Where }

{ | l :- .t | d' :t | l :- .s | m :r .t | }
 { waves the fern in | sum - mer breeze, And }

{ | m :r .t | l :l | l :- | - || m .r }
 { shines the red lus - more. In }

{ | d :d | d :t .l | t :t | t :l .se | }
 { wood - land nook be - | side the brook, I }

{ | l :- .t | d :r | m :- | - :m }
 { sit and sad - ly | pore On }

{ | l :- .t | d' :t | l :s | m :r .t | }
 { love I nursed in | boy - hood first For }

{ | m :r .t | l :l | l :- | - || }
 { one I'll ne'er see | more. }

2. How fair, when shines the summer beam
 Upon the hillside warm,
 The lady fern beside the stream :
 So fair my Margaret's form:

The snow-white crystals shine beneath,
 The red lusmores above :
 Ah ! such the bright bright laughing teeth
 And lips of my first love.

3. The gorse flowers Ullair's dells illumine,
 One sea of golden light ;
 My Margaret's hair was like their bloom,
 As yellow and as bright.
 'Twill haunt me still through joy or ill,
 Till death shall end my care,
 The wondrous grace of her fair face
 Beneath that golden hair.

4. I loved her with a burning love
 That matched my boyhood well,
 And brilliant were the dreams I wove
 While tranced in that sweet spell ;
 And in my breast she'll reign and rest
 Each eve while sad I pore,
 Where ferns are green the rock between.
 And shines the red lusmore.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This fine melody is from Dr. Joyce's "Ancient Irish Music," where he gives one verse of a song. It may be said that until now it has remained unwedded to words accessible to the public. The song to which I now link it is as fine as the melody itself.

YOU'RE A DEAR LAND TO ME.

KEY A \flat .

Air: "An Lonoub."

{ $\underline{m_1, f_1, s_1} | \underline{l_1 \text{ ., d}} : \underline{ta_1, l_1} | \underline{s_1 \text{ ., f_1}} : \underline{s_1, l_1, ta_1, s_1} | \underline{d \text{ ., t_1}} : \underline{d, ta_1, s_1, m_1} \}$
 { There's a | stream in Glen- | a - ra whose | sil - ve - ry }

{ $\underline{f_1, s_1, f_1, m_1} : \underline{d_1 \text{ .d_1, r_1}} | \underline{m_1 \text{ .f_1}} : \underline{s_1 \text{ .m, r}} | \underline{d \text{ ., ta_1}} : \underline{s_1, f_1 \text{ .m_1, s_1}} \}$
 { foun - tain Leaps up in - to | life where the }

{ $\underline{f_1, s_1, f_1, m_1} : \underline{d_1 \text{ .d_1}} | \underline{d_1} : \underline{m_1 \text{ , f_1 , s_1}} | \underline{l_1 \text{ ., d}} : \underline{ta_1, l_1} \}$
 { hea - ther bells bloom That | steals thro' the }

{ $\underline{s_1 \text{ ., f_1}} : \underline{s_1, l_1, ta_1, s_1} | \underline{d \text{ ., t_1}} : \underline{d, ta_1, s_1, m_1} | \underline{f_1, s_1, f_1, m_1} : \underline{d_1 \text{ .d_1, r_1}} \}$
 { moor - land and | winds round the | moun - tain Now }

{ $\underline{m_1 \text{ .f_1}} : \underline{s_1 \text{ .m, r}} | \underline{d \text{ ., ta_1}} : \underline{s_1, f_1, m_1, s_1} | \underline{f_1, s_1, f_1, m_1} : \underline{d_1 \text{ .d_1}} \}$
 { laugh - ing in | sun - light now | weep - ing in }

{ $\underline{d_1} || \underline{s_1 \text{ , l_1 , t_1}} | \underline{d \text{ ., r}} : \underline{m \text{ .f}} | \underline{s \text{ .f}} : \underline{m \text{ .s}} \}$
 { gloom. || And | by its mer - ry | dan - cing, a }

{ $\underline{f \text{ ., m}} : \underline{f \text{ .s}} | \underline{f \text{ ., m}} : \underline{d \text{ .s}} | \underline{d \text{ ., r}} : \underline{m \text{ .f}} \}$
 { ru - ral sight en - | tran - cing, From | out the green wood }

{ $\underline{s \text{ ., f}} : \underline{m \text{ .s}} | \underline{f \text{ ., m}} : \underline{d \text{ .d}} | \underline{d} : - \underline{m, f} \}$
 { glan - cing, my | home you once could | see ; Now an }

{ $\underline{s \text{ ., f}} : \underline{m, f \text{ .s, m}} | \underline{f \text{ ., l}} : \underline{s, f \text{ .m, d}} | \underline{ta_1 \text{ .s_1, l_1}} : \underline{t_1 \text{ .d, r}} \}$
 { ex - ile far a - | way from that | home I }

{ | d, r . m, f : s . m₁, f₁ | s₁ ., f₁ : m₁, f₁ . s₁, l₁ | ta₁ ., r : d . ta₁ . s₁, m₁ }

{ | sigh and say, O | green-hilled plea- sant | E - rin you're a }

{ | f₁ ., m₁ : d₁ . d₁ | d₁ ||

{ | dear land to | me. ||

2. There's a tree by that streamlet in bright beauty shining,
 With green leaves and blossoms all brilliant and gay,
 With the birds on its branches wild melodies twining,
 Where I sat with my friends on each blithe summer day,
 When the sunset clouds were glowing and the gentle kine were lowing,
 And the perfumed airs were blowing around that blooming tree;
 Tree or friends I'll ne'er see more by that murmuring streamlet's shore,
 O, green-hilled pleasant Erin, you're a dear land to me.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This air—"The Blackbird"—has been always a favourite in Munster. It was commonly whistled in my native county when I was young. The best version of it that I heard was that which my brother used to whistle and which he learned from my mother. The air and Dr. Joyce's words make a lovely song and I hope they will be often heard at social gatherings.

OUR FLAG OF GREEN.

KEY A. *Moderate.*

f

{ s_1 : s_1 . l_1 d : d	{ r : r . m r : d		}
Boys, fill your glass - es,	Each	hour that pass	- es }

{ l_1 : f m . f : s . m d : d . r m . r : d . l_1 }			}
Steals, it	may be, on our	last	night's cheer; }

{ s_1 : s_1 . l_1 d : d	{ r : r . m r : d		}
Day soon shall come, boys,	With	fife and drum,	boys, }

{ l_1 : f m . f : s . m d : d . r d : -			
Break - ing	shrill - ly	on the	sol - dier's ear,

{ m : - . f s : m f : m r : d			}
Drink,	the faith - ful	hearts that	love us— }

{ m : - . f s : m r : t_1 s_1 : -			}
'Mid	to - mor - row's	thick - est	fight, }

{ m : - . f s : m f : m r : d			}
While	our green	flag	floats a - bove us, }

{ l_1 : f m . f : s . m d : d . r d : -			
Think, boys,	'tis	for	them we smite.

REFRAIN.—

f

{ s_1 : s_1 . l_1 d : d	{ r : r . m r : d		}
Down with each mean	flag,	None	but the green flag }

{ l₁ : f | m . f : s . m | d : d . r | m . r : d . l₁ }
 { Shall in tri-umph be a - bove us seen : Oh ! }

{ s₁ : s₁ . l₁ | d : d | r : r . m | r : d }
 { think of its glo - ry, Long shrined in sto - ry, }

{ l₁ : f | m . f : s . m | d : d . r | d : - }
 { Charge for éi-pe and her Flag of Green. }

2. Think on old Brian,
 War's mighty lion,
 'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane,
 The Northman and Saxon
 Oft turned their backs on
 Those who bore it o'er each crimsoned plain.
 Béal an á-ha Bwee beheld it
 Bagenal's fiery onset curb,
 Scotch Munroe would fain have felled it ;
 We, boys, followed him from red Benburb.
 Down with each mean flag,
 None but the green flag
 Shall above us in triumph be seen ;
 Oh ! think of its glory,
 Long shrined in story,
 Charge with Eoghan for our Flag of Green !

3. And if at eve, boys,
 Comrades shall grieve, boys,
 O'er our corses, let it be with pride,
 When thinking that each, boys,
 On that red beach, boys,
 Lies the flood-mark of the battle's tide.
 See—the first faint ray of morning
 Gilds the east with yellow light ;
 Hark ! the bugle note gives warning—
 One full bumper to old friends to-night.
 Down with each mean flag,
 None but the green flag
 Shall above us be in triumph seen ;
 Oh ! think on its glory,
 Long shrined in story,
 Fall or conquer for our Flag of Green !

KITTY O'HEA.

KEY C.

{ :l | l :r' :r' | l :t :d' | t :l :s }
 Now Kit - ty O' Hea, dar - ling jew - el, I
 Let ro - ses be jeal - ous, no mat - ter! The

{ l :r' :r' | r' :l :t | d' :- :l }
 wish you'd con - sid - er my case! Oh,
 sun - shine's in love with your cheek; What

{ l :r' :r' | l :t :d' | t :l :s }
 who could be - lieve you so cru - el To
 sing - ing bird would n't I flat - ter To

D.C.

{ l :s :l | r :m :s | l :- }
 look in your beau - ti - ful face?
 say, it's her voice when you speak?

CHORUS.

{ : | r :m :s | l :- :t | d' :- : }
 Kit - ty O' Hea, O' Hea,

{ m :s :l | s :f :m | r :- : }
 Kit - ty, give ear to my song,

{ r :m :s | l :- :m | d' :- : }
 Kit - ty O' Hea, O' Hea,

{ m :l :l | s :m :d | r :- }
 Kit - ty I'm court - ing you long.

2. My thoughts I can never keep steady,
 No more nor a man in a dream,
 They caper like straws in an eddy,
 In place of pursuing the stream.
 Amusement or meat I don't care for,
 I moan like a cow gone astray;
 Myself knows the why and the wherefore,—
 I'm thinking of Kitty O'Hea.

CHORUS.

3. I never objected in reason,,
 To bear with a slight or a scoff,
 But snow isn't always in season,
 And Lent isn't very far off.
 Shrove Tuesday's the time for to shake one,
 And single I'll not pass the day,
 Young, old, maid or widow, I'll take one,—
 So mind yourself, Kitty O'Hea.

CHORUS.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

The above air, which is racy and pretty, is the air to which the author wrote the song. If it be objected that the repetition of the air for the second four lines of each verse makes for monotony, I suggest that the verses may be made four line verses and the Chorus repeated after each. Another air that suits the song well is found on page 328 of this series, No. XI.

THERE IS A TREE IN DARRA'S WOOD.

KEY D. *Bright.*

Air: "Barrack Hill."

{ l :- : r | r :- : m | l :- : s | m :- : s }
 { There | is a tree in | Dar - ra's wood That }

{ l :- : r | r :- : m | d :- : r | m :- : s }
 { bears the rose - red | ber - ry, Where }

{ l :- : r | r :- : m | l :- : s | m :- : s }
 { sweet - ly sings the | fai - ry flood With }

{ l :- : s | d' :- : m | r :- :- | r :- | l }
 { ca - dence wild and | mer - - ry; O }

{ l :- : s | l : t : d' | r' :- : m' | d' :- : l }
 { love, like ber - ries | of that tree, Thy }

{ s :- : m | s :- : l | s :- : m | s :- : d' }
 { red lips smile so | dear - ly, And }

{ l :- : s | l : t : d' | r' :- : m' | d' :- : l }
 { like the streams glad | min - strel - sy Thy }

{ s :- : m | d' :- : m | r :- :- | r :- | }

{ laugh rings soft and | clear - - ly! }

REFRAIN.

{ l | l :- : s | l : t : d' | r' :- : m' | d' :- : l }
 { So | clear - ly, so | clear - ly, So }

{ | s :- :m | s :- :l | s :- :m | s :- :d' }
 { | witch - ing, soft and | clear - ly, That }

{ | l :- :s | l :t :d' | r' :- :m' | d' :- :l }
 { | ev - er - more I | must a - dore And }

{ | s :- :m | d' :- :m | r :- :- | r :- }
 { | love thee, true love, | dear - ly! ||

2. Beneath that tree I've built a bower,
 Its roof with love-knots twining,
 And there the snowy shamrock flower
 And blue-bells gay are shining,—
 I've built a bower within my breast
 And placed thee on its throne, love,
 And ever there I'll love thee best
 My dark-eyed Grace, my own love !
 My own love, my own love,
 I have placed thee on its throne, love,
 And day and night, for ever bright,
 There you shall reign, my own love !

3. 'Mid Darra's wood a castle tall
 Stands wrecked with age and hoary ;
 A white rose tree hangs from its wall
 With bloom of star-like glory ;—
 Thy fair brow hath that rose's hue,
 Kind nature's own adorning ;
 Thy heart is stainless as the dew
 That gems its leaves at morning :—
 At morning, at morning,
 When dew that flower's adorning
 When out I rove thro' Darra's grove
 To think on thee at morning.

4. Oh ! still may wane the summer moon,
 The gay flowers follow after ;
 The merry birds may hush their tune,
 And glad streams cease their laughter ;

The leaves may wither on the tree,
 All things grow cold and drear, love !
 But that sweet bower I've built for thee
 Shall ever bloom, my dear love !
 My dear love, my dear love,
 You'll reign without a peer, love,
 That bower within, the glorious queen
 Of my fond heart, my dear love !

ROBERT D. JOYCE, M.D.

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

KEY G. *Slow.*

{ l₁.t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : m̂ : r.t₁ | l₁ : - . d : t₁.l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : l₁.t₁ | }
 { My | Con - nor, his cheeks are as | rud - dy as morn-ing, The }

{ d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : m̂ : r.t₁ | l₁ : - . d : t₁.l₁ | l₁ : - : l₁.t₁ | }
 { bright-est of pearls do but | mi - mic his teeth, While }

{ d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : m̂ : r.t₁ | l₁ : - . d : t₁.l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : l₁.t₁ | }
 { na - ture with ring - lets his | mild brows a - dorn-ing, His }

{ d : r : m | l : m : - . r | d : l₁.d : t₁.l₁ | l̂₁ : - || }
 { hair Cu - pid's bow-strings, and | ro - ses his cheeks. || }

REFRAIN.

^{l₁d}

{ l : m : - . r | l : m : - . r | d : t₁ : - . l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : m }
 { Smi - ling, be - gui - ling, | cheer-ing, en-dear - ing, To }

{ l : m : - . r | l : m : - . r | m : ba : se | l̂₁ : l : t }
 { ge - ther how oft o'er the | moun-tains we strayed, By each }

{ d' : t : l | l : m : - r | ḋ : - .l, d : t, ., l, | l, : s, : l, ., t, }
 { o - ther de - light - ed and | fond - ly u - ni - ted, I have }

{ d : r : m | l : m : - r | ḋ : t, : - .l, | l, : - ||
 { lis - tened all day to my | dear I - rish Boy. ||

2. No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,
 No veteran bolder meet danger or scars;
 He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,
 His eyes twinkle love—oh, he's gone to the wars.
 REFRAIN—Smiling, etc.
3. The soft tuneful lark, his notes changed to mourning,
 The dark screaming owl impedes my night's sleep,
 While lonely I walk in the shade of the evening,
 Till my Connor's return I will ne'er cease to weep.
 REFRAIN—Smiling, etc.
4. The war being over, and he not returned,
 I fear that some dark, envious plot has been laid,
 Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
 And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.
 REFRAIN—Smiling, etc.

O'DONNELL ABOO.

A.D. 1597.

KEY C. *In Marching Time.*

{ | d : m ., f | s : s ., s | m' : d' ., l | s : f . m }
 { Proud - ly the note of the trum - pet is sound - ing, }

{ | r : r ., m | f : m . r | d : d . r | m : }
 { Loud - ly the war - cries a - rise on the gale, }

{ | d : m ., f | s : s ., s | m' : d' ., l | s : f . m }
 { Fleet - ly the steed by Lough Swil - ly is bound - ing To }

{ | r : r' . d' | t . s : l . t | d' : d' ., d' | d' : }
 { join the thick squad - rons in Sai - mear's green vale. }

{ | m' : m' ., r' | d' . l : s | d' : d' . l | s ., m : d }
 { On, ev' - ry mountain - eer, Stran - gers to flight and fear; }

{ | f : f ., f | m : s . m | r : r ., m | r : }
 { Rush to the stan - dard of daunt - less Red Hugh! }

{ | d : m . f | s . l : s | m' : d' ., l | s . f : f . m }
 { Bon - nacht and Gallow - glass Throng from each mountain pass! }

{ | r : r' . d' | t . s : l . t | d' : d' ., d' | d' : }
 { On for old E - rin ! O' Don - nell A - boo ! }

2. Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing

With many a chieftain and warrior clan;

A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing

'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann:—

Many a heart shall quail under its coat of mail ;
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue
 When on his ear shall ring, borne on the breeze's wing,
 Tir-Conaill's dread war-cry—O'Donnell Aboo !

3. Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,
 Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
 The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—
 All, all who would scare them are banished or slain !
 Grasp every stalwart hand, hackbut and battle-brand—
 Pay them all back the deep debt so long due,
 Norris and Clifford well can of Tir-Conaill tell—
 Onward to glory—O'Donnell Aboo !

4. Sacred the cause that Clann-Conaill's defending—
 The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires :
 Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
 Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires !
 On with O'Donnell then, fight the old fight again,
 Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and true !
 Make the false Saxon feel Erin's avenging steel !
 Strike for your country !—O'Donnell Aboo !

M. J. McCANN.

This magnificent song and air will not, I hope, be the less appreciated because people often hear it. May I suggest to the enthusiasts of our hurling and football fields that they would do well to drop expressions like "Up, Kerry"; "Up, Wexford"; and adopt the war-cries of their ancestors—"Kerry Aboo"; "Wexford Aboo," etc.

THE CANNON.

KEY G. *Not so quick as Jig Time.*

{ | s₁ : - : d : m : d | l₁ : - : d | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ }
 We | are a lov - ing | com - pa - ny Of }

{ | s₁ : - : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : s | f : m : r }
 | sol - diers brave and | hear - ty; We }

{ | d : r : m : d | l₁ : - : d | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ }
 | ne - ver fought for | gold - en fee, For }

{ | s₁ : - : f | m : f : r | d : - : - | d : - : || s₁ }
 | fac - tion or for par - ty; || The }

{ | d : - : m | s : - : m | l : - : f | s : - : m }
 | will to make old Ire - land free, That }

{ | d : - : m | s : - : m | f : - : r | l : f : r }
 | set each daunt - less | man on, And }

{ | d : - : m | s : - : f : m | f : s : l | l₁ s : - : f }
 | ban - ished us be - yond the sea With }

CHORUS.

{ | m : d : l₁ | s₁ : d : r | m : d : s | f : m || r }
 | our brave i - ron | can - non. || And }

{ | m : d : l₁ | l₁ : - : d | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ }
 | here's the gal - lant | com - pa - ny That }

{ | s₁ : - : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : s | f : m : r }
 | fought by Boyne and | Shan - non That }

{ | d.r : m : d | l₁ : - : d | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ }
 ne - ver feared an e - ne - my With }

{ | s₁ : - : f | m : f : r | d : - : - | d : - : ||
 our brave i - ron can - non ! ||

2. Come fill me up a pint of wine,
 Until 'tis brimming o'er, boys,
 Our gun is set in proper line,
 And we have balls galore, boys,—
 Now here's a health to good Lord Clare,
 Who'll lead us on to-morrow,
 When through the foe our balls will tear
 And work them death and sorrow.

CHORUS: And here's the gallant company
 That always forward ran on
 So boldly on the enemy
 With our brave iron cannon !

3. I've brought a wreath of shamrocks here,
 In memory of our own land,—
 'Tis withered like that island drear,
 That sorrowful and lone land ;
 I'll hang it nigh our cannon's mouth,
 To whet our memories fairly,
 And there's no flower in all the south
 Could deck that gun so rarely.

CHORUS: And here's the gallant company
 That soon shall rush each man on,
 And plough the Saxon enemy
 With our brave iron cannon !

4. At Limerick how it made them run,
 The Dutchman and his crew, boys ;
 'Twas then I made this gallant gun
 To plough them through and through, boys ;
 And since that day in foreign lands,
 It roared triumphant ever—
 It blazed away, yet here it stands,
 Where foeman's foot shall never !

CHORUS : And here's the gallant company
That soon shall rush each man on
And break and strew the enemy
With our brave iron cannon !

5. The dinted well from mouth to breach
With many a battle furrow ;
A fitting sermon it will preach
At Fontenoy to-morrow.
Then never let your spirits sink,
But stand around each man on
This foreign slope, and we will drink
One brave health to our cannon !

CHORUS : And here's the gallant company
That soon shall rush each man on,
And plough the Saxon enemy
With our brave iron cannon !

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

"This air is a very fine old Irish melody," says Dr. Joyce. It is the one that is sung at the yearly celebration of the shutting and opening of the gates of Derry and is probably much older than the siege. It is printed in the "Ordnance Memoir of Londonderry." To lift it out of the hands of a faction and make it a national tune is the object I have in view in linking it with this fine, rousing ballad.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

Air : "An rmaectin epón."

{ : .s₁ | d .,d :m .d | m .s :- .s }
Hear it on the moun-tain, O }

{ | d .,d :m .r ,d | t₁ .r :- .r }
Hear it in the glen,

{ | d .,d :m .d | m .s :- .s }
Hear it in the cities— The }

				D.C.	CHORUS.
{ l	.s ,m	: d	.r	d	: s l t }
{ tramp	of	march -	ing	men.	: God }
{ d ^l	.t	: l	.s	l .s	: - .s }
{ light	the	way	they're	far -	ing! God }
{ d ^l	.t	: l	.t	s	: l .l ,t }
{ give	them	strength	and	da -	ring To }
{ d ^l	.t	: l	.s	m .l	: - .l }
{ strike	a	blow	for	E -	rin, The }
				D.C.	
{ s	.m	: d	.r	d	: - .
{ I -	rish	Vol -	un -	teers.	

2. A hundred years of waiting,
Of sorrow and of pain,
And now the heart of Eireann
Beats high with hope again. Chorus

3. Lift up the flag of Freedom,
And be your marching song
The music of the rifle—
'Tis clear and sweet and strong !

CHORUS : God light the way you're faring !
God give you strength and daring
To strike a blow for Eirinn,
O Irish Volunteers !

4. Close ranks ! too long they're broken,
Wipe out the wasted years ;
March on, march on to Freedom
With Ireland's Volunteers ! CHORUS.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

The words and music are so short that I recommend that each verse be repeated before taking up the chorus, and this might itself be repeated. The song is a very fine one. I hope it will be often heard.

HOW D'YOU LIKE HER FOR YOUR WIFE?

KEY A. *Spirited.*

{ s ₁ .d :d .d t ₁ .d :r	{ m .,m :f .,m r :s .,f }
{ "How d'you like her for your wife,	{ Rov-ing Brian O'Con - nell? A }
{ m .d :d .d t ₁ .d :r .	{ s .,s :s .,m f :m .,m,f }
{ wedded mate and true for life,	{ Roving Brian O'Con-nell?" "She's as }
{ s .s :s .m f :r .f	{ m .r :d .t ₁ s ₁ :s ₁ .,t ₁ }
{ fit to be my wife, As my	{ swordis for the strife," Said the }
{ d :t ₁ .,d r :s .,f	{ m .d :m .r d :d
{ Rap - pa - ree troop - er,	{ Roving Brian O'Con - nell !

2. "Never man my child will take, Roving Brian O'Connell.
Save him who'd die for Ireland's sake, Roving Brian O'Connell."
"O, I'd die for Ireland's sake
And her bonds we soon will break";
Said the Rapparee trooper, Roving Brian O'Connell,
3. "How will you your young bride keep, Roving Brian O'Connell?
The foeman's bands are ne'er asleep, Roving Brian O'Connell."
"In our hold by Connaill's steep,
Who dare make my Mabel weep!"
Said the Rapparee trooper, Roving Brian O'Connell.
4. "Ne'er to Mabel prove untrue, Roving Brian O'Connell,
For O, she'd die for love of you, Roving Brian O'Connell."
"O, my wild heart never knew
A love so warm and constant too,"
Said the Rapparee trooper, Roving Brian O'Connell.
5. "This day in ruined church you stand, Roving Brian O'Connell,
To take your young bride's priceless hand, Roving Brian O'Connell."
"O, my heart, my arm, and brand,
Are for her and our dear land,"
Said the Rapparee trooper, Roving Brian O'Connell.

ASTHOREEN MACHREE.

KEY F. *Slow.*

{ | l₁ : l₁ t₁ : d.r | m : l : - . s | f : m : r . d | l₁ : l₁ : - . (s) }
 { | Spring with its | gay flowers the | fields was a - | dorn-ing, }

{ | s : s : l | s : m : r | m : l : l | l : - : l . t }
 { | Streams thro' the | wild-wood sang | sweet-ly and | free, As I }

{ | d¹ : t : l | s : - . t : l . s | f : m : r . d | l₁ : l₁ : - . s }
 { | 'scaped from my | cell at the | dawn of the | morn-ing, My }

{ | s : - . t : l . s | f : m : r | m : d : d . r | d : - : - |
 { | dark ty-rant | scorn-ing, A - | stho-reen Ma- | chree. |

2. O, in that prison my heart was all sadness ;
 The long days fell gloomy and heavy on me,
 Still thinking I never might see thee in gladness,
 Still brooding in madness, Asthoreen Machree.
3. Now, I've escaped, but such darkness was never ;
 How could the brightness arise save from thee ?
 Black woe and despair, they have crossed my endeavour ;
 Thou art sleeping for ever, Asthoreen Machree.
4. Out in the forest the branches are shaking ;
 There the lone Banshee is waiting for me ;
 From the wide-spreading trees the boughs she is taking,
 My bier she is making, Asthoreen Machree.
5. Soon we shall meet in the grave's silent dwelling ;
 O, but 'tis joy thus to slumber with thee ;
 Soon, soon shall the caoiners my hard fate be telling,
 And my death-bell be knelling, Asthoreen Machree.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

This air is taken from *Ancient Irish Music*, by Dr. Joyce, who noted it down from the whistling of a native of Crossmolina, Co. Mayo, in 1852.

THE COMICAL BOY.

KEY F. *Lively.*

Air: "The Swaggering Jig."

{ :f | m :r :d | l₁ :d :d | l₁ :d :d }
 Δ ῥτόη - in, O, how can you tease, When you }
 CHORUS. And O, Ῥόη - in, Δ ῥτόη - in, No

{ | m :r :d | l₁ :d :d | r :- :f .f }
 { know that I'm faith - ful and true; Sure my }
 pa - lace or cas - tle for me; I'd

{ | m :r :d | l₁ :d :d | l₁ :d :d }
 { heart is as light as the breeze When- }
 ra - ther a cot in a bóit - pín With

{ | m :r :d | l₁ :d :l₁ | s₁ :- || f }
 { ev - er I'm look - ing at you. || There }
 you in it, ῥτόη - in mo ἐποῖε.

{ | m :f :s | s :l :s | s :f :m }
 { is - n't a land or a throne, Or }

{ | f :s :l | l :t :l | l :- :t .t }
 { a - ny - thing un - der the sun, But I'd }

{ | d^l :t :l | l :s :f | m :- :r .d }
 { give for one jew - el a - lone— A }

{ | r :d :r | m :d :l₁ | l₁ :- || }
 { jew - el that's hard to be won. || }

2. You give me a glance of your eye—
 I dance in the height of my joy ;
 Then you say with a sort of a sigh,
 "Maíre now, you're a comical boy."
 You frown—and I wish I were dead ;
 You smile—and I'm anxious to live ;
 Sure I'd rather one hair of your head
 Than the riches the world can give.

CHORUS.

3. I'm wasted to nothing—or less—
 With the weight of my grief and my woe.
 I want you to answer me "Yes,"
 And you're constantly answering "No !"
 As you trip with a laugh through the dance,
 I sit in a corner and pine,
 A-dreaming, like one in a trance,
 That maybe some day you'll be mine.

CHORUS.

4. Δ ῥόρῖν, I'll wait for the word,
 I know that you'll speak it some day ;
 And then, with a heart like a bird,
 I'll bear you in triumph away :
 And there won't be a happier pair
 From far-away Foyle to Fermoy,
 When your beautiful self is my share
 And yours is—the "comical boy."

CHORUS.

And O, ῥόρῖν, Δ ῥόρῖν,
 No king will be equal to me,
 When I come to that cot in the bóiteín
 With you in it, 'ῥόρῖν mo énoíde.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS

CHRISTMAS EVE.

KEY C. *Andantino.*

Air: "An bucéail caol rúib."

{ : .d .r : m .f | s .d^l : t .s : f .m }

O'er I - - - rish hills the snow is

{ | m^r .d, t₁ : d .s₁ : d .r | m .s^{dim.} : f, r .d, t₁ : r .d^p }

fall - - - ing, Float-ing calm - - - ly, gent-ly

{ | d : .d, r : m .f | s .dⁱ : t .s : f .m }

down; Bree - zes, soft as an - gels'

{ | m, r .d, t₁ : d .s₁ : d .r | m .s^{dim} : f, r .d, t₁ : r .d^p }

call - - - ing, Croon a - - - bove the hea-ther

{ | d : - .s l t : dⁱ .rⁱ | m^f : rⁱ .dⁱ : mⁱ, rⁱ, rⁱ, dⁱ }

brown; Moon - beams rest, like robes of

{ | t .s : s .l, t : dⁱ .dⁱ, rⁱ | m^f : rⁱ .dⁱ : mⁱ .rⁱ }

glo - ry, O - ver all that fair bright

{ | rⁱ : - .rⁱ, dⁱ : t .s | t, dⁱ, rⁱ, dⁱ : t .s : f .m }

land— Heir to sor - row— rich in

{ | m, r .d, t₁ : d .s₁ : d .r | m .s^{dim} : f, r .d, t₁ : r .d^p }

sto - - - ry, E - ver blest by Na-ture's

{ | d : . |

hand.

2. Far away, the bells are pealing
 O'er the cities grand and bright,
 Here are humble people kneeling
 By the log-fires' flickering light,
 Pouring forth their hearts' devotion,
 Full of trusting, tender love,
 Fraught with every pure emotion
 That can throb for Him above.
3. Some have borne their load of sorrow,
 And have felt the pangs of care,
 But to-night their old hearts borrow
 From the young ones gathered there
 Hope and joy and peace and gladness,
 And their eyes with pleasure gleam,
 While the weary look of sadness
 Passes like a changing dream.
4. There are others—bright, glad faces,
 Hearts unclouded yet by woe,
 Minds undimmed by suffering's traces,
 Cheeks that yet bear childhood's glow,
 And their souls are raised in pleading
 To that Babe they love on High,
 That His Word may be their leading
 As the stormy years pass by.
5. May the King of Kings watch o'er them,
 Fresh and faded—old and young—
 May He guard the land that bore them,
 Where His praise is ever sung;
 Where the humble ones are kneeling
 To that Saviour Babe to pray,
 For whose Birth the bells are pealing
 In the cities far away.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

The above air is taken from Petrie's collection. He says of it :—"It is strange that the air commonly escaped the notice of former collectors, as there is not, perhaps, in the whole range of Irish melody, an air more generally known throughout Ireland, or one more admired for its flowing beauty." "O'Curry says that in Munster it ranks as one of the finest tunes they possess, if not the very finest one." Petrie is disposed to concur in this opinion. Petrie had some forty or fifty settings, from which he selected three as the best. Two of the three are Munster settings, of which the above is one. They appeared to him the most beautiful. The above version was given to Petrie by Thomas Davis.

A SONG OF RÓZHEEN DHÚ.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

{	: s ₁	d	: d	l ₁	: s ₁	s	: -	. s	s	}
{	The	song	I	sing	is a	song		of	home,	}

{	: m	. s	l	: s	. m	d	: r	l ₁	: -		}
{	A	song	of	Ró	- zheen	Dhú					}

{	: s ₁	d	: d	l ₁	: s ₁	s	: -	. s	s	}
{	Of	glade	and	glen,	of	ford		and	fen,	}

{	: m	. s	l	: s	. m	d	: d	d	:		
{	Of	lake	and of	moun	- tain	blue!					

{	: m	. s	l	: l	l	: s	. m	s	: -	. s	s	}
{	Of the	signs	that	stand	o - ver	all		the	land		}	

{	: m	. s	l	: s	. m	d	: r	l ₁	: -		}
{	To	tell	of the	long	a -	go,					}

{	: s ₁	. s ₁	d	: d	l ₁	: s ₁	. s ₁	s	: -	. s	s	}
{	Let your	voi	- ces	ring	in the	song		I	sing—		}	

rall.

{	: m	. s	l	: s	. m	d	: d	d	: -		
{	Seana-	Éi	- pe na n	gaetbeal	go	aeó!					

CHORUS.

{	: m	. s	l	: l	l	: s	. m	s	: -	s	}
{	Hur -	rah!	the	night	is	end	- -	ed!		}	

{ :m .s	l	: s .m	d	: r	l,	: -	}
We	see	the	dawn's	red	glow,		

{ :s,	d	: d	l,	: s,	.s,	s	: -	.s	s	}
O!	shout	it	high,	'tis	a	free	-	man's	cry—	

{ :m .s	l	: s .m	d	: d	d	: -		
Seana-	éi	-	pe	na	n̄saeòeal	go	oeó!	

2. I sing of every wood and stream,
 Of tower, and vale, and town,
 Where brave men died, where brave men tried
 To tear the red rag down ;
 From Ciarraige brave to the widest wave
 Where Lagan's waters flow,
 From Teamhair na Ríog to the winding Lee—
 Seana-Éire na n̄saeòeal go oeó !

CHORUS.

3. I raise a rann for the ones who tread
 The path to the dawning day,
 Who will pause no more till their native shore
 Is free from the Saxon sway ;
 Till from ev'ry hill and from ev'ry rill,
 The freedom-cry shall go,
 From old and young, in the Gaelic Tongue—
 Seana-Éire na n̄saeòeal go oeó !

CHORUS.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

This fine air was, unfortunately, associated for a long time with a vulgar music hall ditty. I don't know the Irish name for the air. I leave it without a name rather than give it the name of the said vulgar song by which it was known. The air has all the marks of a very old Irish air—two-strain, gapped scale and three-fold repetition of final note. Brian O'Higgin's fine song will lift it to a higher plane than it was accustomed to occupy.

ERIN FREE.

KEY D. *Lightly.**p*

{	:d		d : r : m		m : r : m		d : m : s		l :-	}
{	Last		night as I		pon-dered in		sor - row and		dole,	}

{	:s		d' : t : l		s : f : m		m : r : r		r :-	}
{	A -		griev-ing for		E - rin, her		thral-dom and		pains,	}

{	:m.r		d : r : m		m : r : m		d : m : s		l :-	}
{	A		vis - ion of		glo - ry stole		o - ver my		soul—	}

cres.

{	:d'		r' : t : s		f : m : r		m : d : d		d :-	
{	I		thought she was		free and no		long - er in		chains.	

f

{	:(s)		s : l : t		d' : t : d'		r' : d' : t		l : s	}
{			Past was the		night of her		bon dage and		woe,	}

{	:m		d' : t : l		s : f : m		m : r : r		r :-	}
{	And		dawned had the		mor - row we're		long - ing to		see;	}

{	:m.r		d : r : m		m : r : m		d : m : s		l :-	}
{	All		na - ture re - joiced in		the		fall of her		foe,	}

cres.

{	:d'		r' : t : s		f : m : r		m : d : d		d :-	
{	And		birds in the		bush-es sang		"E - rin is		free!"	

2. I looked down the valley where want used to reign
 In ruin and grief through the desolate years;
 And happy homes smiled amid fields of ripe grain,
 And laughter and song floated up to my ears.

The bonfires were blazing along the hillside,
 And the boys and the colleens were dancing in glee,
 And the old people weeping with gladness and pride,
 That Heaven had spared them till Erin was free.

3. I looked on the hill for the castle that frowned
 Through ages of hate on the serfs of the land ;
 Its halls were all lonely, and echoed no sound,
 Its haughty and mighty were humbled and banned
 Afar on the ocean a thousand white sail
 Were bearing glad exiles from over the sea,
 The hymn of their triumph rose high on the gale—
 “ Be glad, O ye nations ! our Erin is free ! ”

4. And oh ! my heart leaped when I saw down the glen
 An army of valour pour into the plain ;
 And proud in their van rode the leader of men,
 Whose bright sword had riven her fetters in twain
 “ O, Erin ! ” I cried, “ how thy sons must rejoice
 This hour of thy pride and thy glory to see ! ”
 But the bright vision fled at the sound of my voice,
 And ah ! ’twas a dream that my Erin was free !

5. O sea-severed sons of our sorrowing land,
 If surely you wish that my dream should come true,
 Vow now in her service brave heart and strong hand,
 And all things for Erin to dare and to do.
 Her glory, the theme of your hopes and your sighs ;
 Her freedom, the aim of your lives ever be—
 And soon from her slumber of ages she’ll rise,
 And stand ’mid the nations, unfettered and free.

FRANCIS A. FAHY

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

KEY C.

Air: "Lough Sheeling."

{ :m.se | l :l.t :d^l.l | s :m :d.r.m | f :f :m.r }
 { Come | rest in this | bo - som, my | own strick - en }

{ |m :- :m.se | l :l.t :d^l.l | s :m :d }
 { |deer! The' the | herd have fled | from thee, thy }

{ |r :- .d:l₁.se | l₁ :- :m.r | d :d.r :m.d }
 { |home is still | here; Here | still is the }

^m
 { |r :d :d.r.m | f :f :m.r | m :- :m.se }
 { |smile that no | cloud can o'er - | cast, And the }

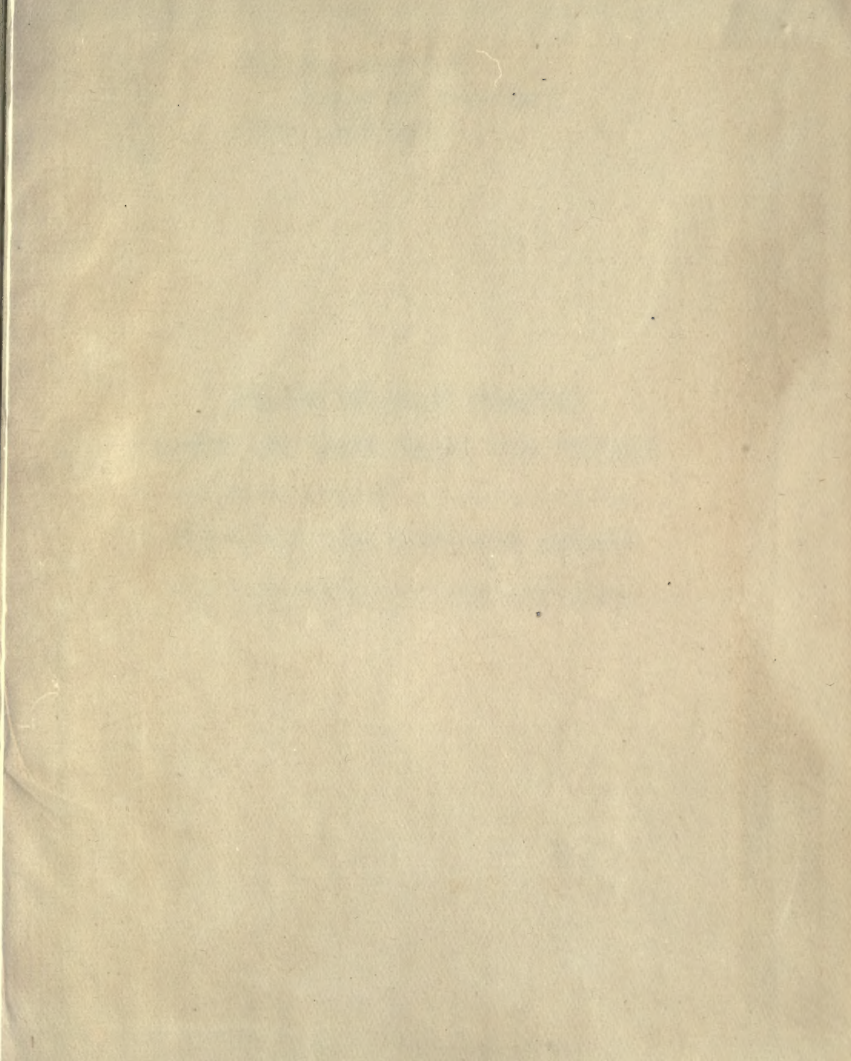
{ |l :l.t :d^l.l | s :m :d | r .d:l₁ :l₁ }
 { |heart and the | hand all thy | own to the }

{ |l₁ :- ||
 { |last! ||

2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

3. Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

THOMAS MOORE.



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